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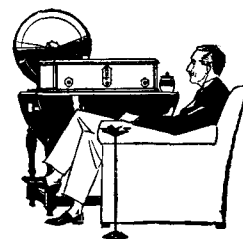


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Volume 82
Number 23

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

December 15, 1928

Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1928, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.



\$2 a year United States and Canada;
\$4 a year foreign countries

Beginning the story of a romance that was born in hate and desperation and nourished on intrigue and suspicion



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The hot resentment of youth burned fiercely. "All right," he said. "I will. I'll marry the first girl that'll have me"

"I'M GLAD," said Tracy, "that you are marrying him."

If the implication of his speech were not clear, the slight stress he placed on the next to the last word made his meaning brutally explicit.

"I thought," said the girl, "you loved me."

"Well?" said Tracy.

"If you cared for me, loved me the way you've said you did, you'd not intimate—"

He interrupted her with a laugh that held equal parts of scorn for her and contempt for himself.

"Loved you? Good God, haven't I made it clear enough?"

"You're not making it clear now," she accused. "You talk of my marrying Frank Burton as though—as if—well, as though I'd contemplated something else."

"Sorry if I've been a cad," he said. "Only when a woman—"

She interrupted him: "I thought you'd be a better loser, Larry."

He stared at her. "You talk as though this were a game." His voice rose. "A game, by God, and you the prize, eh? Well, Helen, sometimes games are crookedly won, cheats play in them, and you can't expect an honest

player to accept a dishonest defeat as cheerfully—why, Helen, marriage isn't a game of bridge. You don't deal the cards again when the rubber is over."

His voice took on pleading.

"Helen, Helen darling! We're engaged. We love each other. You can't—you can't marry Burton. The man's old enough to be your father. You can't love him."

"Why can't I?" she demanded. "He—he's able—brilliant—"

"Then a squirrel hoarding nuts against the winter is able and brilliant," he scoffed. "The man hasn't an instinct, a thought, above acquiring an extra dollar—or an extra girl," he added bitterly.

"You talk as though marriage were a matter of purchase and sale," she said.

"Well, what else is your marrying Burton?" he countered. "You haven't said yet that you love him. And you can't say it. You can't look me in the eye and tell me that you love that old man."

"Don't be melodramatic, Larry, please. He's not old. Fifty, perhaps. And," she hesitated slightly, "I do love him."

"When did this great passion come to you?" he sneered. "Last night we were engaged. At least, yesterday afternoon we were. You loved me, then. At least, you said you did. I suppose that since you told me that you've told Burton the same thing." He shrugged, and the movement was an insult. "Having practiced on me, you were probably quite convincing to Burton."

"I think you'd better go," she said.

"It would have been better if I'd never come, never seen you," he said.

"Perhaps it would," she said.

"No, I don't think so. If you hadn't been engaged to me, Burton might not have offered the high price of marriage."

"And, Helen, what's Frank Burton's money to you? I've plenty of money. Even a street girl doesn't make her

Marriage for Two

By Arthur Somers Roche

rivals put their fortunes on the table for approval."

"You might be respectful because of yourself, if not for me," she cried.

He laughed at her, at himself.

"There's a lot of cant spoken and written about good breeding, Helen. But when a woman does what you are doing, it takes more than good breeding for a man to hide his feelings. And why," he angrily demanded, "should my good breeding rise to an occasion which yours has failed to meet? You want me to act like a gentleman when you have failed to act like a lady."

"I've tried to make you reasonable," she blazed. "I've told you that we were making a mistake, that I loved another man. You've insulted me and degraded yourself. You're too conceited to imagine that another man might be more attractive than yourself—"

"Helen! Please!"

He stared at her. Anger did not make her pretty. There was a virago quality in her that he had never suspected. Still, he accused himself, no matter what she had done, she was the woman he loved. Across his memory flashed recollection of the first time he had seen her, of the wondering awe, the incredulity, with which he had accepted her subtle intimations that he was not unpleasing to her.

Theirs had been love at first sight. At least, it had been so with him, and he had believed her timid confession that it had been likewise with her. This was no way to part with one who had been loved, who was still loved. He caught at shreds of courtesy.

"Helen," he said gently, "forgive me. I—I've been unforgivable, I know, but—it's been because I love you."

"Love? What do you know of love?" she asked. "Love doesn't insult, doesn't sneer, doesn't condemn."

"I know it," he admitted. "And—I'm sorry, Helen."

"Sorry? After what you've said to me? I'm worse than a woman of the streets, and—I hate you."

"You can't say that," he protested.

"I have said it, and I do say it," she cried. "And if your street women are so much better than I—why don't you marry one of them?"

SHAME that something lovely had been soiled had prompted his apology. But deeper than any sense of shame was the sense of outrage. This girl had taken from him the delicate fruits of first love and had tendered them back to him acid and rotten. He had shared with her his dreams, his hopes, his high ambitions; had been gay with her, thoughtful with her, ecstatic with her. She had a precious something from him that was meant for his wife, that was sacred.

And she had degraded it by placing upon it only a money value. He knew, with the clarity of disillusioned love, that she didn't care for Burton. He knew, with agony, that her sweet and shy surrenders to him had been sham. The hot resentment of youth burned more fiercely now than his love had burned a day ago.

"All right," he said, "I will. I'll marry the first girl that will have me."

"Go ahead," she jeered. "Do you imagine that it will make any conceivable difference to me?"

"Yes, I do," he cried. "Because—even if you are going to marry Burton, Helen, you're in love with me."

"After today?" She was completely mistress of herself now, and her smile was mocking. "Larry, I don't care what on earth you do; I don't care whom you marry or if you marry. I only want you to leave me now."

"I'm going," he said.

He felt strangely shorn of pride as he emerged from the house upon Sixty-

eighth Street. He had acted vulgarly, without chivalry, without decency. Helen, despite the incredibly mercenary thing she was doing, had come out of the situation better than he had. If she, too, had called names, it was only after he had done so, only after he had stripped pride from her.

But she managed to pick up the tattered remnants of pride and put them on again. Whereas he—how he hated her.

If he could only hurt her as she had hurt him. . . . But how could he hurt her?

WAS it possible that his love had so quickly turned to hate? He must dismiss the new emotion lest it rule him more powerfully than its predecessor had ever done. No, he wouldn't. He'd hug hate to him, hurt her. . . . The whole world knew that they had been engaged. Suppose he married—just to hurt her—the first girl that would have him? By God, he'd do that very thing.

He had said to her that she was still in love with him, but now, as he walked toward Fifth Avenue, he reviewed all

their acquaintance. Strangely, considering that they knew the same people, had always known them, they had never met until two months ago. But his summers had been spent in travel that did not include the fashionable resorts which were her sole acquaintance with the world. In the winter he'd been away at school, at college, and lately had been engrossed in his law practice. They had reviewed affairs, and found that both of them had attended the same parties, but—well, there it was: they'd never met. New York was a big place, and one might never encounter one's dearest friend's next dearest friend.

How much fun it would have been, he had said to her, if they'd known each other from childhood, if he, at fifteen, could have taught her, at ten, to dive, to play tennis. . . . But, she had reminded him, boys of fifteen scorned girls of ten. But he had known that the boy he had been would have braved juvenile teasing and devoted himself to the girl she must have been.

Still—and these had been silly and therefore delightful arguments—some of the novelty of acquaintance might

have been worn off had they been childhood sweethearts. This way, meeting when she was twenty-two and he twenty-seven, there was the unexplored past as well as the unexplored future to walk together. Not forgetting the wholly delectable present. . . .

He reached the Avenue, and became dully conscious that it was a warm spring day. Across the street were occasional benches where, in summer, idlers sat. He narrowly avoided a taxi, but hardly heard the raucous insults hurled at him by the driver. In his misery he would not have minded being instantly killed. What had he to live for, now that love had gone from him?

He saw nothing absurd in his attitude. He was by no means humorless, but disillusioned love is more easily laughed at in the forties than in the twenties.

Then, as he slumped down upon a bench, his mood changed again. He had much to live for. He had hate to cast a more fiery light for his way than ever love had cast.

She hadn't loved him. It had been all a pretense. Daughter of a widowed

Illustrated by
Joseph
Simont



"I—beg pardon, but—are you ill?" he asked. Her pale lips parted and her gaze fixed itself

mother, dependent on a comparatively small income, she had feigned a passion that she never felt. Not his charm, not his own love for her, but his money—that had been the reason for her swift surrender.

His threat that he would marry the first girl who'd have him had been uttered simply because, in his vanity, he believed that she still cared for him. But she'd never cared for him, had only loved his money, and had transferred her affections to a larger amount of money. He had meant security, comfort and luxury. But Frank Burton had meant colossal wealth, and that was all there was to it.

Then another angle obtruded into his mental vision. The world—their world, at any rate—knew of the engagement. It had been announced, and the wedding date had been set. That little world which seemed so important would know that Laurence Tracy had been jilted by Helen Wilson.

To hurt her! To embarrass her! It wasn't worthy, this wish to hurt a woman, but what did he care about worthiness. If the woman one loved was utterly devoid of honor, then the whole world must be equally lacking in it, and chivalry was an out-moded thing. By God, he would marry, marry instantly, and the world would think that he had done

the jilting and that Helen had accepted Burton as a second and desperate choice.

Along the sidewalk came a figure. It passed in front of Tracy, but he couldn't have told, so blinded was he by the rage of hurt pride, whether it was a man or a woman. But when the figure paused at the far end of the bench and sat down, he turned and stared.

A woman; a girl. Why on earth should she choose this particular spot to rest? Why couldn't she let him alone, let him have that complete solitude which he craved? Then he forgot her, as his mind went back to Helen, and to the incomprehensible revelation of her greed.

A slight movement from the girl at the other end of the bench interrupted his reverie. Damn her, why must she fidget? If she must disturb, by her presence, the thoughts of another person, why couldn't she keep quiet? He turned, with utter lack of rationality, to frown at her.

Something about her expression banished his frown. She was looking toward him, but he felt that she didn't see him. In her eyes was the strained, anxious expression of one who is contemplating something so awesome that near surroundings mean nothing.

Involuntarily he turned and looked in the direction of her gaze. But beyond a jam in the motor traffic there was nothing to excite the slightest interest. He turned back to the girl, and now she met his glance. The faintest color showed in her cheeks and she averted her eyes.

Pretty thing. That is, she would be if she weren't so pale, so thin. Marvelous eyes, only the hollows beneath them lent her a gauntness that did not blend with the youthful grace of her figure. Carelessly, he eyed that figure. Immature—or maybe just thin. Her neck—damn it, the girl looked half-starved.

Well, let her starve! As far as he was concerned, every woman in the world could starve.

But, at that, with decent clothes. . . . The run-down heels of her shoes; the painfully darned stockings; the shiny shabbiness of her blue serge suit. . . .

Her body seemed suddenly to collapse inwardly, as a building, its supports withdrawn, might fall upon itself. Her hands fell upon her knees, and her shoulders rounded. Her lips—how pale they were—parted and that fixed gaze of hers now rooted itself upon the placid houses across the street.

Tracy looked uneasily about him. Policemen had little imagination, and might easily mistake him for the common type of masher. But there was no uniformed man nearer than the traffic jam some blocks away. He leaned toward the girl.

THIS was stark tragedy that he was witnessing. What might be the nature of the tragedy he could not imagine. But the quick, impulsive generosity which was his most salient trait made him forget, for the moment, his hatred of her sex.

"I—beg pardon, but—are you ill?" he asked.

By an effort so painful that it hurt Tracy to watch her, she straightened her back and half-faced him. Her eyes, deepest black, blazed at him. It was almost, he thought, as though she hated him.

"Damn you," she said, "I'm hungry!"

He gasped. Then, because in certain matters he was wise he understood the profane preface to her confession. Too weak, too tired, to make pretense, pride made her hate herself for the admission and hate the person who had wrung it from her.

A moment ago, thinking she looked

half starved, Tracy had mentally consigned her to unending famine. Now he reversed himself utterly. The words had hardly left her lips when he was at the curb, signaling a taxi that had somehow escaped the jam farther uptown. The chauffeur swung into the walk.

For a moment Tracy thought the girl would refuse the offer of his arm. But pride had evidently been dying in her soul, and its last flare-up had been the "damn" which she had uttered.

Pathetically weak, she let Tracy assist her from the bench, across the sidewalk and into the taxi. The chauffeur eyed them with a mixture of suspicion and sympathy.

"Lady sick—or full of hop?" he asked.

"Starved," said Tracy simply.

IF THE chauffeur suspected one of those yellow-journal drugging affairs, if his mind turned to thoughts of white slavery, it might prove embarrassing for the girl. To his credit, Tracy gave no thought to possible embarrassment for himself.

"Goddlemighty," gasped the driver. "Where to?"

"The nearest restaurant," said Tracy. "Not a big one—" He thought of the girl's possible uneasiness in a too-fashionable dining-room.

"I gotcha, boss," said the taximan.

He started the car before Tracy was settled beside the girl. She lay back, limp, and the eyes she turned upon him had completely lost their blaze. They were listless, dull.

"Just a couple of minutes," said Tracy, "and you'll be all right."

She made no answer. There was no expression on her face to indicate that she heard him. Tracy felt a panicky fear that she'd die, right in the taxi, on the way to the restaurant. But, he told himself, people didn't die suddenly from starvation. They—good God, what a world! A world in which people could be hungry on Fifth Avenue.

The taxi drew up before a smart little restaurant on a side street. Tracy would have preferred a lunch-room. The girl's condition would be less noticeable, less embarrassing to her. But time was precious. He assisted her from the car and put his hand in his pocket.

The chauffeur waved away the proffered bill.

"What the hell," he muttered, "if a dame's hungry, I guess I can give her a free ride. But say, boss, after the meal is over—well, do your huntin' where the game has some chance, hey?"

Tracy nodded. In the queer kinship which suffering arouses among its witnesses, there could be no resentment that a taximan should teach him elementary principles of honor. He led the girl into the restaurant.

The maître d'hôtel met him at the dining-room entrance. He greeted Tracy with that mixture of familiarity and servility which is the grand manner of his breed. He didn't know Tracy, but he recognized the type. He realized that here was one who did not deem his obligations satisfied when he tipped a mere waiter. Such a man as this left pleasant sums in the discreet palms of headwaiters.

"A table—here, sir—quiet—"

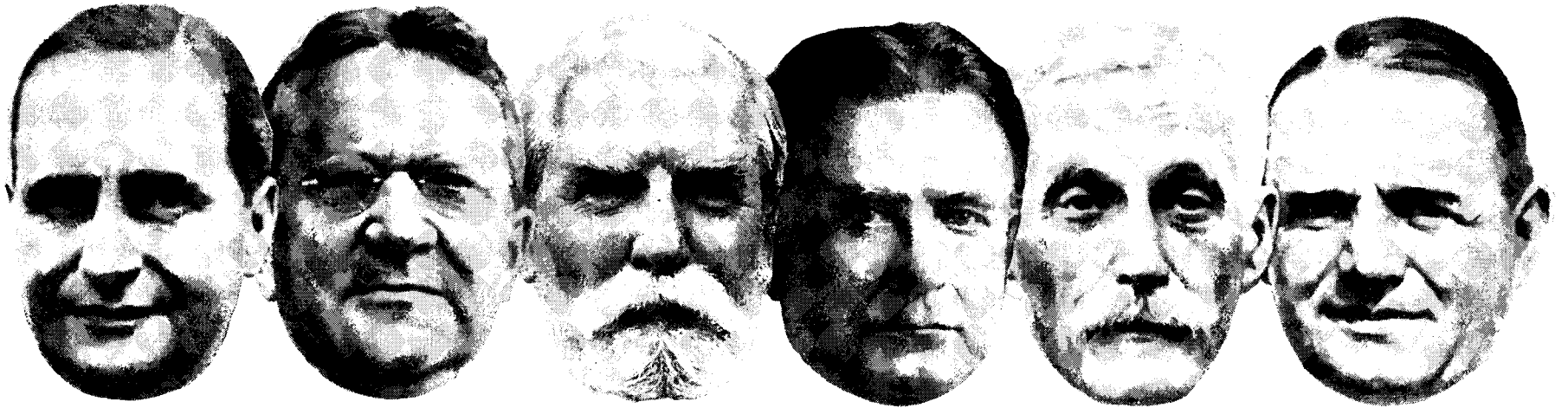
That the girl was shabby meant nothing. This maître d'hôtel had seen many a girl, shabby one week, become bedecked with jewels the next, when her escort on the first occasion had happened to be of the Tracy type.

Something passed from Tracy to the obsequious palm. The maître d'hôtel was not guilty of the vulgarity of glancing at the denomination of the bill.

"Soup," said Tracy. "Consommé or a chicken broth. (Continued on page 38)



on the placid houses across the street. "I'm hungry!" she said



Will Ogden Mills fill
Mr. Mellon's shoes?

Senator Moses surely
deserves something

Mr. Hughes tired of
the State Department

Mr. Borah may prefer
the Senate and freedom

Mr. Mellon will stay
if he wants to

"Wild Bill" Donovan,
an original Hoover man

It's Going to be Different

By Frank R. Kent

WHEN this article is printed it will be approximately the middle of the interval which under our Constitution must elapse between the day the President of the United States is elected and the day he takes over the vast power and responsibility entrusted to him by the partisan and personal prejudices of a more or less intelligent electorate.

In this period the President-elect has a fine opportunity to do several extremely essential things. If he neglects them during these four months, in the four years following he will inevitably regret that fact often and deeply.

First, he can rest, relax, recuperate from the undoubted mental and physical strain imposed by a Presidential campaign upon any candidate not by nature negative and inert. Unless he resembles Mr. Coolidge—and that is too much to expect from anyone—if he fails to rest in this interval he will hardly be able to later.

With Mr. Coolidge of course it was easy. That solemn Vermont gentleman has regularly taken his two-hours-after-luncheon nap every day. Nothing has or does interfere with that. He has escaped strain by the neat expedient of not pulling a load. His programs have been presented but not pushed and his avoidance of affirmative action has had about it the flavor of genius. Accordingly he has physically thrived in the White House.

But it will not be that way with the man who succeeds him. The time for Herbert Hoover to conserve his energy is now—and that is what he is doing. After March 4th with his disposition and capacity he will be one of the hardest working persons in the country and well he knows it.

Unlike the present incumbent he does not enter the White House as the totem pole of prosperity, elegantly buttressed by an unprecedented propaganda, elevated to the office by an act of God, able to satisfy the nation by sitting tight and looking wise.

On the contrary, Mr. Hoover goes in as the victor in the bitterest battle since the Civil War—a campaign that became extremely violent and very personal at the finish, climaxing in an election participated in by many millions more men and women than ever went to the polls before. Also he goes in with no easy and inevitable tax cuts and automatic debt reduction in sight upon which to establish a reputation for thrift and gain the grateful adulation of the high-bracket bankers and opulent newspaper owners. Instead he is confronted with the unpleasant but indisputable fact that though prosperity promises to con-

tinue unimpaired, and a period of constructive expansion greater than any yet known stretches ahead, still the day for great Treasury surpluses has at least temporarily passed. The incoming administration finds itself confronted with vital and pressing problems, nicely side-stepped during the Coolidge régime and concerning which Mr. Hoover made various concrete and specific pledges in the course of his campaign.

In other words he will have work to do—little time for afternoon naps.

It is essential for him to rest in the present interval but it will be very far from a complete rest. There are certain vital things to be done in the twelve weeks before he takes his oath of office that cannot be postponed and which, if the new administration is to achieve any measure of success at all, must be well done. Twelve weeks is none too long for these.

One, of course, is the selection by the newly chosen President of his Cabinet.

Notes Are Falling Due

Also, this is the psychological time for considering with whom to fill the principal diplomatic posts within the Presidential gift, figuring out the best means of liquidating the promises made for him by his political managers both before his nominating convention and since, finding the easiest way to discharge the obligations incurred in the course of the fight. It is all very well to say that Mr. Hoover has "no commitments," has made no promises "implicit or implied," has no "strings tied to him." In the classic language of a distinguished Democrat, that is the "boloney." I do not mean to imply that Mr. Hoover personally has made a single pledge other than in his public addresses. The fact is I know he has not.

There was at least one interesting incident which demonstrated his personal determination to be free. A few weeks before the election a group of New York financial and journalistic supporters

Mr. Hoover's pre-convention and pre-election campaigns were his "bid for the contract." With the contract now in his pocket he will go ahead and build the bridge according to his own ideas. Here's a look at some of the specifications by one of the best informed and most astute political writers in America

went to Washington and urged him to let them state for him that if elected he would ask Mr. Mellon to stay as Secretary of the Treasury. He was told such assurance if even indirectly given would strengthen his chances. Mr. Hoover declined to give it. He may ask Mr. Mellon to stay and he may not. He may by the time this piece is printed have announced his selection, but certainly he is not committed to him nor to anyone else. There is the best authority for that statement.

The President-elect has made not a single private pledge. He probably is as free in this respect as any man who ever held the office. None the less Mr. Hoover has obligations and commitments as a result of his campaign both before and after his nomination which he is bound to recognize and discharge and which he will want to. No man elects himself to the Presidency. The White House is achieved only through the tremendous, organized and highly financed effort of a great national party machine, the cogs of which are the state machines and to which a vast number of men—women too, these days—give unstintingly of their time, money and energy, and not, so far as many are concerned, without hope of reward. The campaign managers and "close friends" of every Presidential candidate are compelled to make promises for him without consultation with him. Deals for support are necessary. Factions and wings and groups have to be swung in line and not many are swung without inducements as to the future. Blanket notes are issued which somehow or other have got to be redeemed.

Mr. Hoover may not, probably does not, know about all of these yet, but he has his share of them—possibly a little more than his share as there were some gaping party wounds which had to be treated after the Kansas City convention. Hoover has his share of such political promissory notes issued in his name and he will redeem them—or most of them—just as have his predecessors.

Being a farsighted person it is safe to assert that Mr. Hoover, so far as it

can be done, in the weeks preceding his inauguration will not only select his Cabinet, which must go in with him, but will arrange for the redemption of the aforesaid notes in order to be bothered as little as possible with their presentation after he really puts on the Presidential harness. It is the wise thing to do.

The bane of every President's life, the thing that frets and frustrates him more than any other, is the inevitable, unceasing, inescapable, irresistible demands of the office seekers. They do not bother the Coolidges or the Hardings but they brought Cleveland to the point of wishing he could resign and they dreadfully frayed the Wilson temper, jangled his nervous system.

The opportunities for constructive thought and real achievement for a President capable of constructive thinking and action are exactly equal to the degree he keeps the terrible business of distributing the thousands of federal jobs from absorbing his time and sapping his vitality.

Those who know the President-elect intimately and understand his methods are confident he has a clear grasp on this situation. The great Hoover quality is clarity of thought. The things for which he always searches are the "fundamental facts." It is a passion with him. It is the thing he demands on every question—the fundamental facts. Once he gets those he lays them down in front of him and works out the answer—but he is always sure of his fundamental facts first. That's why he was a great engineer. That's why his friends believe that whether he is a popular President or not he will be a great one.

No better illustration of this Hoover fact-finding habit can be found than his brief political career. In 1920 a great many people in both parties wanted him to be President. Mr. Hoover had the same desire. The Hoover movement seemed a formidable one. At the Chicago Republican Convention ten thousand people cheered Hoover's name from the galleries and exactly five and one-half delegates voted for him on the floor.

He Wanted the Facts

Immediately following that campaign Mr. Hoover, who had not previously put his mind on politics, who knew nothing about it, and had been carried a little off his feet by the idea that popular sentiment was the only thing needed, went after the fundamental facts. He dived down pretty deep, but he came up with them. When he had assembled and analyzed them it became clear to him

that the thing of being nominated for President is a severely practical business with which, under our primary system, the people really have very little to do. The selection of delegates is largely in the hands of a relatively small group of state bosses and the successful candidate in any open field fight is the one who effects the strongest combination of these state bosses with their pocket delegations.

This being the basic situation, and still desiring the Presidency in 1928, Mr. Hoover went after the nomination in an entirely different way from his 1920 approach, with the result that while unfriendly fellows railed at him in the press and from the stump for playing machine politics instead of sneering at him as an amateur, he landed the prize—landed it too over some of the hottest sort of political opposition.

He did the same thing with the election. The strategy of that campaign was the Hoover strategy, and anyone who thinks different does not know. The whole Hoover effort was directed in accord with what he believed were the fundamental political facts. The result is the best test of the correctness of that belief.

Some weeks before his election, but at a time when he felt completely sure of success, Mr. Hoover, in conversation with a personal friend, expressed very simply his view of the campaign. It is interesting as an illustration of the angle from which he sees politics. In effect he said that the struggle first for the nomination and then for the election was comparable to the fight an engineer has often to make to get his contract against competition. In order to get the contract it is sometimes necessary for the engineer to do a lot of things outside the engineering field and not to his taste or liking. He has to deal with small-fry officials, employ lawyers of a type he would not voluntarily choose, compromise on small things in order to gain the larger ones, cut corners he would rather not. But after he gets his contract then he builds his bridge along his own lines.

Mr. Hoover regarded the campaign as the necessary preliminary to getting his contract. If you grasp that idea it will explain a good many things about the Hoover fight that seemed foreign to the Hoover record and unnatural to the man. They were. He was getting his contract. To get it the fundamental facts compelled him to play the game along these lines.

Now he has the contract he will build his bridge along Hoover lines—at least that is what he wants to do. But again the fundamental facts tell him no President can succeed constructively without the cooperation of his party in Congress. To obtain that and also to secure the renomination and reelection, which is the hallmark of Presidential success, he can no more disregard practical politics now than he could before. No President can. No one knows this better than Herbert Hoover, the searcher after fundamental facts. No one need expect him to turn his back on his party now that he has the job. No one need fear he will not recognize the state machines in the distribution of the patronage. It would be silly not to recognize

them. No one need fear he will "split the party."

Mr. Hoover as President can and will, I have no doubt, put his politics on a far higher plane than he could or did as a Presidential candidate. His disposition is to be nonpartisan—even non-political—and he will indulge it when and where he can but not to the extent of weakening his party or his party organization. You may be sure of that. Mr. Hoover knows this is a government

by parties. He knows party backing is essential to any President with a program and he has a program.

Moreover, Mr. Hoover, despite his humanitarian and "happy home" side, which no one can honestly discount or ignore because it is completely sincere, is no altruistic reformer and never was. He has a magnificent mental equipment, a fine character and really great qualities, but he is essentially practical. His politics, now that he is his party's leader as well as the country's President, will be practical too. There will be nothing dreamy about them—and there ought not to be. His politics have got to be practical if he wants to get anywhere as President—and he not only wants to get somewhere but fully intends to. There should be no mistake about that.

However, there is this to be remembered—politics with Mr. Hoover is a means, not an end. With Mr. Coolidge it was both. Mr. Hoover is no professional political job holder. He is a vital, vibrant man in whom the building instinct is deeply implanted. All over the world there are monuments to his constructive force. It would certainly bore him dreadfully merely to be President. With all the power and opportunities of this, the greatest of all offices, in his hands, to sit still and do nothing would be to him a dreadful fate. Obviously it would be the summit of futility. He is bound to do something in this job. That is why he wanted it so badly.

All that talk of his in the campaign about the "Coolidge policies" was a part of the "getting the contract" idea. So far as Mr. Coolidge had any policies Mr. Hoover gave them to him. Every posted person in Washington knows that to be true and the proof is so easy and obvious that any clear-headed thinking person can convince himself. Of course he is going to "carry out the Coolidge policies."

Why not?

And what are they?

He will carry them out all right because thin as they are they are along the Hoover lines of

bridge building, but he will go far beyond them too. Instinctive knowledge of this based on knowledge of Hoover was one of the reasons—the main one in fact—some of the great financial figures who counted so heavily under Mr. Coolidge were so utterly hostile to the Hoover nomination, opposed him up to the last minute, yielded ungracefully to the inevitable, were unenthusiastic about his election, still are unenthusiastic about him personally.

The remark, privately made by one of these gentlemen last March, better than anything else describes their feeling.

"Hoover is all right," said this man. "He's all right and sound enough but he has too *active* a mind to be President!"

Think that over and see what you get out of it. See what sort of President men like this want. See what sort of President they admire. See the sort they don't. It is, when you reflect upon it, a most pregnant sentence, indeed. And he was—this great man of finance

—dead right about it. Hoover has an active mind and he will make an active President. Also, while he may be and probably will be slow starting—it takes time to gather fundamental facts—before he is through he will, if I am not mistaken, build something that will mean a good deal to all of us, to the country and to Hoover.

That is what he has that searching, fact-hunting mind of his on now. That is why, before he gets into harness, he is examining the only part of the world of which he does not have first-hand knowledge. There are fundamental facts to be gleaned in South America by the man who knows how to search them out.

How soon and how well he builds and what depends upon a great many things. There are chances for failure—but he hasn't had any failures so far. Failure is not one of his habits. Much depends upon the sort of politics he plays and the sort of political leadership he develops. I think I have said enough to show that it will at least be very practical political leadership.

Much, too, depends upon the sort of Cabinet he picks. That is what he is doing now and upon his selections popular interest is concentrated. It would be absurd at this writing to attempt any forecast of the Hoover Cabinet. He probably will not definitely determine all of the ten men who are to head the departments under his administration until a week or so before he takes the oath. There is, however, legitimate room for speculation which may be interesting if not important.

The Real Attorney-General

For example, there will be very great surprise among those who know their intimate association if Colonel William J. Donovan, the present assistant to the Attorney-General, does not become the Hoover Attorney-General—that is, if he wants the job. To all intents and purposes he has been Attorney-General for the past four years.

Mr. John Garibaldi Sargent of Vermont is a nice old gentleman but as the head of the Department of Justice he simply did not function. Colonel Donovan has been the real Attorney-General and a good one. Young, able, honest, attractive, he seems to be the logical choice. In the first place, it would be a promotion.

In the second place, he is a Catholic and it would seem to be, after the type of campaign we had, an almost essential thing for Mr. Hoover to have a Catholic in his Cabinet.

In the third place, he was one of the first of the "Hoover for President" officials and throughout the fight no one was closer to the candidate or had a larger share of his confidence.

Probably there is more interest in who will be the Hoover Secretary of State than in any of the other incoming Cabinet members. By the time this article appears his name may be known but at this moment no one can hazard more than a guess. The best information is that the President-elect himself does not know. The two men in the campaign whose speeches were more effective for Mr. Hoover have both been mentioned in this connection—Borah and Hughes.

Posted persons do not believe either wants or would take it. Hughes, because he had it once, tired of it, gave it up; Borah, because it would bore him, because he could not subordinate his views to his Chief and they would inevitably clash. And besides he would rather be senator, free to assail the administration, which he very likely will be doing shortly, when and how he pleases.

As to the rest, it is foolish and futile to guess. Perhaps by the end of December Mr. (Continued on page 49)



To sit still and do nothing would be to him a dreadful fate

Other Men's Poison

By Roark Bradford

*Bugaboo Jones finds that life ashore is too strenuous
for steamboatin' men and steamboatin' cows*

THINGS were going on inside the brain of Bugaboo Jones. He did not know just what they were or what was causing them but he knew there were worries on his mind.

It was summertime and the work of the roustabout was light. The old top-heavy John D. Grace was carrying hardly enough cargo to keep her keel under water and the landings, where things had to be toted on and off, were few and far between. But the big rouser felt, without actually knowing it, that those long hours spent half asleep on the main deck, waiting for the boat to land, were boresome hours.

"I wisht I had me a job farmin'," he told himself on occasion when he looked over the broad, green cotton fields on either side of the river and saw men and women toiling placidly in the sun. "Farmin' ain't nothin' but jest wawkin' 'round behind a old mule. You don't got to tote nothin', and you kin sass and carry on wid de womenfo'ks to de cows come home!"

The idea of being a farmer interested him intensely. He grinned and hummed a song he had heard a country boy sing one time:

*Water-roo, water-roo, bring yo' water
round,
Keep dis mule a-turnin', but Lawdy
when de sun go down!*

In his mind Bugaboo went through all the phases of plowing with a big mule in a big field, even to the exchange of bright remarks with the women-folks.

When that form of amusement bored him, he went to sleep. And when he woke up, the boat was nearing Baton Rouge, where the railroad tracks top the levee for a mile or more. As they passed this stretch of track the big Y. & M. V. "Cannonball" swept along the rails with bell ringing, whistle blowing and steam and smoke spouting out in mighty clouds. Bugaboo sat up and rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand.

"Well, by de Great I Am!" he exclaimed. "Ole Bad Eye Bill Shelly sho' is twistin' her tail!"

Bugaboo, like all other valley Negroes, knew the fable of Bill Shelly, one-eyed, speed-crazy engineer who is reputed to pull the throttle on the through passenger train between his and New Orleans—a trip

each way, every day, so the legend ran.

"Take dat thing on up yonder to Memphis, Bill," Bugaboo urged, "and den turn 'round and bring her right on back again!" He grinned proudly. "And ef'n dat frogface fireman you got can't keep de box hot, well, send for me!"

By that time the train had escaped into the piney woods, and in another minute the idea of firing for the famous engineer left Bugaboo's mind.

It was while Bugaboo's head was full of such nomadic ideas that Old Cap'm Cooley suddenly decided he wanted sweet milk to drink. The decision came after sixty years or more on the river. And, since the Grace did not make it a point to land at a dairy farm always at milking time, the eccentric old skipper purchased a milk cow, had a pen constructed on the after main deck, and laid in an appropriate supply of hay and cottonseed hulls.

SHE was a nice cow, Stella by name, and brindle. She was gentle and halter broke, had large, placid eyes and gracefully turned horns. A half-grown boy led her from the barn to the levee and it fell to the lot of Bugaboo to lead her on board.

"Do she hook?" he asked charily.

"Naw," drawled the boy. "Not hardly none."

"Come on den, Stella," Bugaboo commanded, catching the halter rein well toward the opposite end. "I'm gonter make a steamboatin' cow out'n you."

Stella followed the rouser down the gangplank with that dignified primness that only a middle-aged milk cow can achieve and was tethered in her pen.

That, normally, would have ended the thing, so far as Bugaboo was concerned. But Bugaboo was restless. A roving worry bore down upon his soul. Instead of going to his favorite spot on the forward deck and sprawling flat in the breeze, he wandered about, listlessly, aimlessly.

It would be nice, he figured, to be out in the fields with all the men and women around him all the time! Unless, of course, he could get a job on Bad Eye Bill Shelly's engine and go roaring through the country towns so fast that the women along the track couldn't hardly tell which was Bugaboo and which was the engine!

His wanderings finally came to an



Yellow jackets, hordes of them, swarmed upon him with such vigor that he started fighting back

end at the big, four-bushel sacks of cottonseed hulls near Stella's pen. The hulls, unquestionably, were softer than the splintery oak planks on the bare deck. Bugaboo piled himself upon them and lay, face up, riding and dreaming far-off dreams of less boresome surroundings.

Then, tiring of that position, he rolled over and looked full into the face of the patient Stella, who was munching unconcernedly at her hay. The calmness of her face, the restful peace in her big eyes, the frank certainty of her every feature, intrigued the big rouser.

"Dad blame cow," he said, "you look like you ain't got a trouble in dis land.

You sho' do bear yo' burdens light, don't you?"

Stella munched for an hour and then the first cook came down with a big bucket. Bugaboo watched the milking with interest and noted that Stella ignored it completely in favor of hay. "Boy," he remarked to the cook, "dat



Illustrated by
Harry Burne

sho' is a heap er milk. What you gonter do wid all dat?"

"De Cap'm gonter drink hit," the cook stated.

"Not all dat much."

The cook grinned. "Maybe I might take a swig or two," he said. "And ef'n hit's some mo' left over, well, maybe I might pass some around to my friends."

Bugaboo immediately exuded friendliness. "I'll take mine right now, brother," he stated.

"Humph!" grunted the cook. "You ain't no friend er mine." And he walked off.

AFTER the cook left Bugaboo got up and went inside the pen, where he experimented in making friends with the cow. Stella paid no attention to him.

"Ev'y day seem like Sunday to you, don't hit, old Stella?" he asked, patting her flanks gently. "Well, you jest keep Sunday on yo' mind, and watch ole me git me a bait er milk befo' dat crazy cook come down again to take hit all away."

When the cook milked Stella again, his bucket was not more than two thirds full. Bugaboo said absolutely nothing.

The next time the cook came for the milk, he came earlier than Bugaboo had expected him, and the bucket was filled!

Things went on that way for three or four days; sometimes a full bucket, sometimes a half bucket—depending upon whether Bugaboo beat the cook to the supply.

"Dat cow ain't regular," the cook grumbled to the boss rouser, who had been inheriting the milk that was left after the captain and the cook had their plenty. "Somethin' is de matter, somewhar."

Bugaboo heard, but he waited until the cook left before he did anything about it. He knew if the old boss rouser missed many rations of milk he would start an investigation. He knew that an investigation would reveal that he was spending his spare time by the cow. And he knew, further, that the boss would be able to link the presence of Bugaboo and the absence of milk! Then the old man would know that Bugaboo was tricking him out of his milk, and Lord, Lord, but he'd burn him up with that hickory!

Bugaboo sauntered up casually to the boss rouser. "Mister Ole Fo'ks," he remarked quite seriously, "hit ain't right to keep old Stella hemmed up in dat pen all de time. I been mindin' cows mighty nigh all my life, and I knows you can't take and hem a cow up in a pen like dat. Hit makes her git so she ain't regular in her milk."

"She got to stay penned up," declared the old man. "You can't take and turn a cow loose on a steamboat."

"Naw," admitted Bugaboo, "but you kin take and lead her 'round de deck wid de halter, some. She need circulatin' 'round de deck—"

"Well, lead her, den," ordered Old Folks.

Bugaboo's idea worked even better than he had expected. He merely had hoped to avoid suspicion of being connected with the milk shortage, whereas it turned out that he was leading Stella about the deck when the boat made a landing. And he continued to lead her while the other rousers were wrestling with boxes and sacks:

Keep ole Stella turnin', but Lawdy when de sun go down!

It was a trick! An accidental trick, but Bugaboo enjoyed it immensely. It wasn't everybody who could trick the old boss rouser out of milk, and then turn round and trick him out of work, too. The trick worked only once. The next time the boat landed Old Folks ordered Bugaboo to tether the cow until the freight was unloaded.

"You kin mind dat cow all you want to, son," he said, "but not when hit's freight to be toted."

BUGABOO was disappointed. He was hurt. He felt sorry for himself and he felt sorry for Stella. "Dat ain't no way to treat no cow," he grumbled—but not loud enough for Old Folks to hear.

Then he put his mind to work on a new trick. It was a slow process because there were infinite details that had to be worked out.

It was early morning, just after the cook had turned in a short portion of milk, when Bugaboo sprung his plan.

"What ole Stella needs," he told Old Folks, "is some greenery. A cow got to have greenery. I don't keer how much leadin' she gits on de deck, she ain't gonter give hardly enough milk for de Cap'm unless she gits some greenery too. Leadin' he'ps out, but not too much."

The idea sounded reasonable. Old Folks was missing his ration of milk with too much regularity not to be concerned. "How she gonter git any greenery on de boat?" he asked.

"Dat what worries me, too," Bugaboo declared. "Hit's plenty er greenery on de levee when us lands, but us ain't got nothin' to cut none wid, and ef'n us did, hit wouldn't stay green. I seed red clover mighty nigh knee-high, right by de landin', but when you cuts dat stuff, you ruins hit for a cow. A cow got to de her own grazin'."

He let that rest with the old boss. He knew how the old man's mind would work, and how it wouldn't.

Sure enough, a few minutes before the boat was due to pull in at Staple's Point, a small plantation landing just above Baton Rouge, Old Folks hunted up Bugaboo.

"When us lands," he said, "you take and lead dat cow on de levee and let

her graze whilst I's gittin' dis freight toted off."

"Yassuh," said Bugaboo disinterestedly.

Well, that had worked!

Stella was docile enough until she got to the end of the gangplank. Then she saw the rich, knee-high clover patch, and she made a dive for it. She did not mean to be unruly, but she did aim to have some of that clover, and in a hurry, too! She rushed past Bugaboo and literally dragged him behind her to the inviting patch of greenery.

"Watch out, cow!" he warned. "Don't pull me so fast over dis bresh and stuff. I ain't got on no shoes and I'm liable to step on somethin'."

But Stella continued her rapid pace until she was well within the clover.

And then things took place!

A drove of yellow jackets had established a nest in the edge of the patch, and Stella, in her mad race for greenery, had inadvertently stepped squarely upon the nest and hurried on.

By the time Bugaboo got there the head man of the yellow jackets was ready to show his outraged indignation. Bugaboo's long, bare heel was convenient. So the head yellow jacket sat down on it and pushed.

Bugaboo leaped into the air and roared with surprise and pain.

"Watch out, cow!" he yelled, "you done drug me on a snake!"

But Stella was having troubles of her own. Other yellow jackets lit on her, and she wheeled about so sharply that she snatched Bugaboo full length across the nest, and with an abdominal bellow she raced right across the fallen rouser.

For a moment Bugaboo was dead. Plumb dead! He knew it. A rattlesnake had bitten him, and then Stella had turned upon him and hooked him to death.

But only for a moment. Yellow jackets, hordes of them, swarmed around and upon him with such energetic vigor that he instinctively scrambled to his feet, snatched off his hat, and started fighting back.

IT WAS a good fight while it lasted. But it did not last long. The head yellow jacket was a strategist as well as a leader, and he executed, single-handed, a maneuver that made history in the chronicles of stinging insects. He circled about Bugaboo and landed upon the back of his neck where the rouser's collar band was loose. An ordinary yellow jacket would have stung him on the neck then and there, and in return would have been slapped into oblivion by the fighting Bugaboo. But this was the head yellow jacket. He crawled unobtrusively inside Bugaboo's collar band

and walked calmly down the full length of his spinal cord, without so much as a single sting.

But when he got there he sat down and went to work.

"Ye-e-e-o-o-w-w!" roared Bugaboo. "Fi-ye! Murder! Po-leece?" Then the big rouser put his feet to work. Across the cotton field he sped so fast that his feet barely touched the ground.

For more than a mile across the big field Bugaboo and the yellow jacket traveled. Each time the rouser's interest in running flagged the head yellow jacket found a way to inspire him to further speed.

But there is an absolute limit to human endurance, and when that came Bugaboo dropped to the ground between two rows of cotton, exhausted. The head yellow jacket stung him a few more times in a disinterested fashion, but when Bugaboo did not so much as flinch, he gave up, crawled out, and after a final jab at the back of the rouser's neck flew back to his clover patch.

FOR more than an hour Bugaboo lay still and panted. His face and hands and feet were swollen and he was smarting all over. Finally he got to his feet and looked around.

A mile away he could see the clover patch on the levee where he had taken Stella to graze, and he could see the bare spot near by where the boat had landed. But he could see neither Stella nor the steamboat.

"Dog gone!" he grumbled. "I bet dat crazy mate done pulled out and left me and Stella out hyar in dis cotton patch!"

Then he set about to look for Stella. He wandered aimlessly for an hour or so, and finally he saw a man riding a horse along a trail through the field.

"Cap'm," he called, "you ain't seed nothin' of no cow name' Stella, is you?"

The man reined his horse and looked Bugaboo over critically. He unquestionably was a big, stout man. But he was fat. Too fat. Why, his face was so fat he could hardly open his eyes! Probably just got through laying out six months in jail, somewhere, he figured.

"No," said the man, "I haven't seen a cow named Stella."

"Well, I was lookin' for her," Bugaboo declared earnestly.

"I'll bet you are," the man said, sarcastically. "I'll bet you are looking for anything except a job."

Bugaboo considered. He really was looking for Stella, but if he couldn't find her, and could find a farming job:

Keep dis mule a-turnin', but Lawdy when de sun go down!

"I might take a job farmin'," Bugaboo admitted.

He followed the man for a quarter of a mile to the barns. It was past noon and the sun was awfully hot, but the man did not say anything about eating or waiting in the shade until the sun got lower. Instead he procured a pick and shovel and rode off across another field.

Finally they (Continued on page 48)

Thunder in the Backfield

Various backfields this season have been studded with stars, triple-threats and what have you? Here Mr. Rice reviews the show, Backs of 1928

**By
Grantland
Rice**

ANY attempted listing of all the star backs of football for the recent season would look entirely too much like a directory. So those who are preparing to rise up and complain bitterly that So-and-So or Hoozis was not mentioned are requested to restrain their mounting wrath and take the breaks as they come.

The season had barely opened early in October when Hume of Southern Methodist was pegging baffling passes up and down the Army field with Cagle on the Army side running his fleet legs off and almost throwing his right arm out to help beat the Texans by a point.

This same Cagle was a star member of one of the best backfields in football, with Nave at quarter, Cagle and Allan at the halfback jobs and Murrell at full.

Cagle is one of the best all-around halfbacks that football has ever known. There have been many star offensive backs and many great defensive backs, but the combination rarely blends in one man. When Cagle comes swinging out like a streak with the ball poised in one hand, ready to be thrown or carried, the opposing defense is usually in a highly unsettled and badly scrambled state of mind.

It was this double threat of Cagle that upset the strong defenses of Yale and Harvard, to name only a pair of examples.

Cagle is not only a fast-running back but also a hard-running back. He can make a quick opening or he can open a lot of trouble in a broken field,

Ken Strong, N. Y. U., was a first-class triple-threat man all year

where he runs with his feet and his head.

And in addition to this he has been one of the best forward passers of the season, a back able to nail his target while still traveling under full steam.

A year ago against the Navy I saw him take out three Navy tacklers for Harry Wilson when the latter ran 20 or 30 yards for a touchdown. He bumped the first two off balance and upset the third.

This fall against Yale, with the Blue on the Army's 10-yard line, it was Cagle who came through like a shot to spill Johnny Garvey for a big loss at a critical moment.

So here is a young man who can run, pass, kick, block, tackle, interfere and intercept passes anywhere in range.

One of the best backfield battles of the year came in the meeting of Wittmer of Princeton and Eby of Ohio State. They were both of the

type who can take the ball on something like three out of every four plays and still keep their speed, drive and freshness. They were thoroughbred runners who could still do the work of truck horses. They were

hard to upset, hard to bring down, once they were given a chance to start.

When the season opened it looked for a while as if Dartmouth had one of the greatest backfields in the game with Harris, Marsters, Breithut and Black—Marsters ranking among the leading stars of many years. Here was a big, fast back who, like Cagle, could kick, run and pass. But in less than two weeks a cyclone of injuries and accidents struck this select coterie and they were unfit for action when the Harvard and Yale games arrived, thereby taking almost the entire punch out of the Dartmouth team for these two important tests.

The battle of the leading quarterbacks was one of the season's features. They range from Don Williams of Southern California on the Pacific Coast to Weston of Boston College along the Atlantic seaboard. They include Cuisinier of Wisconsin, Holman of Ohio State, Harpster of Carnegie Tech and then swung south to Armistead of Vanderbilt, Hume of Southern Methodist and other stars at Georgia Tech and Florida.

Baysinger of Syracuse came near standing the strong Nebraska team on its head with an accurate flurry of uncanny passes.

Both Weston of Boston College and Harpster of Carnegie Tech were given

high rating by their opponents since both had the all-around ability and the generalship needed for a star quarter, handling the job as it ought to be handled.

There were more good quarterbacks this season than the game has shown in several years.

Pennsylvania and Georgia Tech were two teams that put forth an unusual amount of backfield strength. The Georgia Tech outfit with Mizell, Thomason, Lumpkin, Durant and others looked to be the strongest all-around combination of the year. It carried speed, power, ruggedness and alertness.

High-Powered, Hard-Running Backs

Harvard had good potential strength. As a starter the Crimson had three quarterbacks to call on in Crawford, Gilligan and Putnam. Back of these Horween had a fast, hard-running combination in French, Guarnaccia and Harper. There were few halfback combinations anywhere quite as fast and as capable as French and Guarnaccia. French is faster than a ten-second man and he carries his 180 pounds like a lightweight sprinter. Both French and Guarnaccia were fine ball carriers and both could pass and kick. It isn't often that any team has two men who can grind out such a variety of high-class play. Yet Harvard's backfield strength was below Pennsylvania's.



Chris Cagle, Army, is one of the best all-around halfbacks ever known

This season was also featured by a long list of high-powered, hard-running backs who had an unusual amount of drive. One of the stars in this collection was Blue Howell, Nebraska's big captain, who came along like a runaway locomotive. Howell was one of the best ball carriers of 1927 and his luster lost nothing through the hard campaign of 1928.

Early in the season a great line-breaking duel was expected when Na-

gurski of Minnesota and McLain of Iowa crashed. But this duel was something of a flop on a soft, slippery field. Both were too carefully watched and neither could make any headway. Nagurski, who had shown fine promise, was so badly battered up that he was out of action for several weeks. McLain later on justified his early promise.

Injuries Play a Big Part

Injuries played a big part, as usual, in laying some of the mighty low. Among those affected in this fashion were Marsters of Dartmouth, Nagurski of Minnesota, Hume of Southern Methodist, Miles of Princeton, and a flock of others.

Among the harder running backs in addition to Howell there were Biff Hoffman of Stanford, Murrell of Army, Humbert of Illinois, and Clifton of the Navy, all big, hard runners who were difficult to upset.

Three other strong backfield sets also belonged to New York University, Carnegie Tech and Notre Dame. The first of these had two of the season's best ball carriers in Strong and Follet, fast, elusive runners who were hard to pull down and who in addition were active in the passing game. Strong was a first-class triple-threat man all the year. Both, it might be mentioned, were working back of one of the strongest lines in football—a line flanked by two star tackles in Lassman and Grant.

Georgia Tech conquered Notre Dame with a strong line and the high-grade work of Thomason, Mizell, Lumpkin and Randolph in the backfield.

In addition to Dayton University's able Hawaiian back, Swan, there was another able entry from the Mid-West in Brazil of Detroit University. Brazil was a fast, baffling runner and a first-class kicker and passer. He had all-around ability at any job thrown his way.

Naming the best all-around backfield of the year is no easy job. But after all the Army combination and Georgia Tech must be granted a lot. Nave has been a heady, seasoned, skillful quarter. Cagle is one of the greatest of all-time backs, a star at any assignment. Allan is a hard-running back and a first-class defensive man. Murrell is not only a good kicker but in addition there are few better when a team needs three, four or five yards. And yet this Army backfield failed to put anything over on Notre Dame's strong, fast combination, headed by Niemiec and Chevigny.

California had a backfield star in Lom. Notre Dame and West Virginia had their share of backfield ability and the Georgetown backs had an alert, aggressive line to work with all year. West Virginia's backfield was strong. Purdue had a star in Welch. Centenary had two good backs in Hanna and Allday. Florida had at least two stars in her backfield and there were Barnes of V. M. I. and Peake of V. P. I. with top-notchers at Louisiana State, South Carolina, Tennessee and a steady parade of talent through the Southwest. Tennessee has a fine back in McEver, one of the best, and Gebert of Marquette was another star.

And with all these entries the big field hasn't been covered by half. Almost 4,000,000 square miles of football territory are none too easy to absorb in a single sitting.

"In Loving Memory"

By Fred Sweet

A marked car is the wrong one to take out for a joy ride

PEKAREK, waiting at home for word that his orders had been carried out and that Al Donovan had been killed, was dumfounded, when he turned on the porch light, to find his intended victim standing very much alive on the doorstep.

Pekarek did not believe in ghosts, though an apparition of his business rival at the entrance of his home could not have produced more of a shock.

Donovan, greatly agitated himself, despite his reputation for coolness in any crisis, came directly to the point:

"If you're out gunning for my car tonight, Pekarek, for the Lord's sake call it off. You see, I'm not in it. I came home to find my boy gone with the machine. . . . Against everything I'd told him. It's the only thing that would bring me here like this. I know the car's marked by your gang, and with the boy driving along one of these lonely country roads—"

Pekarek glared.

"You'll listen," Donovan hurried on. "You'll listen because the girl he's got joy riding with him is your own daughter."

"You're kiddin' about that," Pekarek grinned in sickly fashion.

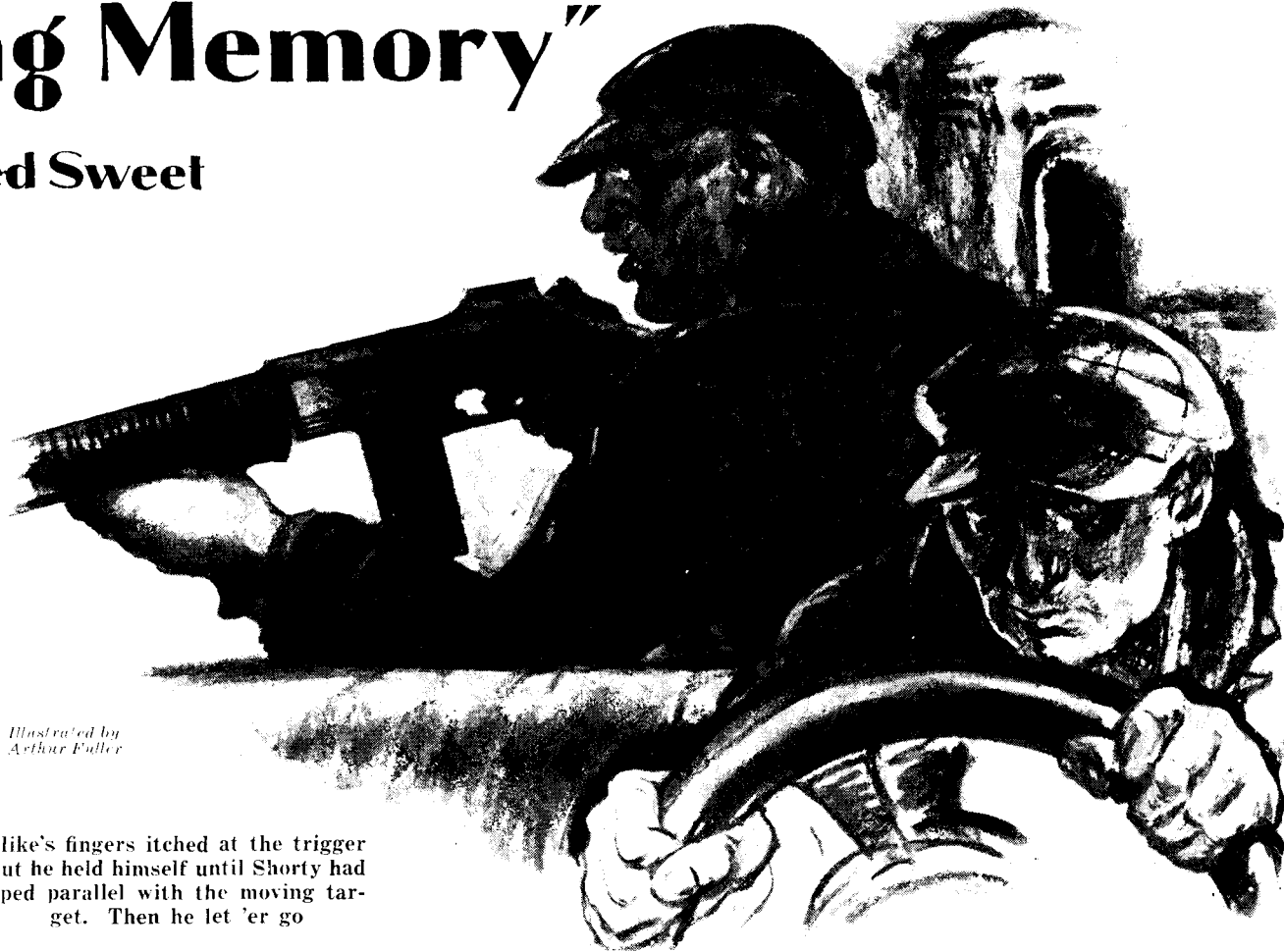
"The truth," Donovan insisted. "'Tis what we get for sending 'em down-state to the same college. What do they know about our business? What does your next-door neighbor know about you? But the boy tells his mother who he's stepping out with. 'Tis a fine mess. If you've got anyone gunning for that car tonight—"

There was a cold sweat on Pekarek's swarthy face. He cleared his throat, and his voice came in a whisper:

"Mike left here half an hour ago. I gave him orders to lay for that car of yours tonight and turn it into a sieve."

MIKE, bird of prey, was soaring about, ignorant of the frantic telephone calls being sent out for him over the district. He sat in the back seat of his car, fussing with the deadly weapon that Pekarek had turned over to him—further acquainting himself with the mechanism and talking with Shorty, the driver. The topic was funerals and the floral offerings that characterized the last sad rites of beer barons.

It was a soft summer night, and the newly paved highways were alive with



Illustrated by
Arthur Fuller

Mike's fingers itched at the trigger but he held himself until Shorty had sped parallel with the moving target. Then he let 'er go

automobiles. The prairie west of Chicago had since the war become the scene of unusual building activity. Mike and Shorty drove around a suburb that was as new a thing as the Eighteenth Amendment of which it made a joke. The two-story flats and bungalows were as fresh in their paint and as modern in their architecture as the structures of that other amazing new suburb—Hollywood out in California. It was a sprightly bubble on the surface of "the melting pot."

The truck farms had grown brick stores and stucco dwelling houses—also numerous institutions designated as "soft drink parlors."

Mike, with Shorty at the wheel, left the suburb's edge to travel along the path of the road houses in the direction of Joliet. Not that either Mike or Shorty cared to go back to the penitentiary town from which they had both recently been paroled, but Mike, during a stop for information, had been slipped the word that the Donovan car had been seen in the vicinity of "Tim's place." There was a lonely stretch of road this side of Tim's that afforded an ideal spot for bumping anyone off.

"Tomorrow's apt to be a great day for the hothouse business," Mike remarked to Shorty as he fondled the machine gun. "They ought to pay us birds a commission. Sure, the florists kin thank the Lord for Volstead."

"Of course, ya understand the flower gag," Mike went on. "There's a tag on every one of them 'At Rest' an' 'Gates Ajar' an' 'In Lovin' Memory' bouquets. An' after they take out the casket, there's a check-up of the tags. That's how you know who's still wid the gang, an' by the missin' posy who's wid the other guys. Every little petal has a meanin' all its own."

"Wid half a million a month in the pay-off, kin ya blame Pekarek for bein' peeved at Al Donovan buttin' in? Pekarek had the whole district his way for six months. He's got a bunch of truck drivers I'd hate to meet on a dark street meself. He tells the boys where they kin open up; delivers the booze; promises protection. An' Al Donovan's gettin' too strong. Big stakes that

way's bound to make trouble. Means a meal ticket for me."

He eased the machine gun from getting a jar as the car bumped over a rut in the road.

"But if I don't get action tonight, I'm goin' to be called on the carpet. Pekarek's been wild ever since Donovan grabbed off the business at Risek's Chateau. One of his best customers."

SHORTY pulled his cap lower over his eyes. In these bootlegging days, when it was a case of "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," and "The king is dead; long live the king!" his was but a humble rôle. He allowed Mike to do all the talking. Mike was more "on the inside."

"You ought to see Pekarek's joint over in Woodside. One of them old houses wid big trees in the yard. Used to belong to some high-up of a railroad. An' I kin remember when Pekarek had nothin' but a saloon and lived wid his wife an' kid in the back. Kid's grown up now an' goin' to college. Whaddaya think of that? Thinks her dad's on the Board of Trade. You know—one of them kids slimmer than they used to be an' less hair and skirt. Cute? Say, if her old lady was livin', she wouldn't know the kid. The old lady was fat from eatin' too much an' sittin' around in the back room of the saloon all the time."

"Slow up a bit, Shorty. Kinda take it easy on this here stretch. I'd know the car in a million. Always wondered why Donovan drove one ya could spot so easy, but he ain't afraid of man or the devil. An' after the shootin' don't get excited. Jes' take it along natural like. Car drivin' along don't mean nothin' these days. Often think how Jesse Jimmy was handicapped wid a horse. May have to hit back and forth here till midnight, but Donovan's down this way, 'cause the bartender at the Bluebird tipped me off."

They had gone far enough out and, turning around, were maneuvering back—their car just another whir in the endless procession.

"Ain't gettin' cold feet are ya, Shorty? It's always over quick. Remember

Dvorak's funeral? He thought for a while he had a drag. There was flowers all over the front room, but not much of a showin' on the porch. Hyacinths. I guess you'd call 'em, an'—"

He touched Shorty significantly on the shoulder.

A long, low, high-powered, closed car purred past on the smooth cement. Mike's mouth tightened, and his brow furrowed. He sniffed.

"Damn it, Shorty, why don't ya step on it?" He glanced over his shoulder to peer through the strip of glass. "Don't let that car comin' behind get in between!"

Mike had no intention of making a botch of things tonight. He had sighted the quarry, and his pulse quickened with the pride that goes with accomplishment. There was his reputation to maintain.

They were bearing down close to the red tail light of the Donovan car, Mike snuggling his shoulder against the new Thompson machine gun. His fingers itched at the trigger, but he held himself until Shorty had sped parallel with the moving target. Then, shoving the nose of the gun through the flap in the curtain, Mike clenched his jaws together viciously and let 'er go.

There was a *p-drrrrrr, p-drrrrrr, p-drrrrrr, p-drrrrrr!* as the bullets poured into the Donovan car. Another *p-drrrrrr* for good measure echoed across the prairie. Then Mike's fingers relaxed and he looked back.

The plugged car had plunged off the road and plowed into the ditch.

MIKE reached the Pekarek porch. He rang the bell and stepped toward a clump of bushes at the edge of the porch to "ditch" a cigarette. As he passed the window—inside there in the light of the floor lamps—he saw Al Donovan! Mike's instincts told him to beat it, but Pekarek opened the door just then, and Mike met him, white of face.

"I was goin' to tell ya I'd croaked him," Mike said hoarsely as he pointed his thumb inside.

He felt Pekarek's grip at his collar. "You rat! Where did you pull it off? You're going to (Continued on page 55)



"Too Collegiate"

By Lucian Cary

A tennis player's slump may be caused by soft-shelled crabs—or by a girl. Either may be extremely serious



He lifted the candle high and she almost jumped when she saw his face

JOE GARNER went into a slump just before the Davis Cup matches. He was counted on to beat Perochet that year and he went into a slump.

The Davis Cup committee held a meeting, as Davis Cup committees do, and decided that something had to be done about Joe and done quick. As Harry Tutbill said, the first thing was to find out what was the matter.

They took Joe out to dinner and gave him highballs and pried and pried, hoping they would turn up something that was worrying him. But he wasn't in debt and he hadn't quarreled with anybody and he slept well and he had a good appetite. The next morning, playing Andy at Forest Hills, he was worse than ever. He was exasperated with the ball, which now defied him; he was exasperated with the committee, who wouldn't let him alone; and most of all, of course, he was exasperated with the mystery.

Colonel Hostetter couldn't stand it any longer. He called out to Joe and Andy to stop play. They walked slowly over to where the Colonel stood with Harry Tutbill.

"Joe," the Colonel said, "you have no idea what the trouble is?"

Joe shook his head. He hadn't the least idea.

"There's only one answer," the Colonel continued. They looked at the Colonel apprehensively. They knew what he was going to say. They had all thought of it and shrunk from saying it. "You're over-tennis," the Colonel finished. "You've gone stale."

Joe bounced and caught the ball he had been holding in his hand; bounced and caught it again and again. Andy Graham searched for a stem of grass to chew. Harry Tutbill took out a fresh cigarette and lit it. The Colonel stood there looking as grim as if he were about to order another charge of the Light Brigade—into the Valley of Death. There is but one remedy for a man who's over-tennis.

"**Y**OU go and get a shower," the Colonel said to Joe. "You go and get a shower and dress and take your car and go somewhere. You go some place where they never heard of tennis and you won't see a tennis racquet or a tennis fan. Don't see tennis, don't talk tennis, don't think tennis. Then you come back here day after tomorrow and play Perochet."

"All right, Colonel," Joe Garner said. "I'll go away."

"It's our only chance, Joe."

Joe nodded. Andy Graham said nothing. He said nothing until Joe was dressed and ready to leave. He was the last to shake hands with Joe and after he had shaken hands with Joe he stood there a minute chewing a stem of grass.

"Mr. Garner," Andy said softly, "you've got something on your mind. Get it off."

Joe nodded gravely, not wishing to argue the subject with Andy.

"Listen, Mr. Garner," Andy said earnestly. "When you get by yourself—think what you would like to do most. I don't mean think hard—I mean let your mind sort of drift until you come to something you'd like to do. Then do it."

"All right, Andy," Joe promised, "I'll try that."

Joe drove over the Queensboro Bridge and into Fifth Avenue. Outwardly he occupied himself with dodging other cars, as one must on Manhattan Island, but inwardly his mind must have gone on working because he presently found himself in Fifty-ninth Street, opposite the Plaza. It was nearly three o'clock and he'd had no lunch. He was hungry. So he parked his roadster and went into the grill and ordered the first thing that came into his head, which happened to be soft-shelled crabs.

Eating the dish reminded him of how fond Sylvia Thomas was of soft-shelled crabs. He was a little startled to remember that it was at this very table in the corner that Sylvia had thrown him down. That was seven months ago. He hadn't seen her since.

BUT he had seen her since. He had seen her only ten days back, coming out of the Marguery after dinner with Bill Winkler. He had stopped short so they wouldn't see him. They had got into a taxi and as the taxi started off he saw Bill Winkler kiss her. He could see their heads plainly, framed in the back window of the cab.

He had been ironically amused at the time. Sylvia had turned him down cold on the ground that she couldn't take him seriously. She had said he was a perennial college boy who never had a thought above tennis. And now she was playing around with Bill Winkler, who had never had a thought at all.

Joe remembered how incredulous he had been when Sylvia had turned him down. He had been incredulous because she had led him on. And when he had got it through his head that she was throwing him down he had been sunk. He had saved himself by going off to Havana. He had played at Havana and Miami and Augusta and Mexico and St. Louis and Kansas City and Wimbledon and Auteuil and Longwood and Southampton and Sea Girt. He had played tennis five hours a day ever since, and he had gotten over Sylvia.

But now it occurred to him that he had a right to be sore. He had a right to tell Sylvia Thomas what he thought of her. And he jumped up and went to look for a telephone. He knew what he wanted to do. He wanted to tell Sylvia Thomas what was what. He didn't know where she was but he would telephone until he found somebody who did know.

It was more trouble than he anticipated but he found out. She was staying at the Wordens', in the Berkshires. Bill looked at his watch. It was four o'clock. He could drive it in six or seven hours. He could get there before midnight. And he knew the Wordens well enough to invite himself. He would simply send the Wordens a telegram saying he was driving up.

Joe started out. By five o'clock he was beginning to get clear of city traffic. By six o'clock he was approaching Danbury. For two hours he rolled casually along at thirty miles an hour, up hill and down hill, through the peaceful, park-like Connecticut countryside, past enormous old houses in the Colonial manner, through sleepy villages with wide avenues of elms.

He lost his exasperation. He was lulled by the easy motion, by the purr of the motor, by the green hills. He stopped for gas toward eight o'clock. The man at the gas station had a phonograph going. It was playing a song from "Show Boat." It was playing "Why Do I Love You?"

Joe Garner listened to the song while the man put the gas in his car:

"Why do you love me?
Why do I love you?
Can you see the why or wherefore
I should be the one you care for?
You're a lucky boy
I am lucky too. . . ."

The words weren't so much. But he couldn't help listening to the music. When he listened to that song, to that tune he and Sylvia had danced to so many times, he felt homesick.

The gas station man interrupted his reverie.

"Look at that sky," he said.

JOE looked and realized that the sky was prematurely darkened by masses of black clouds. The wind was coming up too, fresh and strong. The tops of the trees were bending.

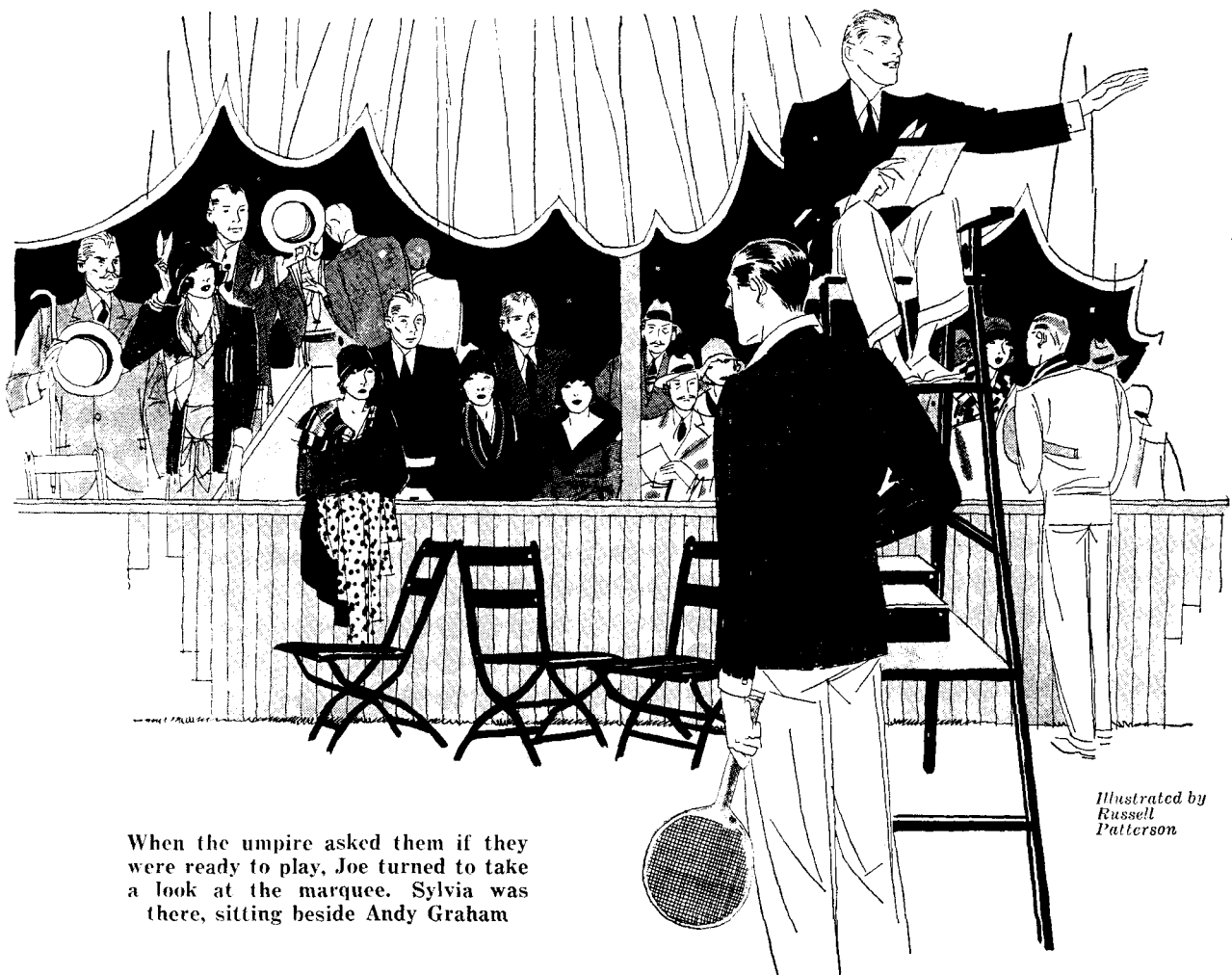
"I'd put my top up if I was you," the gas station man said.

Joe agreed with him.

He drove on and on through the rain, mile after mile, and hour after hour. He drove miles past Pittsfield before he realized that he had missed the turn to the Wordens' place. He went back, found the turn, and took to a country road so slippery with mud that he could hardly stay on it. He slid down into a valley, he climbed a long hill in first speed, the wheels spinning; he started down again—slid down the hill and across the bridge over the brook beside the Wordens' house. The brook was already running over the planks. The house was dark. He hadn't realized how hard it was raining until he jumped out of the car and ran for the front door. It was like plunging into solid water. He was wet through in ten yards.

The front door was locked. He shook the door impatiently. It was hardly possible that everyone had gone to bed, but no lights appeared. He made a dash for the side door. That was locked too. He shook the door hard, but still no lights appeared. He shouted and then he realized that he couldn't make his voice heard inside the house even if someone were awake and listening for it. The roar of the storm through the trees would have drowned a dozen voices.

Joe Garner made a dash for the kitchen door. That was locked. He ran back to his car and got a flashlight out of the door pocket, and hunted for an



When the umpire asked them if they were ready to play, Joe turned to take a look at the marquee. Sylvia was there, sitting beside Andy Graham

Illustrated by
Russell
Patterson

open window. He walked clear around the house, but every window was shut and locked.

He saw by the light of the flash that a rose-trellis led from the ground to a veranda roof. There was a window. He put the flash in his pocket and climbed the trellis to the roof.

HE WAS so wet that the water was sloshing in his shoes. He reached the window and put the tips of his fingers under the top rail of the lower sash and endeavored to raise it. The window was locked. He examined the window in the light of the flash. He could see that it was held by a catch in the middle. He smashed a pane with the butt of the flashlight. He reached in and unfastened the catch. The window came up easily, and he stepped into the room.

As he did so, the flash went out. He pressed the button repeatedly, but it would not light. The bulb was gone. He stood there in the warm dark, hunting for matches in his pockets.

While he stood fumbling the door opened. A girl in pajamas, with a lighted candle in one hand and a revolver in the other, stood facing him.

"Hands up!" she said sharply.

Joe Garner half raised his hands. The girl lifted the candle high to throw the light on his face. She almost jumped when she saw his face. She almost jumped and the revolver dropped out of her hand and thumped on the floor. But she recovered herself instantly. When she spoke her voice was under control, and she emphasized what she said with a little disappointed droop of her shoulders.

"It would have to be you," she said wearily.

Joe Garner could have slapped her.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh," she said, "when a girl hears a man breaking into the house, I suppose she always has a kind of hope it will be somebody she would like to meet."

Joe Garner looked at her and he could not help but feel how good she was to

look at. Her black hair was tousled. Any other girl whose hair was tousled would look like the devil. But tousled black hair became Sylvia. Her eyebrows were as black as her hair and almost straight. People were always praising arched eyebrows. But only people who had not seen Sylvia's straight ones. She was slim, and without high heels she looked small. She looked exactly right. The sleeveless tunic of her pajamas had slipped off one shoulder a little. Joe Garner thought her shoulder was like alabaster and then he thought that was only what some poetic bird had said about a woman's shoulder. Sylvia's shoulder was tanned the most delicate golden color. And rounded.

"Well?" she said. She said it so it sounded like a slap in the face.

"I was thinking that I was glad to meet you again," Joe Garner said. "I can't see that you have changed at all. And I guess I haven't either. Because I think you're just as lovely as ever—and just as poison mean."

"I'm not mean," Sylvia said. "I'm only frank. I don't see any use in pretending. What's the use of pretending I'm glad to see you?"

"No use," Joe Garner said, "no use at all. I'm not pretending either. I'm merely observing how utterly lovely you are to look at."

Sylvia drew in her breath sharply. But she suppressed the word she was about to speak. She looked him up and down with a slight lift of her eyebrows.

"Collegiate to the last," she said.

"No," Joe Garner said, "not collegiate. Only incurably romantic about you."

She shook her head slowly. "I'm sorry you think you're romantic," she said. "You don't look romantic. You look like something somebody has just pulled out of the brook. I wish you would stop talking and go to bed. It isn't good for you to stand around in wet clothes. You might catch cold and then what chance would America have to hold the Davis Cup?"

"At the present moment," Joe Garner remarked, "I do not give one small damn whether we keep the Davis Cup or not. I have something else on my mind. I am puzzled."

Sylvia Thomas nodded gravely.

"Yes," she said, "yes, you must be puzzled. It must be a very puzzling experience for you to have anything on your mind except tennis."

"What puzzles me," he confided, "is the fact that you have it in for me still. You turned me down seven months ago and I haven't bothered you since and you're sore. That means something. I can't quite dope out what it means. But—"

"I'm merely so bored with you that I could scream," Sylvia cried.

"I see you are," Joe Garner said. "I'm beginning to understand. There's something about me that sets you off into yells of rage."

"No," she said, "not at all. Actually I'm indifferent to you. Completely and absolutely indifferent."

"YOU have such violent ways of expressing your indifference, Sylvia," Joe Garner said. "It's confusing."

"My dear boy," Sylvia said coldly, "you forget the circumstances. I was sound asleep when I heard you trying to break into this house. I heard you smash the window. I was all alone in the house. Naturally I was frightened, I couldn't believe it was a burglar and yet what else could I believe? So I got the revolver. Can't you imagine how annoying it is to be waked up in the middle of the night by a second-story worker?"

Joe Garner looked at her and he thought that her story didn't quite ring true. He didn't know what she was concealing but he knew she was concealing something.

"Look here, Sylvia," he said, "where are the Wordens?"

"They went to Albany on the noon train yesterday to some duty thing or other. They'll be back tomorrow."

"So they (Continued on page 46)

Good Clean Fun

Whatever did we do to amuse ourselves before we had movies and radios and automobiles? Just give a glance, brothers, just give a glance.

*All pictures from
Culver Service*

Right: The timid Ermytrude on the left is getting used to it more gradually than her bolder playmate who's diving right in—and what a splash she's going to make if she lands the way she's aiming

Below: You got prizes for making whoopee 'round the bowl in those days. Fashionable society went in for soap-bubble parties and they were rollicking affairs. The rewards await their claimants on the table in the foreground



A ten-strike for Tillie at the weekly meeting of the Mixed Gents and Ladies Olympia Bowling Club



Right: Before the days of beauty contests and fashion shows a broom drill in the Sunday-school room could get everybody all worked up



The ladies standing in the center appear to have absent-mindedly wandered away from a croquet party and plunged in without changing into bathing togs but that's only because you haven't been around much and don't know what bathing togs were in those days



Below: Whatever was the refined young ladies' equivalent of "chickee the cop" is about to bust up a posie-picking rally in the park. Fie, fie, girls. It's bad enough to go around pilfering flora yourselves without bringing your little sisters into the crime with you—tek! tek!

Right: A gay little group on the ice in the days when great swathings of garments made a fall just a passing and painless incident for the most delicate of skaters



Below: Jingle bells! Professor Heliotrope Fyshe at the helm is going to show how gay he can be when he gets away from the halls of the academy, if it kills him

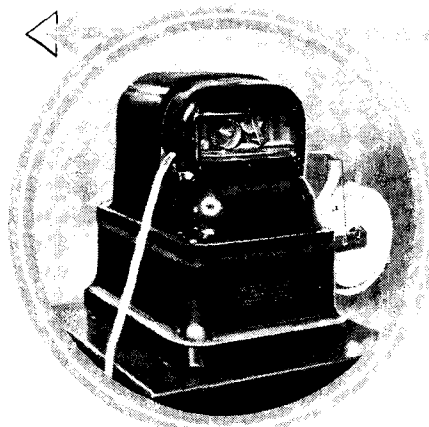
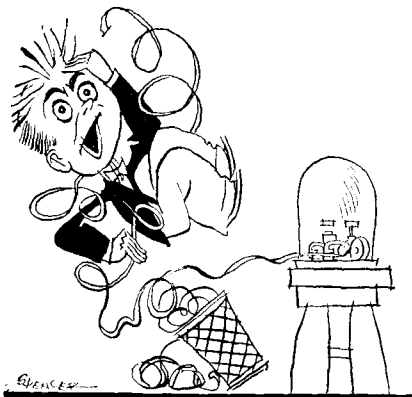


The Ticker's in a Jam

By John T. Flynn

A GENTLEMAN with a hot tip on the market steps into the office of his broker in San Francisco and places an order for 100 shares of, let us say, International Brass Knuckles, Preferred. The only place that stock can be bought, let us suppose, is on the floor of the Stock Exchange in New York—3,000 miles away. The San Francisco broker wires his house in Wall Street to buy 100 shares of International Brass Knuckles. The office in Wall Street telephones the order to its trader on the floor of the Exchange.

He steps over to the trading post where that particular stock is dealt in, yells out his order and actually buys



The present highly developed form of stock ticker is unable to keep pace with the great daily flood of prices

the stock. The trade is complete. But—

That trade set in motion a bewildering mass of complicated machinery in the basement of the Stock Exchange building with the result that a report of this trade was sent back through the stock ticker not only to the broker's office in Wall Street and in Tulsa, Okla., but to Vancouver out on the Pacific Coast and to 7,500 other points all over the United States. And all this just four minutes after the customer had placed his original order in San Francisco.

Some speed! At least it looks that way.

But not fast enough—not by any means.

The Bottle Outgrows Its Neck

The function of the Stock Exchange is to do two things—to provide a trading stall for the quick sale of stocks and to tell the world about these trades—and tell it fast. And, as stock trading is geared in this amazing age of electricity and power, "fast" means immediately. Anything less than right away is slow.

That little instrument turns a spotlight on the floor of the Exchange. When, every few seconds, out of the tumult and the shouting, two brokers get together on a trade they pass swiftly and for one brief instant before that little spotlight. Every day every man's stock is flung into the white-hot crucible of the trading floor. It is melted and beaten and blown and hammered and then turned out with a price tag on its neck to take its place on the ticker and pass in the big stock review. This is the big parade of the shares—the great and small—General Motors and United States Steel marching with the least on the ceaseless highway of the tape. And when the tape falls behind for ten minutes or half an hour the Exchange and its doings drop, as it were, behind a cloud.

As a result the humble ticker—which everyone has taken for granted up to

You invest your surplus savings in stocks and bonds. Wherever you live you depend for information upon a certain noisy little instrument and its 12,999 brothers. But we'll wager you have no idea of the complicated machinery, the four basements full of dynamos and things, the engineers and whatnot necessary to make the stock ticker tick, or why there's a faster one coming.

Rumors about tight money had frightened the Bulls. And before anyone could realize it the great deluge of the tape was on and miles and miles of paper ribbon flooded into ten thousand waste baskets all over the country.

Stock buyers and stockbrokers went looney. Everywhere crowds gathered around the tickers, which became so many thousand foci of infection. But the ticker kept its head. It went on all day hammering out the mad tale of the frenzied Exchange where before nightfall over five million shares of stock had changed hands.

The thing hasn't really stopped since. The Bear was routed but the big days, three million, four million, five million shares, keep flooding down on the floor.

The ticker was never intended to carry such a load.

Where Speed is Everything

Few of those who fondle that tattling strip of tape or who see it in pictures or on the stage in scenes laid in stockbrokers' offices have any idea how it works.

A few years ago the prices and records of trades were telegraphed from several instruments on the floor of the Exchange to an office on the eighth floor of the same building where a lone man sat at a keyboard and typed the well-known characters on the tape, from which they

were sent out to the country. But as trading grew this method became impossible.

Now there are five points scattered about the floor of the Exchange where reports of trades are made. At each point a man sits at a keyboard which looks like an overgrown typewriter. As soon as a trade is made—and they are being made at the rate of from 30 to 50 a minute, frequently more—a clerk writes on a card the name of the stock, the number of shares and the price and rushes with it to the keyboard nearest his trading post.

There the man at the keyboard writes out his report. It appears immediately on a tape emerging from his machine and another man reads it, comparing it with the report to catch errors.

All day long this is going on at five different points on five different machines.

A Traffic Cop for Prices

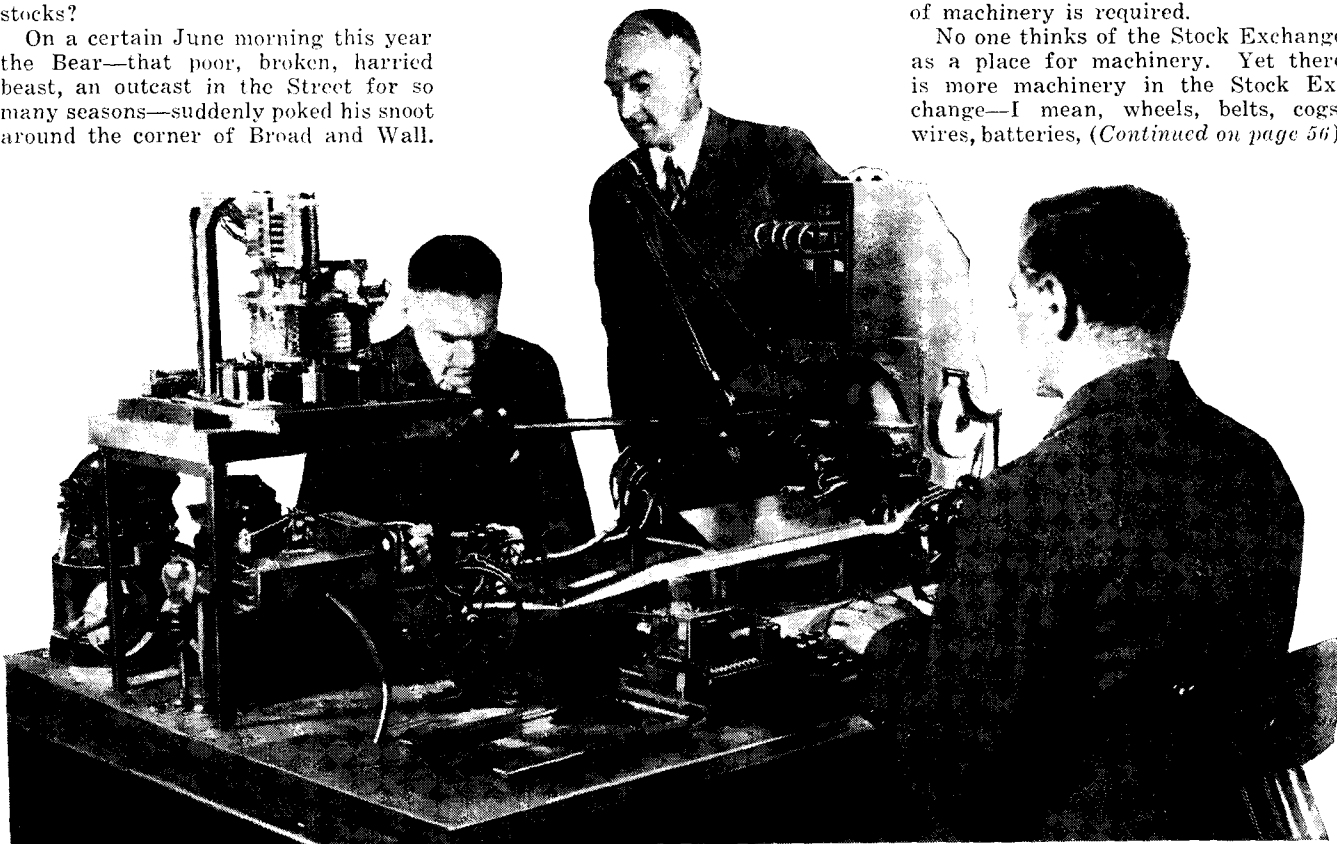
Now the problem is to get what each machine writes on to one single tape. As fast as these men write wires carry the characters to a control machine in the gallery of the Exchange. That little machine—which is a marvel of ingenuity—selects these characters as they arrive and feeds them in the order of their arrival into single file; like a traffic officer standing at the point where five streets converge, with motor cars arriving along all of them, and feeding them into a single line to file off in orderly fashion along a sixth street.

Then the control machine sends this procession of symbols and prices in a series of electrical impulses into the basement of the Stock Exchange and of another building adjoining the Exchange. What happens to it there is beyond my power either to understand or describe.

Let me put it this way:

After the ticker has punched out its little master tape and this has been coordinated and routed in proper order by the control machine the record has got to be sent out over the country. And to do all this a bewildering array of machinery is required.

No one thinks of the Stock Exchange as a place for machinery. Yet there is more machinery in the Stock Exchange—I mean, wheels, belts, cogs, wires, batteries, (Continued on page 56)



This intricate part of the Exchange's machinery condenses and disseminates stock prices for the entire nation



There was a breathless pause as she advanced slowly, her slim body undulating provocatively, her voice swelling out gloriously

A Short Short Story

Cabaret

By Octavus Roy Cohen

AN AGENCY sent Joyce Waldron to us, and from the very first minute I knew she was too high class for a roof show. But she clicked—and how!

I guessed most of her story before she told me. It was old stuff and kind of obvious. Just another dame who had been a Tetrassini in her home town and thought she'd knock grand opera dead—only to find out that she fell short of greatness and then went into a roof show to make a living.

She had a voice, too; and I never could see why she didn't make the grade. Anyway, for our show she was a wow—and not entirely because of her voice, either.

To come right out and tell the strict truth, Joyce Waldron had a figure that would drive the average man crazy—and did. Curves where they would do the most good, and dimples that flirted. Pretty face, beautiful hair . . . and as star of our show she wore considerably less clothes than the law allows. She didn't kick about it, either.

She worked hard and lived her own life. No sugar daddies for her. We paid her only a hundred a week, and I was glad for her sake, and sorry for my own, when one of the big Broadway revue producers approached her with a nifty offer. You could have knocked me over with a zephyr when she turned it down. I told her she was an idiot and asked her why.

Then she explained. Her father was almost seventy years old, and a widower. Real Southern gentleman, like you read about. Knew she hadn't made the grade in grand opera, but thought she was knocking 'em dead with concert stuff. Of course he understood that she was singing in a dinner show, but what did he know about that sort of stuff? He had never even been in New York. Thought, of course, that she was broadcasting her voice and not her figure; and if she went into a

stage revue—well, even he would begin to suspect something.

"And what would he do if he was to find out?" I asked.

Her eyes clouded. "I'm afraid to think," she said in a frightened little voice. "He's got queer, old-fashioned ideas. I—well, honestly, I hate to think of what effect it would have on him if he ever knew that I was . . ." She nodded toward the floor where our Twenty Cuddling Cuties were cavorting.

Was that dame nuts about her old man? I'll say she was! Not for him to know that she was getting a rep up and down the Main Stem as the swell-est built femme New York had seen in years. He must think it was that golden voice of hers. And in a way it was: the rich notes, the appealing manner, the popular ballads . . . and the treat for the eyes that she afforded while she was singing. Making a living for herself and for her Dad with her figure—and him, of course, never knowing.

So far so good. We breezed through a great season. Joyce was a darby—and since she had the job she really turned loose. Not too ladylike—although once she was off the floor there was something about her that would have kept Mr. Lothario himself from making a single wise crack.

THEN, one night in the late spring, it happened. It was this way: Joyce's knockout number went on at nine-fifteen. The Cuddling Cuties did a dance, then hit a tableau. Then from off the floor you'd hear this gorgeous voice of Joyce's, singing a sweet-sweet song. And just when you'd gotten all set to see a dame in crinoline, she would appear—almost as natural as Eve and ten times as beautiful. Get it? Suspense, surprise and contrast. The voice of an angel and the figure of a magnificent woman—and take your choice.

I didn't see 'em when they came in.

I was watching the Cuties strutting their stuff. But presently I noticed them. They were seated at a floor table.

One was a man of middle age; nice, gentlemanly feller but looking like his clothes weren't strictly Broadway. And the other—

I knew instantly it was Major Waldron. Tall, dignified, erect in spite of his years. Snow-white hair, goatee and deeply graven features. What a figure of a man! He was staring at the little stage at the opposite end of the floor—the stage on which Joyce was to appear and pose before descending the three steps to the floor.

She was already singing, and her Dad's face was beaming with such an expression as I've never seen before or since. Rapture was there—and pride; the pride of old Southern blood—the pride of a grand gentleman in the achievement of a perfect daughter.

Her voice seemed to fill the room; rich and sweet and appealing. Singing a sentimental ballad; the old man staring along the line of the spotlight to where it was waiting to pick her up in all her magnificent undress.

I got a sinky sensation right under my ribs. It was too late to do any-

thing. I watched the old Major with the same horror that one stares at a man about to be executed.

It was going to be worse than an execution for him, too. I realized that. One look at the girl and I knew his soul would shrivel. He could only regard her exhibition one way. In a second he was to see her—his daughter—appearing before an eager public . . . virtually undressed!

THEN she appeared. There was a breathless hush, followed by a burst of applause, as she advanced slowly, her slim body undulating provocatively, her voice swelling out gloriously.

Timidly, I glanced at Major Waldron. And I got the shock of my life.

His face was straight toward her. And if it had been rapturous before—it was fairly marvelous now. He had an expression of magnificent pride: pride that this was his daughter whom the crowd applauded; the pride that he was her father!

It wasn't possible. No shock! No sense of outrage! The Major was proud—proud to the bursting point. The song ended. . . . Joyce retreated to the little stage, took her bows and then vanished. And Major Waldron led the thunder of applause.

I couldn't understand. I slipped up to his table and touched the Major's companion on the shoulder. He turned and I motioned him to join me.

We stood a few feet from the table and he introduced himself as a Mr. Jenkins. "I know exactly what you're going to ask me," he said. "We must help Joyce to keep her secret."

"Her secret," I gasped. "Couldn't her father see for himself?"

Jenkins shook his head slowly and spoke in a whisper.

"No," he answered, "he couldn't. He is stone blind."

Illustrated by
Jay Hyde
Barnum

The Kid's Clever

By Gus Edwards

When variety wouldn't offer him more than \$27.50 a week, Gus Edwards started singing in hotel dining-rooms. There was born the cabaret. In time he joined forces with another youngster, Emma Carus, once his deadly rival. Nora Bayes, who had just come out of the West, was an added starter.

II

MAGGIE CLINE'S illness, the illness that got me my chance to sing as a substitute on the Christmas Eve bill at Tony Pastor's, brought me my first real chance. The day after Christmas, Hyde, who was the important factor in the Hyde & Behman outfit operating the Gaiety Theater in Brooklyn, sent for me.

"I read about your singing at Tony Pastor's," he said. "You did some good singing from the gallery here, too. I guess I can give you a job."

"Singing?"

"Yes."

"Could you use a quartet?" I asked boldly, thinking of my neighborhood pals—the singing white boys and the dancing Negro.

"If it's good."

"Oh, it's good, all right."

"Bring the gang around tomorrow and I'll try them out," agreed Hyde.

The next day the "gang" reported to Hyde. It consisted of Jack Kelly, Matt Ward, Hap Schuman and myself as singers, and Leon Hudson, the little Negro dancer.

Hyde tried us out. He liked our harmony.

"Are you the manager?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, I'll book the act," he said.

"I'll pay you boys \$25 a week each and I'll give you \$2.50 a week extra because you are manager. But remember, I'm paying you that \$2.50 extra because I expect you to keep those boys out of trouble, see to it that they don't smoke or carouse and that they get here on time for every performance. If they don't—well, you're all fired."

The next week we opened at Hyde & Behman's, being billed as "The Newsboys' Quintette." On the same bill, which was called "Hyde's Comedians," were McIntyre & Heath, the Dumont bicycle act, Wilde & Wills, Thorne & Carlton, Helen Mora, John and Emma Ray, and the Four Cohans.

A Chance at Big Time

It was then that I met for the first time George M. Cohan, his splendid sister, Josephine, his delightful father and his glorious mother. They have enshrined Mrs. Jerry Cohan in the memories of the stage and no one ever was more deserving—no one ever was kinder or sweeter or did more to glorify the American stage and its people.

Mrs. Cohan, from the first day of our meeting, took to mothering all of us and doing for us all that she did for her own children, Josephine and George. She joined that troupe with only two children and promptly adopted five others of mixed color, creed and nationality.

After its opening in Brooklyn, "Hyde's Comedians" went on a tour that lasted nearly a year. And the original "variety" cast remained practically intact.



Gus Edwards and Irene Martin in an early success, the "Millionaire" number

Cohan just then was starting as a song writer. He had written several. They included "I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby," "The Warmest Baby in the Bunch," and "Venus, My Shining Star." They were good—awfully good—and I had my quartette sing them because of the merit they had. But Cohan construed it mainly as an act on my part to "plug" his songs and his boyish gratitude was boundless.

"I won't forget," he would say. "The time will come when I may be able to help you—and I'll help."

I told George I had ambitions to be a song writer, too. He coached me in the technique of it, insisted that I had the talent for it and kept after me to "take a try at it." Finally when I composed "All I Want is My Black Baby Back," it was George M. Cohan who plugged hardest and who was more responsible than anyone or anything else for its becoming a hit.

The tour of "Hyde's Comedians" concluded in New York. Hyde came to me and told me he could book

our act at Koster & Bial's, a famous music hall which occupied, then, a "class" position as does the Palace in New York in this era.

"I'll act as business agent for your quintette," Hyde said.

"What's our pay?"

"Twenty-five dollars for each of you, and \$2.50 extra for you to keep those kids on their good behavior."

"Seems as if we ought to get a little more money, now that we're a good act," I argued.

"Best I can pay you," said Hyde.

I had a little notion that Koster & Bial were offering Hyde a total of \$200 or \$250 for the act and that Hyde was "chipping" off the difference between that and \$127.50 as his commission. But I accepted anyway because an engagement at Koster & Bial's was a great advertisement for kid actors of 14 or 15.

We played at Koster & Bial's for nearly a year. After that we shifted to Hammerstein's Victoria, at 12d and Broadway.

White

Then we played a number of the other "variety" houses in New York and Brooklyn, after which the act, having played about every theater of consequence in the U. S. A., broke up.

While we were at Koster & Bial's one of the boys in the original singing quartet died and I got a kid named Fred Nelson to take his place. When the act disbanded, Nelson took two of the other kids with him to London and put on a newsboy act much like our original one. That's over 33 years ago, yet I understand that Nelson is still over in England making a luxurious living by playing the part of a singing newsboy at a time when he's old enough to be almost a great-granddad.

After concluding in the "Quintette" I figured that I could secure a job at a fair wage doing a single in "variety." Yes, I could have a job. What pay had I been receiving? \$27.50.

The Cabaret's Forerunner

Very well, \$27.50 was their price—I could take it or leave it. I left it. It struck me that I could make more money singing around in cafés. And while I was thinking about resuming the old way of impromptu entertainer on trains, excursion boats and at picnics, etc., an idea came to me:

Why not try singing in the hotel dining-rooms after theater?

So was born the cabaret idea.

I first invaded the Hungarian room of the old Cadillac Hotel, with the permission of Elmer F. Woodbury, manager. I sang four songs, passed the hat and the result was about \$12. The next night the harvest was almost as good. But it was hard work; the crowd demanded anywhere from eight to twelve songs, and that was a lot.

I needed an assistant and the name of Emma Carus came to my mind.

Several years before Emma and I had been deadly rivals. In those days she was doing what I was doing—singing around in cafés and passing the hat, with her father as her companion. She was only a mite of a kid with a beautiful voice. She would sing, do a tambourine dance—and then pass the tambourine.

Emma's trails and mine crossed constantly and Emma always "spoke her piece" when she decided I was invading her territory. But after I became one of "Hyde's Comedians" and left the field to Emma, that ended the commercial feud.

"Join me in singing at the Cadillac each night and we'll split what we get," I suggested to Emma.

"All right—I'll try it," she answered.

In the week which followed, Emma and I alternated in the singing, with Emma passing her tambourine. The collections went well over \$100—truly a golden harvest. So temporarily I gave up the idea of going back to the stage. Why should I take \$27.50 when I could make \$50 or over by singing a few songs at the Cadillac?

As time went on, Emma and I occasionally added someone else to our act. For by then the idea was going over big with the patrons of the Hungarian room and they wanted the "show" to start earlier and last longer.

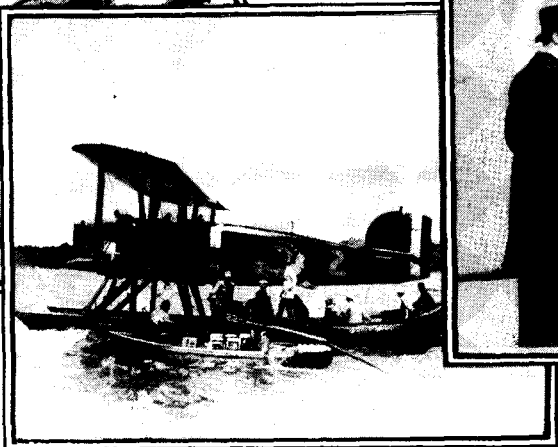
Nora Bayes was one of our "added starters," a girl just recently arrived from the West, seeking her chance in New York (Continued on page 22)



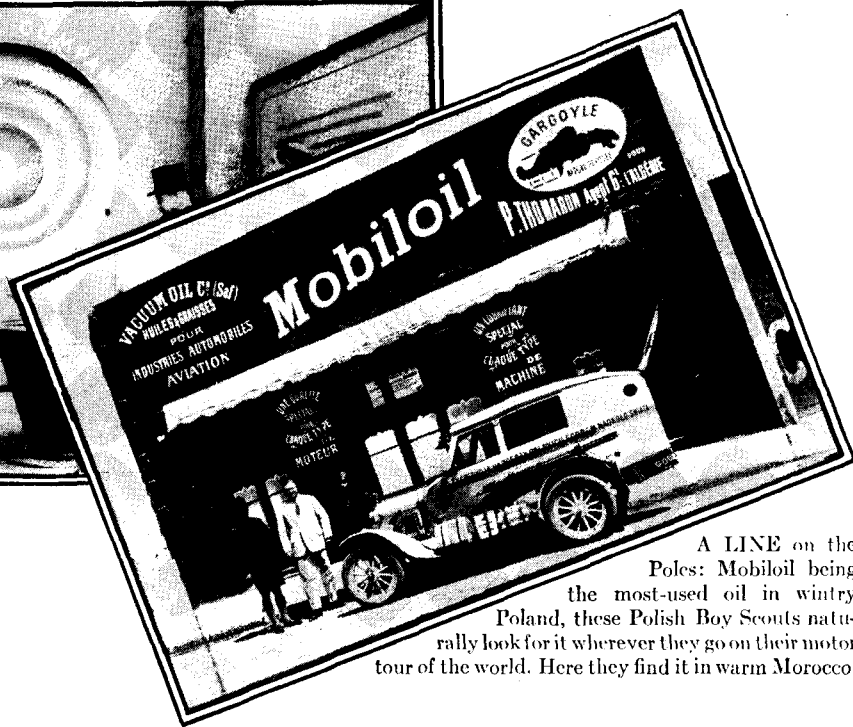
QUALITY ALL AROUND: The Crown Prince of Denmark (left) visits a Mobiloil exhibit in Copenhagen where they still have old-fashioned winters.



WHERE THE HILLS are high but the temperature low: Mobiloil-lubricated snowplow at work in the Swiss mountain passes.



SAFE IN JAPAN: Bringing a supply of Mobiloil to the U. S. Army Round-the-World Planes after they had left the Alaskan snowstorms behind them.



A LINE on the Poles: Mobiloil being the most-used oil in wintry Poland, these Polish Boy Scouts naturally look for it wherever they go on their motor tour of the world. Here they find it in warm Morocco.

Easy starting is not enough

Winter engine troubles are invited if you use many of the so-called "winter oils" which are made extra thin to give you quick starting in cold weather.

Such oils will give you the quick starting—but at the sacrifice of good lubrication.

Such oils usually lack the body and richness needed to seal the pistons and prevent dilution by gasoline.

And they usually lack the rich oily character that insures thorough lubrication of all moving parts.

Mobiloil Arctic meets both of the major winter lubricating requirements. It has fluidity enough to give you easy starting. And it has the rich oily body and character that insure thorough lubrication and prevent undue dilution by gasoline.

Mobiloil Arctic is recommended for the lubrication of most cars in winter (below 32° F.). Consult the Chart at your dealer's. You are always sure with



Fair retail price—
30¢ a quart

from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

Cold Weather Tips:

1. Always push out clutch pedal before starting the engine. This relieves the "drag" of the transmission on the starter.
2. When starting in cold weather use choke only while starting. Push it in part way the instant the engine starts and fully as soon as possible.
3. Allow the engine to warm up before attempting to drive your car fast.
4. Use suitable anti-freeze mixture (first cleaning out the radiator thoroughly). Keep at proper strength during cold weather.
5. If the temperature of the engine is not maintained by thermostatic control or radiator shutters, use a suitable radiator cover.
6. Be sure you have an adequate supply of Mobiloil Arctic in crankcase, or Mobiloil "E" in Ford (Model T) cars.
7. Be sure you have Mobiloil "C" in the transmission and differential.

TO assure satisfactory operation during cold weather have your garage man or service station attend to the following:

1. Test to see that battery is fully charged. If below 1200 gravity have recharged.
2. See that contact points in distributor are clean and that breaker points are properly adjusted. This will result in easier starting, with less strain on the battery.
3. Be sure that spark plugs are clean and points properly set. This will aid in the same way.
4. Adjust the carburetor for cold weather.
5. Lubricate all parts of the chassis including the spring leaves. This will protect these parts from rust, wear, and squeaks, and the spring leaves from breakage.
6. Drain the old oil out of the crankcase. Put in Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic unless your car is a Ford (Model T) in which case use Mobiloil "E". Change oil more frequently in winter than in summer.

The World's Quality Oil
Mobiloil
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

and getting her first one singing and dancing in the Cadillac dining-room, with Emma Carus and myself, and depending upon gratuities for her pay.

After a while we abandoned the Cadillac—left it to others. We played in other hotels and cafés. It was during that time that I met up with "Diamond Jim" Brady, perhaps the most lavish spender and entertainer in New York's history.

Brady was forever giving dinner or supper parties for celebrities. He happened into a hotel one night when Emma and I were doing our specialty—and he liked it. He called me over, told me that he was going to give a dinner party the next week, wanted some entertainment and would pay Emma and me \$25 each to appear there and sing some songs.

Of course we appeared.

And thus began a friendship with Brady which was most lucrative for me. Through almost all the years afterward, until his untimely death, he gave to me the job of arranging the entertainments for his parties which started merely with Emma and myself and finally reached a point, in the later years, when I staged complete revues for Brady.

"My Mother Was a Lady," "Rastus on Parade," "Don't Send Me Posies," "He Never Cares to Wander from His Own Fireside" were some of the early songs we "plugged" for weekly fees in those days. After that came an imposing list of "cakewalk" songs. And then eventually came the day when I was accorded the privilege of singing in the old Marlborough Hotel a new song that Dresser had written.

"On the Banks of the Wabash" was the name of the song which I introduced while Dresser played the accompaniment.

Those "cabaret days" of mine extended over a period of years dating from the closing of the "Newsboys' Quintette" in the very late 90's. But I wasn't at it constantly. It was profitable—but the stage was my ambition. Occasionally I'd abandon it, take a brief stage engagement—a few days or a week—and then I'd go back to it.

I could have had plenty of regular



Helen Mora was a headliner at the Gaiety Theater when Gus Edwards got his first chance singing with her

Touring with John L. Sullivan was an exciting business for Gus Edwards



Edwards and his troupe were proud indeed when they played at Koster & Bial's Music Hall, New York's original "Big Time" theater

stage work—but the top price was \$27.50. It was known that that was my wage with Hyde and nobody wanted to boost it. They all worked on the theory that if I once worked for \$27.50 that \$27.50 was all I was worth. There wasn't much, if any, real competition in "variety" in those days. One group practically controlled it. And that was the \$27.50 group.

Helping John L. Sullivan Along

Just about the time I was weakening and ready to take \$27.50 for regular stage work, without the added chance of "pickups," I learned that John L. Sullivan was going to make a 42-week swing of the United States, and that his tour manager was looking around for a few entertainers to keep the customers amused until John L. came into view and slaughtered somebody.

So I looked him up, stated my qualifications and was offered \$27.50 a week. I was going to reject it, but then I figured I'd get a chance to travel and see the country and maybe make some money on the side, so I accepted and became part of the Sullivan tour in 1896—an event of events in my lifetime, a trip replete with laughs and jammed with thrills.

The tour lasted 42 weeks and 35 of

them were made up of one-night stands. We played in more than 200 towns, or alleged towns, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific slope; from the Canadian frontier to the Gulf.

The tour got under way in New York late in 1896. As long as we played the big towns of the East and those of the Middle West it was quite a lark. For we had comfortable hotels to linger in, playhouses with the modern conveniences of those times and everything went along easily and with tranquillity.

But as we wandered beyond the Mississippi and into the wide open spaces of the then still "Wild and Woolly" West things began to happen. In half of those towns there was no theater at all and we had to do our stuff in lodge rooms, town auditoriums and sometimes in shacks especially built for that single occasion. In some places we operated under a tent.

An Exciting Tour

So long as John L. appeared in a sober or near-sober condition all went reasonably well. But on that tour the man who once owned the mightiest of human fists seemed intent on smashing all the liquor-drinking records that ever existed. In the after years, when John L. had reformed, he often referred to that tour as "the wettest year of my lifetime."

In the so-called "civilized" towns of the East and Middle West the crowds merely showed their resentment with jeers and hoots when Sullivan came on and hippodromed boxing because of his teetering condition. But as we tramped farther and farther into the "Bad Lands," and encountered audiences that wanted full value for their money, things became alarmingly different.

The tour started soon after I had written my first song success—"All I Want is My Black Baby Back." I'd usually open my act by playing and singing it and follow with some of the waltz melodies of that era. Those sobby songs always went over big, especially in the mining camps and frontier towns, and whenever there were a few lines about "home" and "mother" and "my childhood days," they became a riot.

We played one mining camp town, and John L. had been so busy during the afternoon being a "good fellow" that when he showed up that night he was hardly able to stagger onto the stage. So the enraged miners promptly shot up the building and John L. withdrew without completing his act.

For the very next day, when we arrived in a town presumably tougher and

wilder than the preceding one, John L. wandered into a saloon, "set up the house" a few times and then was attracted by a small group that was arguing as to the merits of who was the "drinkingest man in town."

"Who's your champion?" bellowed Sullivan, breaking into the group.

One of the men pointed to another and said:

"I guess he is. Anyway he says he is. He claims he drank 77 mixed drinks in one day."

The "Drinkingest Man"

"Champion, huh?" snorted Sullivan. "I can beat that. I've had four already. Now stand around and watch me beat that dude's record."

And Sullivan did, by the simple process of drinking exactly 100 mixed drinks before he left the saloon, or rather before he was hauled out of the saloon to go to the town hall and try to put on his performance.

Of course, Sullivan hardly was able to make boxing motions. But nobody shot up the place. And that was because the town had heard about Sullivan smashing a record and merely to get a close view of the "drinkingest man" in that town was enough to recompense the customers for the price of admission.

When the troupe reached Olympia in the state of Washington I quit it. I was being paid only \$27.50 and I figured I could increase that income materially by being an entertainer in the then wide-open city of Seattle. It's a mighty town in these days, but then it was little more than a huge village of tents. And there I wandered to try my luck as an entertainer, picking out Johnny Considine's tented barroom as the "big money" spot.

But hardly had I arrived when I caught the Klondike gold fever. The precious metal had been discovered up in Alaska a short time before and everybody in Seattle was telling tales of the fabulous riches. Being a kid, I didn't know anything about the technique of mining, but from listening to the stories I came to believe that all a fellow had to do was buy a shovel, go to Alaska, dig around and become a millionaire.

I met a chap named Temple in Considine's one night. He was from Boston and was waiting for a boat to Alaska. He asked me if I'd like to go along, and I accepted almost before the question had been finished. A few days later we were on a boat. I think its name was Skagway, and it was en route for Nome.

The steamer was loaded with miners. They liked singing, as did the captain. So I sang every afternoon and evening. And always the reward, when cap-passing time came, was generous to an extreme. When we finally reached Nome, I had enough capital to "stake" me on an excursion for gold.

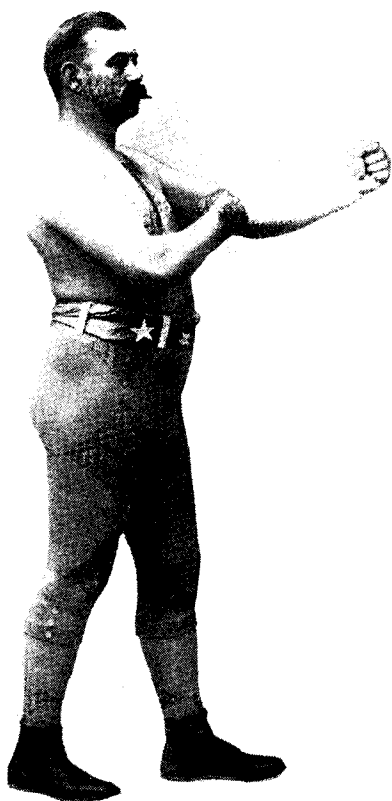
But I never got off the boat—never set foot in Alaska.

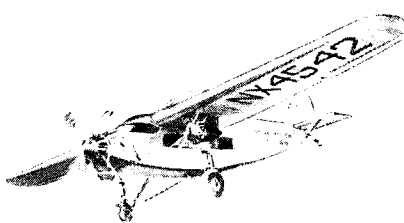
The captain, a kindly old soul, had advised me against prospecting—said I was too young and that the climate would kill me.

"Look over the men that will get on this boat at Nome who are coming out of the Klondike; look them over carefully before you decide that you don't want to go right back with me," advised the captain.

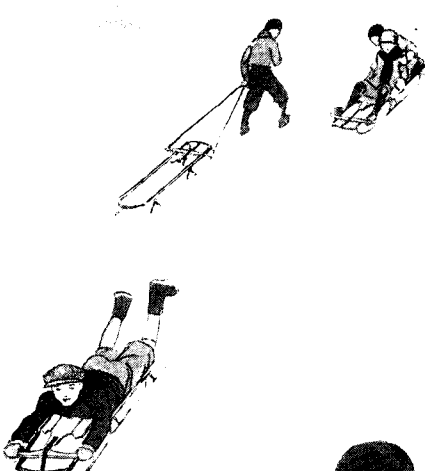
When we docked at Nome and some of the passengers had climbed off, there was a wild rush of returning miners to get aboard. I watched those men and shuddered. Some had found gold; others had failed. But all had paid a terrible tribute to the frozen North.

Men came limping aboard because of frozen feet; others came on with fingers and hands (Continued on page 34)





Every boy, every girl wants and deserves to have the champion flyer of the hills



The Flexible Flyer holds the speed, long distance and long service records in every snow-clad part of America! It is the pride of every owner—the envy of every other. The Flexible Flyer will be the hit of Christmas for any child. In no other way can you give so much joy—at so little cost.

What a wonderful gift! It gives the youngsters outdoor healthy life. It is a gift to last for years—long, long after

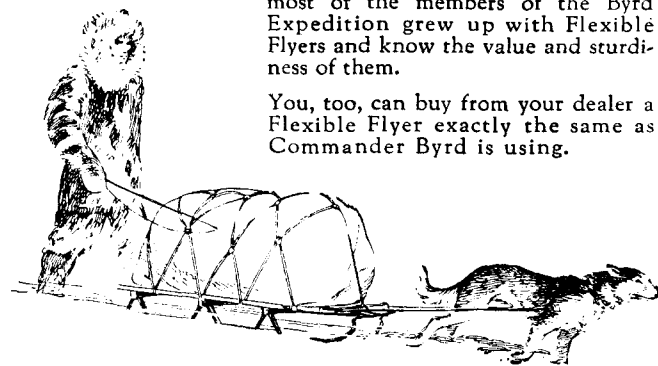
the other presents are broken—forgotten. The Flexible Flyer is not a toy. It is wonderfully made—perfectly safe. Made of finest steel . . . of selected seasoned second-growth ash . . . with perfect steering mechanism . . . with scientific concave runners that grip the snow—aiding in steering and adding distance. There is no substitute for the Flexible Flyer. Every youngster wants “the champion of the hill”. Nothing else will satisfy.

With Byrd at the South Pole

Commander Byrd's equipment is the most carefully selected of any expedition ever made. On his boats for his transportation over snow are picked, trained husky dogs, specially constructed sledges—and six No. 5 Flexible Flyers.

There could be no finer sled than the Flexible Flyer—so the Byrd Expedition chose the standard Flexible Flyer on which to pack their lighter loads. This choosing was done entirely without our knowledge—on merit alone. They write us that most of the members of the Byrd Expedition grew up with Flexible Flyers and know the value and sturdiness of them.

You, too, can buy from your dealer a Flexible Flyer exactly the same as Commander Byrd is using.

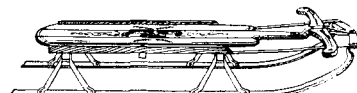


Commander Byrd, in two ships, is pushing into the frozen South as far as possible. When his ships stick in the ice he plans to establish outposts every 25 miles, with dog team communication. After these are established several hundred miles beyond his ships, he will fly for the South Pole.

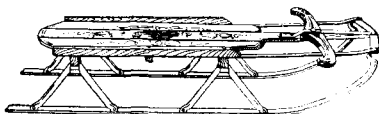
LOOK FOR THIS EAGLE TRADEMARK  ON EVERY GENUINE FLEXIBLE FLYER



No. 1. 38 inches long, \$3.75



No. 2. 42 inches long, \$4.75

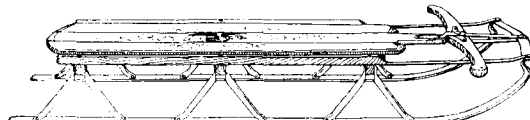


No. 3. 47 inches long, \$6.00

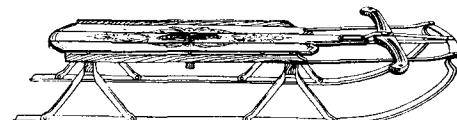
Flexible Flyer

The sled that really steers

From \$3.75 to \$8.75 (prices slightly higher in the West)
S. L. Allen & Co., Inc., Dept. 51, Philadelphia



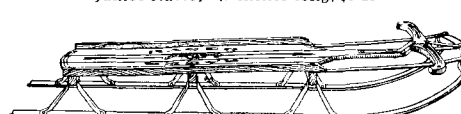
No. 5. 63 inches long, \$8.75. The same model that Byrd is using.



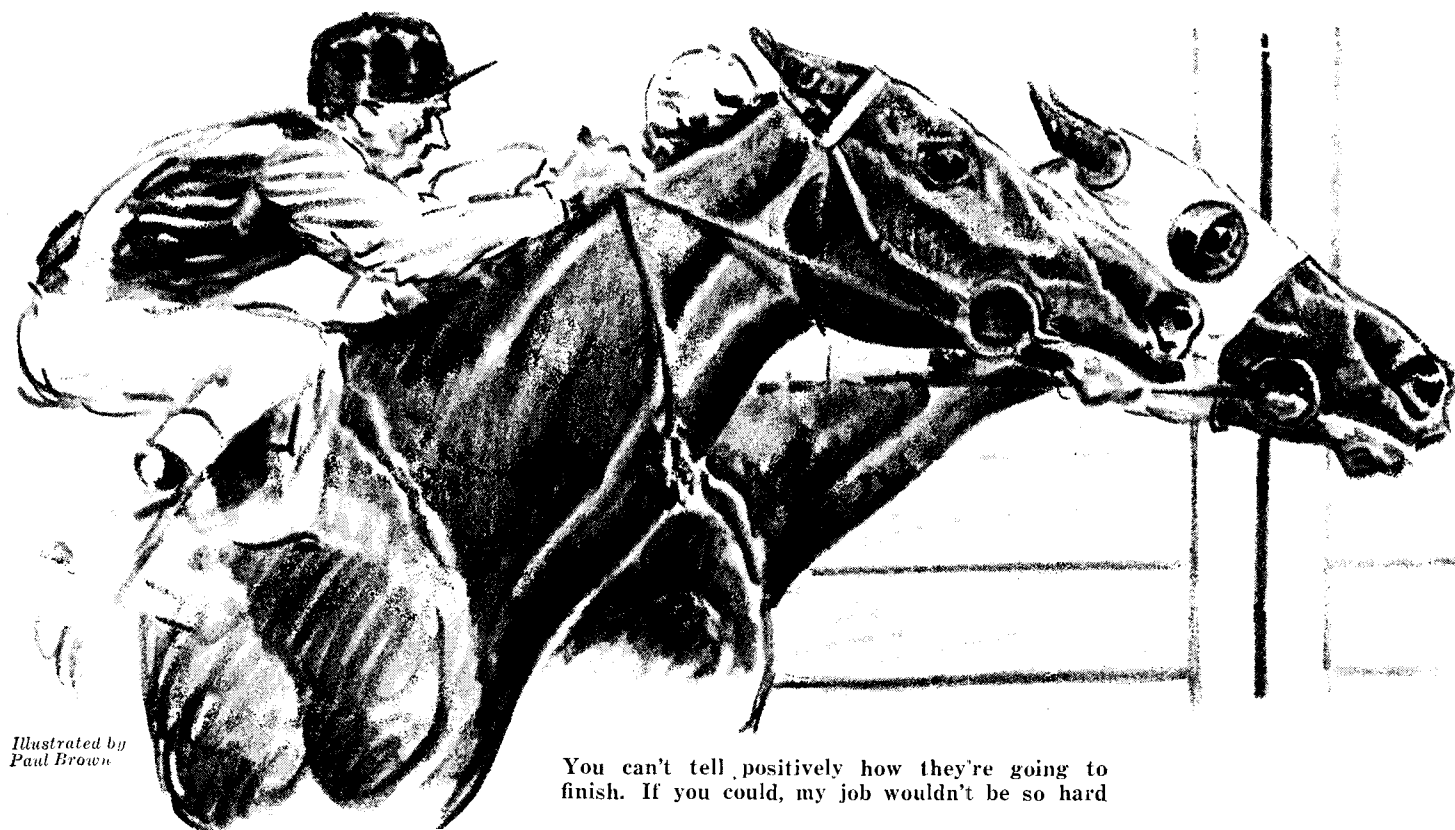
No. 4. 52 inches long, \$6.50



Junior Racer, 49 inches long, \$5.25



Racer, 57 inches long, \$6.50



Illustrated by
Paul Brown

You can't tell positively how they're going to finish. If you could, my job wouldn't be so hard

I Can Pick Winners, But—

You might think that a man who can pick winning horses daily for newspaper readers ought to be able to make a fortune for himself at the track. The author of this article, a famous handicapper, who has been forecasting winners for seventeen years, tells why he still works for a living

I HAVE a nice little newspaper property you can pick up at a bargain," said my friend the banker recently. "It ought to make you independent in ten years. We're settling the estate, so I'll let you in on the ground floor for \$10,000 cash and carry the rest for you. It's in—" "What am I going to use for money?" I interrupted.

"Why, you led all the newspaper handicappers again in picking winning horses for the year, I understand. With the fat salary you draw and the profits from speculation through inside information you ought to be plenty well fixed."

My friend comes from Kentucky, which accounts for his knowledge of thoroughbreds and what they are doing, even if he is a banker.

I had to tell him that I finished the year owing money. He appeared puzzled that a man who had the inside track, so to speak, could find himself in such a position.

My job is grading horses—as they ought to finish—for a leading turf publication. I have been doing this work for seventeen years, during which time I have gained the reputation of being one of the most successful men in a highly competitive field. So many persons are now betting on the horses, not only at the race tracks but through thousands of hand books as well, that all the leading newspapers in racing centers publish daily selections. There are many prosperous publications, in

addition, that specialize in racing information, the chief aim of which is to furnish the readers with winners.

I have built up a big following due to my knowledge of thoroughbreds and my ability to pick more winners than the average handicapper.

I've seen big and little betters come and go, and with mighty few exceptions they have finished up broke. If you make a business of betting on the horses, you've got to quit when you're a winner in order to wind up with anything. Otherwise the percentage is bound to get you, just as it does in any game of chance.

"It is the difference of opinion that makes horse racing," they say. The constant backing of this opinion is what makes a mango broke, it might be added.

Just Plain Gambling!

Last summer a man was introduced to me by an operator in the telegraph office at Saratoga. He had been waiting for me. He was on his way back to New York after a week's visit.

"I just wanted to shake hands and tell you you've got the world stopped when it comes to picking winners," he said. "I followed your selections for a week, and I'm going back \$1,500 winner after having paid all expenses. And I can tell you the living came high."

I didn't tell him, but at the time I was looking for a friend from whom I could borrow \$10 with which to buy dinner for three.

When next I met him at Belmont Park in the fall he had lost \$1,000 of his winnings, following my selections.

When I can't beat the races, with all my knowledge of horses and wide acquaintance among horsemen, just figure out for yourself what chance the average man has of turning a profit through betting on the races regularly. Twice I have picked an entire card of winners, once being a small winner myself and the other time a small loser. I have picked all but one winner more than a dozen times. Very often all but

two of my selections have won. Still, I would be much better off financially if I had never made a bet.

Roughly, I can select one third of the winners during the stretch of the racing season. A flat bet on all my choices wouldn't show a great loss from year to year. Neither would it show a handsome profit. But no one who bets on horses daily is content with a flat bet. There is always the "spot," so called, where the big wager of the day is made. As often as not the horse loses. On the other hand, the horse upon which a small wager is placed may win. Betting on horses isn't mathematics; it's just plain GAMBLING.

The afternoon at Saratoga when I took \$10 and won \$3,800 by betting on the three winners I selected, and betting AGAINST my choices in the other three races, winning all six bets, I wondered, as so many flush gamblers had done before and will continue to do, "How long has this been going on?" But the morning in Baltimore that I matched myself, to see if I would have coffee and rolls or two glasses of beer and a free lunch, I did not think so much of it.

I have been switched about in my betting like the veriest tyro who gives ear to an ordinary tout. These gentry make a living by advising the uninitiated to bet on certain horses, getting a percentage of the profits if their advice proves profitable. Like most of those who live by their wits, the good tout always has an alibi if anything goes wrong with the horse he says is a sure thing.

A New York theatrical man, who had a slight knowledge of the sport and loved to bet whenever he could make his infrequent visits to the race tracks, was collared by one of the smartest touts in the game at Belmont Park. The two were slightly acquainted by reason of past deals that had made money for the producer. The tout had no trouble inducing him to "bet plenty" on a selling plater. After making the wager, the theatrical man met a horseman with whom he was friendly and told him of his wager.

"Why, you big chump," said the friend, "don't you know that oat destroyer you bet on has a big pair of ringbones? He can't win with those crippled legs of his."

Scurrying to get the bet off, if possible, the producer encountered the tout. He demanded to know what he meant by having him bet on a horse with a pair of ringbones.

"Listen," said the tout impressively. "Don't pay no attention to that line of patter. They just use them ringbones in the morning to fool the clockers. They take 'em off in the afternoon!"

As it turned out, the horse actually won, at odds of 10 to 1. His crippled legs didn't bother him, although any skilled horseman would have predicted he didn't have a chance. The tout made a ten-strike by his advice, and it was some time before the producer could be convinced that ringbones were not artificial implements used to fool the experts who watch the early morning trials of thoroughbreds.

The race track is the easiest place I know of in which to get switched from what you intend to do to something altogether different. The cry, "I wanted to play that one, but So-and-so steered me off," is heard after every race.

My Mind Changes

I had a considerable bank roll some years ago, due to a period of lucky speculation, and had picked out what appeared to be a real spot for a big bet. It was in a long-distance stake. On past performances my selection seemed an almost certain winner. He had trained well, the weights were in his favor, the track was suitable and he had a good jockey. There were only two other starters.

As I walked into the paddock before the race to look over the horses, as is my custom, I met a worker in the stable owning my selection.

"'At hoss ain't so good, boss," the darky whispered. "He grabbed hisself this mawnin' (Continued on page 26)

The most significant development in Pipe Making since the perfection of Steel Pipe

WHEELING COP-R-LOY PIPE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

MADE OF COP-R-LOY, THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

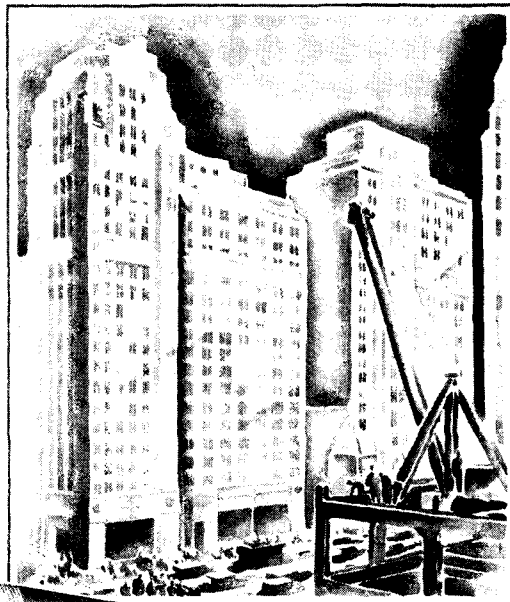
STEEL PIPE has been available only since 1888 and yet in the forty years of its use, there have been seen all the advances in equipment of homes, buildings, factories, railroads, which have raised living to the present high standard. With Steel Pipe there has been solved most of the problems of pure water supply, heating and sanitation with the result that such fundamental benefits cost less than ever, and are within the means of everyone. Today we live not only in the Age of Steel, but also in the Age of Steel Pipe because Steel Pipe has contributed so much to our health and enjoyment and to the attainment of ideals in the utilization of water, steam, gas and oil.

And after forty years of service from Steel Pipe, there has been developed and perfected, in the very "cradle of the steel pipe industry," a new tubular product known as COP-R-LOY Pipe. It is made from refined steel alloyed with copper, thus giving to Steel Pipe the durability that has been obtained for twenty

years from this remarkable copper alloyed steel in many other kinds of metal products. The Wheeling process of adding copper to the steel produced entirely by the one company, under single control from mine to market, has been affirmed by eminent metallurgists, and by engineers, architects and those practical artisans who install your plumbing and heating systems.

You can accept their judgment with safety, because it has been their experience that COP-R-LOY Pipe is a guarantee of the fullest expectation of pipe life and pipe requirements being met at very least expense for every foot installed.

Write for the book, "COP-R-LOY PIPE." It is not technical. It is prepared entirely from your viewpoint with the purpose of chronicling the fundamental truths which are important to your savings.



WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION, WHEELING, WEST VA.

— Subsidiary Companies —

Wheeling Corrugating Company • The Consolidated Expanded Metal Companies • Wheeling Can Company • La Belle Transportation Company • Pitt Iron Mining Company • La Belle Coke Company • Ackermann Manufacturing Company • Consumers Mining Company



This sketch illustrates the type of rough base and coating of the wall of pipe made from ferrous metal containing a large quantity of slag or silicious foreign substances.

WHY THE BETTER STEEL MAKES THE BETTER PIPE

The wall of a piece of pipe made from metal containing foreign matter, such as slag, which antiquated processes do not remove, may sometimes take a heavier coating of zinc, but due to slag (or dirt) in the metal, the surface is uneven, and the coating over these non-metallic spots cannot adhere indefinitely because the zinc has no affinity for slag and will unite permanently only with the metal.

The wall of COP-R-LOY Pipe, made from COP-R-LOY has a dense, all metal structure and

smoother, more uniform all metal surface. Zinc unites inside and out to adhere indefinitely, furnishing a more lasting protection. Uncoated COP-R-LOY Pipe also takes a better coating of paint, and less paint, because of its all metal surface. There is no slag (or dirt) in COP-R-LOY Pipe because it has been removed in the making of the steel. And furthermore copper has fortified the clean metal to bring about the highest degree of durability that metallurgists have ever obtained from ferrous metal.



This illustrates the smooth homogenous base and coating of the wall of pipe made from Cop-R-Loy which is all metal, to which zinc unites uniformly at all points.

Collier's for December 15, 1928

The Shepherd of Guadalupe

By Zane Grey



The Story Thus Far:

THE Forrests and Lundeens have always been enemies. The Lundeens, formerly very poor, are now very rich, Mr. Lundeen having by various crooked methods succeeded in acquiring the Forrest wealth and home, Cottonwoods. Young Clifton Forrest, back very ill from the war, and Virginia Lundeen, not at all in sympathy with her father, are fast falling in love though they do not admit it to each other. Virginia's father is determined to have her marry Malpass, a half-breed, who has control of Mr. Lundeen's property. She refuses. Later she finds that Malpass is responsible for a fire which destroys Cliff's store and its new stock. She also finds that Malpass is determined to marry her or will ruin her father. She decides that the only way out is to marry Cliff, and to save her he readily agrees, and they are secretly married, both being happier about it than they will admit. They separate immediately after the ceremony but their secret comes out when Cliff gets into a fight with Malpass and Malpass taunts him with his coming marriage with Virginia. Cliff's father turns him out because of the marriage and Virginia's father turns her out. On the day on which this fight occurs Virginia and her cowboys inspect the so-called silver mine from which her father and Malpass have made so much money, and they find no trace of silver there. Virginia swears the cowboys to secrecy until she does some more investigating. Her father having told her to get out, Virginia goes to visit Ethel, having first sent her cowboys to another range with her horses. While visiting Ethel she engages a mining engineer to investigate the mine.

He halted in the shadow. With the first clear look his grimness turned to amazement

bands of sheep to leave the uplands of San Luis halted late one afternoon at Gray Rocks, far out on the windy plain. The shepherd was a white man, and he had a Mexican lad as assistant, and four dogs. He moved with extreme weariness, this man, as he unpacked the two burros and turned them loose. The lad was active, and with the dogs drove the pattering baaing flock into the wide notch of a low gray broken cliff. A few scraggly cedars marked this camp site, old trees devoid of sheaths of gray bark and gnarled dead branches of so characteristic of the species. This and yet to the regard with which the lonely shepherds held trees on the desert.

The shepherd threw the rope of his little peak tent over a limb and pulled it up, and tied the rope to the trunk. Then he rested a moment, dark face lowered, a hand on his breast. Next he unrolled his bed, consisting of some sheepskins and a blanket, which he spread inside the tent. After that he opened the other pack, and spread its contents of utensils and bags upon a canvas.

Meanwhile the Mexican lad returned with an armload of bits of dead sage, and weed roots, and sticks of cottonwood. He whistled while he lighted a fire, but he did not talk. Next he picked up a little black bucket and pot, and went off down the slope for water, with one of the dogs at his heels. Soon he returned, whistling a few notes of a Spanish tune.

IT WAS evident that the white shepherd was about at the end of his tether, for that day at least. The lad saw it and was quick to help prepare the meal, where he was permitted. Presently the coffee-pot steamed, and the sheep meat sizzled in the pan. There were also dried fruit heated in water and hard biscuits which were warmed on a rock beside the fire. Soon then, the shepherds sat to their frugal meal, gen-

weird voice on the wind, its staccato alarms of prowling coyotes, its bleak and ruthless solitude.

Clifton Forrest had been a month on the desert. Sunset of that day on which he had horsewhipped Malpass, and had been made an outcast by his father, found him at the hacienda of Don Lopez, a rancher outside of San Luis. There he spent the night, grateful for succor he felt would be denied him by people of his own color. And the next day he became the shepherd of a Mexican's flock, at a wage of a few cents a day.

The world had about come to an end for Clifton. But the beating he had given Malpass had no place in his remorse. His heart was weighed down because his natural and unfortunate yielding to passion had led to the betrayal of the woman he loved. It was to him Virginia owed the loss of parents and home. She had trusted him. She had appealed to him alone of all her friends. She might one day, if he had proved worthy, have reciprocated in some degree his love. And he had failed her. What avail to blame endlessly that cursed Malpass and his own hot jealousy? He had been weak. His manhood was gone. And, perhaps as reprehensible, he had added to his mother's burden of sorrow.

SO HE had taken to the lonely reaches of the desert as a winter shepherd. The constant movement and labor of this job were beyond his strength. Three days after leaving San Luis his remorse and grief had been overshadowed by the horror of old bodily pangs, which soon augmented into agonies. Cottonwoods and Virginia Lundeen and his mother became dim phantoms back in a past that (Continued on page 50)

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt



VIII
THE sheep were grazing south. Every day they made a few leisurely miles, keeping to the grass and sage benches, never straying far from the watercourse.

November heralded the beginning of winter in that latitude, but only toward the high slopes was the weather severe. Old Baldy had put on his white cap; and there were patches of snow along the black-fringed rims of the battlements. The wind whipped down from the heights, bitter cold and mournful at night, keen across the bright steely desert at dawn, and lulling and tempering through the noon hours.

The sheep route, over which the Mexicans had driven their herds for a hundred years and more, gradually drew down and away from the mountains, southward toward the vast open, with dim purple ranges in the distance. At sunset the shepherds with their dogs rounded the flocks into a natural corral, a protective corner of canyon or under the lee of a ledge, and there passed the night, to move leisurely on again at sunrise. Since the failure of cattle on the range there was grazing in abundance, but the sheep had to be worked down into lower and warmer country. This old custom had worn a rut in the commerce of the state as it had worn broad trails up and down the desert.

The last of these widely separated

ATWATER KENT RADIO

The Christmas Gift *they won't forget*

All that a big set could offer you, now yours in a little one

The slimmest, tidiest, daintiest, friendliest little radio companion you could ever wish for—Model 52, the new all-together set for 1929. Yet it has the tone, power, range, all-round efficiency of a big set.

It presents the famous Atwater Kent compactness in a new all-electric form—your receiver and speaker combined in a shielding cabinet only 30 inches tall, 11 inches deep, 18 inches wide. Nowhere near as high as your waist!

No brow need be wrinkled over the placing of this convenient radio. Any little corner—any little niche—is just right. Let it place itself and efface itself. That's the companionable little thing it is. Lay your book or magazine on the golden top panel, and it's a reading table. Fine place for a bowl of flowers, too.



Unobtrusive Model 52 in the home of Ellis Parker Butler

MODEL 52 A. C. Combining electric receiver and speaker in satin-finished compact cabinet. FULL-VISION Dial. Uses 6 A. C. tubes and 1 rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. Without tubes, \$117.

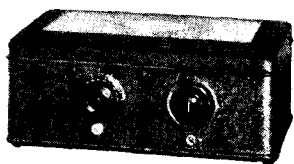
All four sides have a rippling satin finish. There are two speaker grilles—front and back. Cords for antenna and ground connections are twenty feet long. Place your radio anywhere—out in the room, if you like, and hear the music clearly and in full volume from any position.

The tone is even lovelier because of the

blending of all that is best in Atwater Kent Radio in this complete modern instrument. Everything you could hope for in a big set at a big price is now offered in a little one at a little price. . . . And have you tingled to the thrill of easy, instantaneous program-selection with the Atwater Kent FULL-VISION Dial?

On the air—every Sunday night—Atwater Kent Radio Hour—listen in! Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY A. Atwater Kent, President 4752 Wissahickon Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

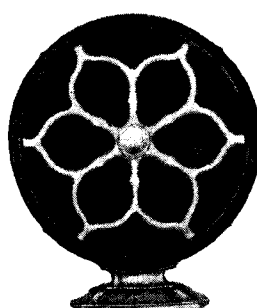


MODEL 40 A. C. A powerful, compact, all-electric receiver in a satin-finished shielding cabinet. FULL-VISION Dial. Uses 6 A. C. tubes and 1 rectifying tube. Without tubes, \$77.

MODEL 41 D. C. Without tubes, \$87.



MODEL 42 A. C. Crowned lid, panelled corners, ball feet. FULL-VISION Dial. Uses 6 A. C. tubes and 1 rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Without tubes, \$86.



Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

"RADIO'S TRUEST VOICE"

Atwater Kent Radio Speakers: Models E, E-2, E-3, same quality, different in size. Each \$20.



MODEL 44 A. C. Extra-powerful, extra-sensitive, extra-selective. Local-distance switch. FULL-VISION Dial. Uses 7 A. C. tubes and 1 rectifying tube, with automatic line voltage control. For 110-120 volt, 50-60 cycle alternating current. Without tubes, \$106.

Master of Sinister House

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore



I could have sworn I heard a laugh ring out from that burning chaos

The Story Thus Far:

MARTIN HEWS, born a cripple, is an avid but unscrupulous collector of art treasures. He lives in a huge mansion at Brezeley with his beautiful niece, Beatrice Essiter.

Beatrice is stolen by the mysterious master criminal, Joseph, who is Martin Hews' bitterest enemy. Beatrice had gone with Major Owston to the Blue Skies night club. Owston was drugged and spent the night in jail accused of drunkenness. Meanwhile, Joseph took Beatrice and wrote a note to Owston describing the superiority of Beatrice's charms over those of a Jewess, Rachel, whom Joseph had once loved and who had been stolen by Donkin of a rival gang and left in Hews' care.

Martin Hews shows the letter to Rachel. Driven by jealousy she threatens Joseph and in consequence is pitifully mutilated.

The following night Scotland Yard, under

the direction of Inspector Bloor, plans a raid on the East End haunts of Joseph's gang.

Joseph hears of this and plans a raid on the Milan Hotel, in the West End. Owston on the same night is commissioned by Hews to secure a Buddha from a Chinese at the Milan. He buys the Buddha and luckily gets it into the hotel safe. Downstairs, Joseph's raid has already begun. In the thick of it a mysterious Mr. X, whom Owston had seen before and instinctively felt to be Joseph, and a Mr. Leopold, undoubtedly one of Joseph's aides, sham opposition to the raiders. Owston tries to disclose Mr. X's identity after the police arrive, but no one believes him. The gentleman is known as the Argentine millionaire, Mr. Ruben Sams.

The next day the real Mr. Ruben Sams arrives in London, but Mr. X has disappeared. That evening Leopold comes to Owston and tells him that on promise of silence he can see Beatrice Essiter and also the great criminal himself. Owston agrees.

XIII

THE streets were emptying except for the night traffic as we turned up Baker Street, past Grove Road and Lord's Cricket Ground, through Hampstead, Golder's Green, and Finchley, and increased our speed as we came to the open country beyond. When we turned off the main road, about halfway to Hatfield, I asked Leopold a question.

"Much farther?"

"We are almost there," was the well-satisfied response. "You can see the lights of the house among the trees."

We turned in through broad gates, guarded by twin lodges, drove for a mile along a well-kept, curving avenue, and crossed a park studded with magnificent trees.

Always in front of us, the lights were twinkling from a large Georgian mansion which my companion pointed out to me as our destination.

"You are paying a visit," he confided, "to Sir Bruce Pettefar."

"The devil!" I exclaimed. "Is Joseph going in for titles?"

"All that you need to have in your mind for the moment is that you are paying a visit to Sir Bruce Pettefar," Mr. Leopold replied coldly. "We have finished, if you please, with all references to Joseph, Ruben Sams and such matters. Sir Bruce is an invalid who has lived here for many years. He still has affairs which need attention, however, and I have recently become his secretary."

It was a very handsome and well-kept estate, so far as one could judge in the faint moonlight. A butler admitted us and welcomed Leopold as though he were one of the household.

"You will excuse the other servants having gone to bed, sir," he begged. "Sir Bruce is a little restless tonight. You will find him in his sitting-room. He told me to take you and the other gentleman to him directly you arrived."

WE CROSSED a large, old-fashioned hall, and the butler knocked upon the door of one of the front rooms. A languid voice bade us enter.

"The gentleman you were expecting, Sir Bruce," the butler announced, and left us.

So the supreme moment had arrived at last, and I must confess that I entered that room with all the nervous excitement of a schoolboy. I knew from

Martin Hews and Bloor, and also from my own observation, of this man's amazing skill in making up and in counterfeiting personalities, but I still for a moment thought that I was confronted by a stranger when I glanced toward the tall man in a well-cut but rather shabby dinner suit, who stood with his back toward a roaring fire, a cigarette in his mouth. His black hair, no longer sprinkled with gray, was brushed smoothly from his brow. His cheeks were hollow to emaciation. A kindly critic would have called his nose aquiline, whereas it was in reality almost hooked. He had a high forehead and the mouth and jaw of a strong character. It was actually not until he smiled that I was able to trace the slightest resemblance to the man whom I had fashioned in my thoughts.

"Well, Major," he greeted me. "Welcome! I thought I could count on you to take the risk. We meet for the first time under our proper personalities. Not a touch of make-up, not a flick of the paint brush, not a layer of wax, not a wad of stuffing under my clothes. Here I am for what I am—Joseph."

"I didn't come to see you," I told him bluntly. "You are no use to me under my parole, although," I added, looking at him closely, "I am very glad to have seen you as you really are. I shall not forget."

He smiled.

"IT WILL be of very little service to you," he assured me. "If the circumstances were propitious, I should be very glad to have a little wager with you. Within a few hours of your leaving here I would pass you in the street or sit in the same restaurant with you, or even talk to you, and you would not recognize me. We all have our gifts, you know," he added with a queer little touch of vanity. "I must admit that you are an exceedingly useful man in a scrap. You keep your head better fighting than you do in the amenities of life. I am the greatest master of disguise who ever breathed, either in the criminal world or upon the stage."

I was fuming with impatience.

"I didn't come down here to discuss your accomplishments," I reminded him. "I wish to see Miss Essiter."

"That," he admitted, "is part of the bargain, but you can imagine that I did not take the trouble to send for you simply to afford you an interview with the young lady. I have business with you myself."

"Is Miss Essiter here?" I demanded.

"She is. You see, I do not attempt to deceive you. She has been with me for some time, the companion of those weary hours which I have to spend in my establishment here to keep up this rather troublesome identity—the identity of Sir Bruce Pettefar. Will you be content with my assurance that you will see her before you leave this place?"

"She will leave it with me," I declared.

Joseph sighed gently.

"This British truculence!" he murmured gently. "Do please get this into your head: (Continued on page 32)

THE BOX of Gillette Blades

**EVERY TIME HE
SHAVES IN 1929
HE'LL THANK YOU**

A SMART, masculine gift box that's bound to be appreciated all over again each morning! Generous measure for generous shaving comfort! Not a short-lived present, not a frivolous one, but a soundly sensible, month-after-month gift that appeals to a man's practical nature.

And the distinctive thing about it is its newness....it is presented by Gillette for the *first time* this Christmas. You can be sure when you choose the Fifty Box for him that he has never before received a similar gift for Christmas—or any other time.

P.S.—If the little chest with its regimental stripes attracts you, why don't you make a bid for it after he's used up the blades? It makes a charming cigarette box, stamp box, jewel case or general depository for the sewing or dressing table.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

\$5
everywhere
**The
perfect
gift**

Brand new!

Fifty of the famous double edged Gillette Blades (one hundred shaving edges) tucked away in a sturdy, compact, colorful box. An original, personal way to carry your season's greetings far into the New Year.

*What
has become of the aged
Clerk . . . the bent and
withered office drudge?*

OLD BOB CRATCHIT. Shivering on a high stool in Scrooge's outer office on Christmas eve. Not enough money to buy even a spray of holly as a Christmas message to his youngsters at home. Not enough heat, from the single burning coal in his dingy cell, to give him a hint of Christmas warmth and cheer.

THAT was Charles Dickens' picture of the old-time clerk of business. It is hardly more than a generation since this figure of pathos was present in nearly every business office and counting room.

Was it kindly consideration that kept the bent and broken office drudge on the payroll long after his prime? Was it gratitude for long and faithful service?

Neither. He stayed because the cruel exigencies of business kept him there.

For in the old days, the aged clerk was looked upon as a Human File and Index. His "memory" was a repository for Business Facts and Figures. Record-keeping was slow and costly. It had to be done by hand, head and pen. So records were few and meagre. It was cheaper to retain human archives than to maintain inanimate ones.

The old clerk knew things. He had

been brought up in the business. He knew too much to be dispensed with, and was too useful to be advanced.

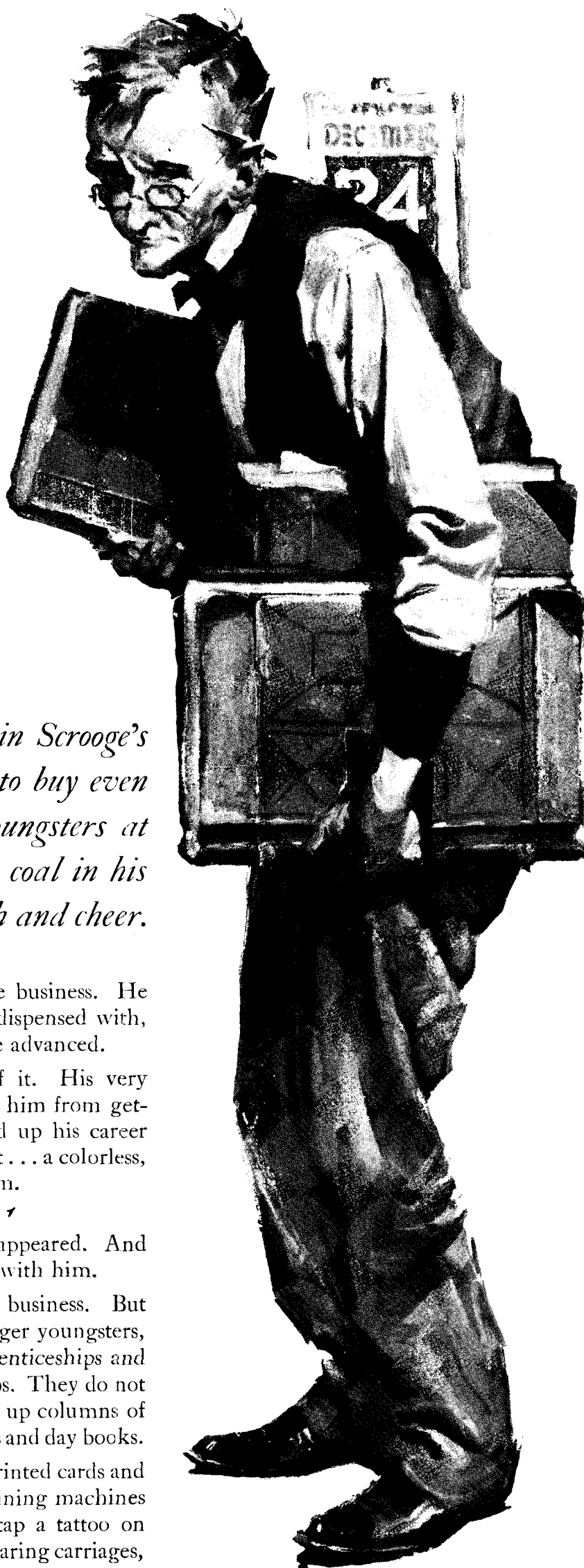
That was the irony of it. His very knowingness prevented him from getting on. So he finished up his career about where he began it . . . a colorless, ill-paid office grub worm.

✓ ✓ ✓

THE aged clerk has disappeared. And his high stool has gone with him.

We still have clerks in business. But they are bright-eyed, eager youngsters, serving their office apprenticeships and preparing for bigger jobs. They do not spend their days adding up columns of figures in musty journals and day books.

They insert ruled and printed cards and sheets, in bright and shining machines and appliances. They tap a tattoo on keyboards, shift roller-bearing carriages,



and pull levers. In an instant, out comes the card or sheet and the job is done. A complete cost record, statement, invoice, or sales comparison; added, multiplied, totaled, posted and perpetuated!

Nor do these clerks remain clerks long. They have plenty of time free to think and learn. And so they move up and on, to creative and better-paid positions.

• • •

IN THE modern American business, the records are kept and routine detail is handled, largely, by automatic systems and machines. Thinking men are thus freed for thinking jobs.

The astounding expansion of American business in the past decade has been largely due to these new-day business tools . . . But no less important to the welfare of American business has been the part that these business devices have played in providing greater earnings and opportunities to the American office employee.

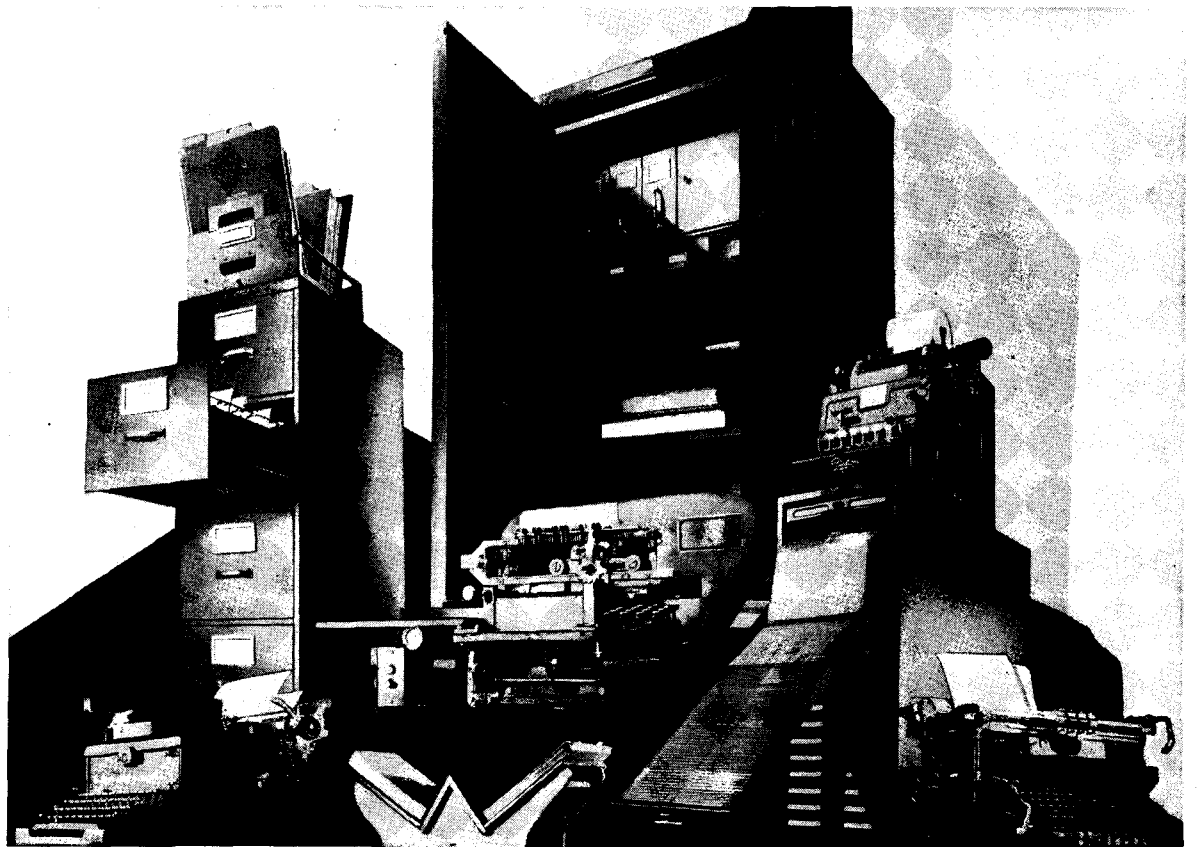
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17 friends bid him "Merry Christmas" with *the same* pipe tobacco

*Is there a timely
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WHEN sixteen of a man's friends each send him the same brand of tobacco for Christmas, there's no doubt about what kind of reception it's in for!

It sounds like a deep-laid plot of collusion. But it wasn't! Each of Mr. Fitzpatrick's friends knew what his own favorite smoke was and, as if by magic, sixteen blue humidors of Edgeworth were laid under the Christmas tree.

These men, like many other Edgeworth smokers, knew from experience that the quality of Edgeworth never changed in any season, and that if a man started smoking it, it would continue to give him the same pleasure year in and year out.

In case *your* friends are perhaps not so well acquainted with Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth Plug Slice as you are—start them right this Christmas. We have prepared for you gaily decorated gift cartons of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in three forms—the standard glass pound humidor, and the attractive pound (shown at right) and half-pound tins. If your tobacco dealer will not supply you with these Christmas gift packages, we gladly offer this special service:

Send us \$1.65 for each glass pound humidor, \$1.50 for each pound tin, and 75c for each half-pound tin of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed to be shipped; also a list of the names and addresses of those smokers you wish to remember, along with your personal greeting card. We will gladly attend to sending these gift packages direct to your friends, all delivery charges prepaid.

Personal: If you are not already acquainted with the charm of Edgeworth, we should like to send—free—generous helpings of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice to try in your own pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus and Brother Co., 35 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes by dealers everywhere.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Evanston, Ill.
Dec. 31, 1927

Dear Sirs:

Of course you know from your sales just how popular your brands of tobacco are, but perhaps what follows will illustrate something of the identity, so to speak, of the users of Edgeworth.

I happen to be blest with a host of very fine friends, mostly "highbrows"—professors, scientists, etc. Generally at Christmas time they show their remembrance and all that with some little gift—a box of cigars, fishing tackle, a book—all that sort of thing.

Well, last Christmas many seemed to centre on tobacco. Now, mark you, these fellows have no communication with each other. They live in widely separated parts of the country, so it was no "put-up" joke on me or anything like that. But here came seventeen boxes of tobacco, and sixteen of them the familiar blue "Edgeworth"! The seventeenth was a very flossy walnut, brass-trimmed box, but if I know tobacco, the contents were Edgeworth with a little perique in it.

Just a coincidence, perhaps, but a queer one. Am not an habitual smoker of Edgeworth, so they weren't catering to any especial taste of mine. Looks like a consensus of opinion among the "highbrows"—or quite a batch of 'em—that Edgeworth is *the* stuff, the proper caper for a gift.

Sincerely yours,

F. W. FITZPATRICK



On your radio—
tune in on WRVA,
Richmond, Va.—
the Edgeworth Sta-
tion. Wave length
270 meters, 1110
kilocycles. Special
feature: The
"Edgeworth Club"
Hour every Wed-
nesday evening at
nine o'clock, East-
ern Standard Time.

This is not an encounter; it is a meeting. I doubt whether there is a firearm in the place except a shotgun or two a long way from here. I am Bruce Pettefar, an invalid, who made his money in South Africa, and who has owned this property for over eleven years. Compose yourself, and pray do not remain standing."

I sank into an easy-chair.

"What is it you want with me?" I asked.

"One thing, and one thing only. I want one-half hour's interview with Martin Hews."

I stared at him, indifferently comprehending.

"What have I to do with that?"

"Everything. Martin Hews has had other mercenaries, secretaries, whatever you like to call them. He has trusted none of them. I believe that he trusts you. You have his car. Before I disintegrate—for that is what it really comes to—I wish for half an hour's conversation with the man who has been my greatest enemy."

"For what purpose?" I inquired.

IT WAS several moments before he continued: "For sixteen years Martin Hews and I have been bitter enemies. The first cause of our quarrel lies behind the curtain. Since then we have come into the open. We have declared ourselves. We have both been—shall I say—in the same line of business. We have ransacked the world for its treasures, and sought to acquire them. I claim for myself—I shall always claim it, if justification for my life is needed—that we followed the example of those others of our more noted predecessors, Pizarro, Cortez and Drake; but there was this difference between Martin Hews and myself: whatever I stole, if you fancy the word, came back again into the markets of the world. What Martin Hews grabbed was for his own greedy longings, his own gloating eyes and his alone—his own selfish joy."

"Shall I ask you to choose between us? I fought like those others, my predecessors, for what I could win from foreigners and strangers, from the gluttons of trade, from the sneaking pilers-up of millions. I risked life many a time, my liberty all the time, the chance of being accounted a common thief from beginning to end."

"What did Martin Hews risk? Nothing. He set no bold face toward his enemies. He boarded no ship, swung no cutlass. He sat in his chair, with all the devilish devices of science to protect him close at hand. Grudgingly, with stingy fingers, he paid a gang of robbers to fight against mine, to steal where mine would have stolen, to acquire if possible by cunning what my Wolves would have torn with their teeth."

"Then there came—it was inevitable—Donkin's downfall. There is no one left for us to fight against. My men are fat with gain. I myself am weary. I have credits at the banks of every capital in the world. I have money enough to satisfy a Monte Cristo. I have quit the field. Martin Hews is welcome to everything else in the world he has the courage to strike for. All that I ask before I leave the whole field open for him in one-half hour's plain and simple speech alone with him. What of that, Major Owston?"

"But where do I come in as regards this interview?" I persisted. "I have been in Martin Hews' employ only a few weeks. I have no influence over him. Why not ask for your interview and have done with it?"

"Because," was the patient reply. "I perhaps know Martin Hews better than you do. You have been with him, as you say, only a few weeks, but you are the only man in life he trusts. Martin

Hews, believe me, is living now in a state of terror. Thanks to you, he has attained his ambition. With the passing of the one-eyed Buddha into his possession he has the greatest collection of treasures brought together by one man in the world, and he sits there shivering and afraid. He knows very well that many of those treasures have been acquired by bloodshed. Many of them, cunning as the serpent though he has been, have passed into his hands illegally. Very few of them, indeed, have been bought in the open market. By degrees, year after year, he has estranged the sympathies of everyone who might have helped him. He is alone

Joseph was safe. For the first time I began to regret that I had come.

"You want me," I said, "to propose to Martin Hews that he see you for half an hour, in return for which you promise to hand over his niece."

"Precisely."

"As against that," I reflected, "in twelve hours after I leave this place, my parole will be up. There is nothing whatever to prevent my sitting outside your gates until that time and taking Miss Essiter myself."

"Nothing whatever," Joseph assented, with a faint smile, "but when the twelve hours is up both our hands will be free."

I brooded over this for a minute. Per-



I felt like a wild animal. I reached Minchin first. I picked him up bodily and flung him into a corner

now, and he sees the writing on the wall."

"All this may be true," I conceded, a little impatiently, "but Martin Hews never pretended to be a philanthropist any more than you have done. I suppose I am stupid, but frankly I don't see what you're getting at. Tell me in plain words what it is you want from me? Do you want me to go to Martin Hews and persuade him to see you? He won't do it. I can assure you of that now. I don't know why, but he is more terrified of you than of any human being in the world. I should be just as likely to persuade him to make me a present of the one-eyed Buddha as to let you willingly cross the threshold."

"There might be a consideration," Joseph murmured so softly that his voice scarcely reached me. "You forget that his niece is here."

For a moment I saw red. I felt all the horror of enforced inaction. My word was passed for the period of my visit and for twelve hours afterward.

happily it was the thought of the delay which made me discard my idea.

"You say that Miss Essiter is here under this roof?" I challenged him.

"Naturally," he drawled. "I do not seek for companions to keep them in another part of the world."

I SPRANG to my feet. Joseph remained still stretched in his chair. I think that it was part of his scheme to keep me in as disturbed a frame of mind as possible.

"Very well, then," I decided, keeping my temper with difficulty, "I wish for her presence now. I will give you my answer when I have seen her."

Joseph shrugged his shoulders.

"Leopold," he begged, "perhaps you wouldn't mind ringing the bell."

It all came about so naturally that for the first few seconds I could scarcely believe in its reality. A brief message confided to the butler, and, a moment or so later, Beatrice crossed the threshold and came a little hesitatingly into the

room. She showed no signs of ill health or ill treatment; only as her eyes met mine a sudden flame crept into them.

"My dear Beatrice," Joseph announced, rising with lazy courtesy to his feet, "I conceived that it had become my duty to remove a small misunderstanding. You recognize our friend Major Owston?"

"Yes," she assented coldly, "I recognize Major Owston. What is he doing here?"

"He has been engaged for some time," Joseph explained, "in a quixotic search for you."

"He might have spared himself the trouble," she laughed, with a very distinct undertone of scorn in her tone.

Joseph held out his hands in protest.

"My dear Beatrice," he expostulated, "hear my confession. Major Owston did not desert you on that memorable night at the Blue Skies. He was in my way, and I removed him."

She looked from one to the other of us.

"You removed him?"

"Precisely," he continued smoothly. "You were told, I think, that he joined some friends in a carouse. You read the report of the proceedings in the police court next morning. All wrong, my dear Beatrice. All, believe me, part of one of those little schemes to which I sometimes have to resort to gain my end. The idea of that angers you, perhaps, but see how ready I am to put things right when it is possible. Major Owston has devoted all his time since that unfortunate affair to hunting us down; he has neglected all his other duties; he has run greater risks than he knows of."

"He joined in no carouse that night. His comparative silence in the police court was a very clever move on his part which enabled him, I am very sorry to say, to deceive and take advantage of our friend Leopold. Against you, he is blameless. He touched no drink in the club. He was the victim of one of the most wonderful scientific inventions of the day, which, had I chosen to walk the ordinary ways of life, might perhaps have made me famous."

SHE looked across at me, and I read in her changing expression the turmoil into which Joseph's words had thrown her.

"Is this true?" she asked me passionately.

"It is true that I am blameless except that I ought to have known better than to accept Leopold's invitation at all," I answered, looking her in the eyes. "I went into the secretary's office merely to sign the book. The world came to an end with me there in a second. I woke in a police cell. They engineered everything that happened between."

The rush of relief to my heart as I watched her was one of the happiest sensations of my life. I saw something more human shining out of her eyes, something which seemed to bring her nearer to me than ever before.

"But I am ashamed," she acknowledged.

I raised her fingers to my lips. I refused to allow it place, but, strive how I would, notwithstanding the joy of this meeting, something of that haunting terrible fear still lingered in my heart. I had not the courage to put it into words, and she did nothing to help me. Our moment had passed, and I felt that I had failed to take full advantage of it.

"My dear Beatrice," Joseph continued, "I want you to use your influence with Major Owston. I have already told you that Joseph, hand in hand with Mr. Ruben Sams, is on the point of disappearing forever. Before I go I want one-half hour with your uncle."

"He would never see you, and besides—"

"Besides what?"

"I don't think (Continued on page 42)

How would You play it ?

By Milton C. Work
Author of Auction Bridge Complete

North

- ♠ 10-8-6-4-3
- ♥ 9-4-2
- ♦ K-J-5
- ♣ A-7

East

- ♠ 7-5
- ♥ A-K-Q
- ♦ Q-10-4
- ♣ J-10-9-6-5

West

- ♠ K-Q-J-9
- ♥ 10-3
- ♦ 9-7-6-3
- ♣ K-8-4

South

- ♠ A-2
- ♥ J-8-7-6-5
- ♦ A-8-2
- ♣ Q-3-2

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's.

It was played in a Duplicate match, and, at most of the tables, the hand was passed out. At one it was bid and played as is described below.

The Auction

South passed although the hand counts 11, contains two Aces, has one other suit eventually stopped, and the fourth suit possibly stopped. But it was not the type of hand which has a "No Trump feel." If the Hearts were stronger, or the side hand had one more trick, it would be a sound Heart bid.

West bid one spade, a bid only for experts. Dealer having shown weakness by passing, it may be reasonable to expect that partner has more than one third of the unseen high cards; and an expert playing with an expert partner may shade the initial bidding requirements a little when sitting second hand after a Dealer's pass.

After West's Spade, North of course passed; and East most properly bid one No Trump. He could not think of permitting his partner to stay in a Spade declaration when he had strength in the other suits, and less than normal support for the Spades.

The Play

South's opening lead was the Six of Hearts, which East won and then led the Jack of Clubs. South, appreciating that the chances were against his gaining by covering with the Queen, played low. From South's viewpoint, East might be leading from Ace-Jack-Ten; if so, and if South ducked, the Declarer probably would win with Dummy's King and return Clubs for a finesse.

"Always cover an honor with an honor," is one of the many absurdities that one hears at the Bridge table. At times covering is essential; but usually it is of material assistance for the adversaries.

The Declarer let his Jack ride on trick 2, and North won with the Ace. North then returned his partner's Heart, Closed Hand winning again and leading the Ten of Clubs. Again South

refused to cover although he knew that the Ten would be allowed to win. East probably was

long in the Club suit and there was practically no chance that he was leading the Ten without the Nine. By holding up, South hoped to force West to win the third Club trick and so at least temporarily block East's long Clubs and interfere with Declarer's plans.

The Club Ten took trick 4 and East led another Club to trick 5, winning in Dummy; and then to trick 6 Dummy led the King of Spades. On this trick South held up his Ace. A hold-up to block a suit generally is advisable when the holder-up has Ace and at least two small of the suit; but with Ace and only one small, the hold-up is not apt to be of service as the partner of the long hand generally has three cards of the suit. In this case, however, South could be reasonably sure that East had no more than two Spades to start with. He had denied that suit after West had bid it and had done so without great No Trump strength. South consequently ducked the first Spade and won the second, leaving East with his last Spade and unable to return the suit to West later. South, now having the Ace of Diamonds as an entry and being sure that East had no more Spades, led the third round of Hearts, knowing that it would be won by East, who then would be able to cash two good Clubs.

That would give East and West a total of four Clubs, three Hearts and one Spade—eight tricks; South would win the last three tricks with the Ace of Diamonds and two good Hearts. By his hold-up South saved game and secured a net plus of 10 points for his side—30 Aces minus 20 for two odd tricks.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	East
S. 10-6	S. Q-5-4-3
H. 6-5-2	H. Q-10-7-4-3
D. 9-8-6-5	D. K-J-7
C. A-K-9-7	C. Q
West	South
S. J-9-8-2	S. A-K-7
H. K-8	H. A-J-9
D. 4-3-2	D. A-Q-10
C. 5-4-3-2	C. J-10-8-6

The Kid's Clever

Continued from page 22

missing; members so badly frozen that they had to be amputated. The day was bitterly cold; the thermometer far below zero. And the men who were bearded came on with their whiskers almost a solid mass of ice.

After which I decided to take the captain's advice and I sailed right back with him to Seattle, picking up another fair harvest by singing for the return crowd of miners.

When we reached the home port, I had a "poke" of gold dust and gold and silver coins that was as sizable as some that miners brought back after several terrible months of effort in the wilderness of the Northland.

Loud Applause

A week later I had my old job back—with the Sullivan troupe. It was playing in Spokane when I got back from Alaska and I caught up with it in Portland.

No one had been hired in my place, so I just stepped back into it, as if I'd never missed a day, and I remained with the company while it toured California and then swung backward to its farewell in New York.

If my memory is correct, it was soon after my return from that tour, which ended in 1897, that I got a chance with Weber & Fields, and lasted exactly three days.

At that time Charles B. Dillingham was staging a tremendous hit at the Criterion Theater called "The Girl from Maxim's." Weber & Fields decided to burlesque it with a show which they called "The Girl from Martin's," and recruited for it one of the most notable casts in all theatrical history.

Joe Weber and Lew Fields, of course, headed the show. But assisting them were Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, David Warfield, Willie Collier, De Wolf Hopper, John T. Kelly, Pete Dailey, Sam Bernard, Louis Mann and others of almost equal brilliance—a cast which, if it could be assembled in this day, would cost any producer no less than \$65,000 or \$70,000 a week.

While the show was in rehearsal I hunted up Joe Weber, one of the kindest and finest of fellows, and asked him for a job.

"Come around in a couple of days; maybe I can find a spot for you," answered Joe.

He finally did find me a spot. And my pay was fixed at \$27.50 a week, the old familiar \$27.50.

There was one part in that show that required an elaborate change of scenery—and that took time. Joe decided I could entertain the folks while the shift was being made. So he had a

piano moved near to one of the boxes and said:

"You sing to them and keep them amused till the curtain goes up again."

So I sang and played that first real song of mine—"All I Want is My Black Baby Back." If ever a kid composer plugged his own creation I was that kid. But the song was really good; it was popular and because it was my pet I put everything I had into putting it over.

The crowd that Monday night applauded its first singing—it applauded when I repeated the chorus. Then I announced:

"I will sing it in French."

And I did, accompanying it with excited gesticulations. Loud applause, and cries of "more." So I gave them that Negro song in German. They liked that too. I was just about to tell them I'd sing it in Polish when I got the signal to cease—that the play was to go on.

I bowed out. The curtain went up—Lew Fields walked into the picture and started his lines. But the crowd would not let him speak. It yelled, howled, whistled, stamped its feet—it wanted more "Black Baby." So I went out, took a bow and withdrew, but the applause continued.

Finally I had to go out and sing the chorus. Once more I withdrew and the applause followed. I took another bow. And all this time Lew Fields, star of theatrical stars, and one of the most temperamental actors on the American stage, was waiting, held up in his act by a \$27.50-a-week kid.

The story was the same on Tuesday night; the crowd wanted plenty of "Black Baby." And it was the same thing Wednesday night. Encores for that song, with Fields ever waiting, waiting, and very visibly annoyed.

No one really could blame him.

Fired After Three Nights

The following night when I showed up at the theater Weber met me:

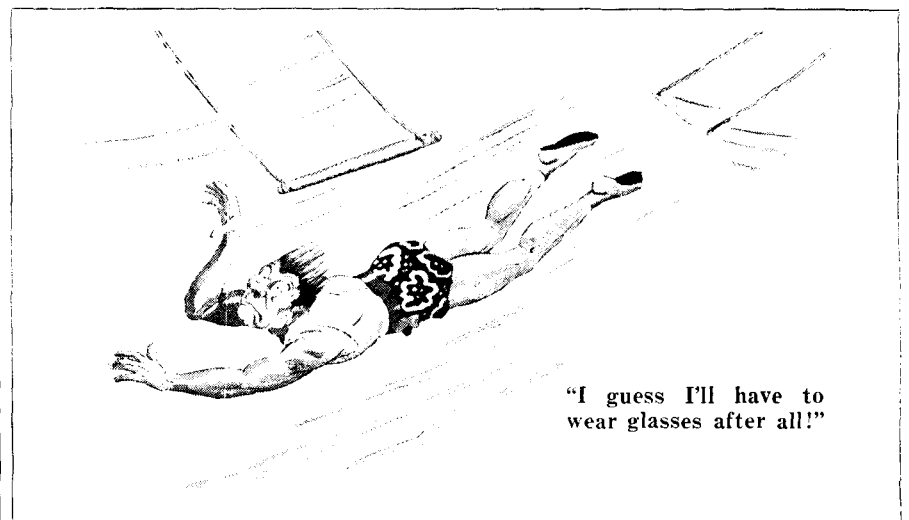
"Sorry, my boy, but we can't use you any longer," he said. "But here's your pay for the whole week."

"Isn't my act any good?" I asked, surprised that I was being "fired" without explanation.

"It's great, kid. I like it," answered Joe. "But maybe some people don't like it; anyway, the act has been changed and there isn't any spot for you any more."

And so I was "canned," after three nights as a Weber & Fields performer. I never played with them again. There's a reason for my not being asked.

(To be continued next week)





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The Last of the Yankees

By THE GENTLEMAN
AT THE KEYHOLE

SOME friend of President Coolidge's quoted him recently as remarking in his dry way, "A few years from now I guess I'll be just like any other President."

Perhaps he said it a little wistfully, thinking of his place in history. But he spoke with that sense of reality which is characteristic of him. His head was never turned by the adulation which was showered upon him. Already he is like any other President whose successor has been nominated and elected.

From the moment a national campaign begins, and especially from the moment a new President is elected, the occupant of the White House whose tenure nears its end ceases to be the center of the picture.

One cannot remark the going of Mr. Coolidge without a certain regret, a regret that has nothing to do with his qualities as a public man, one that is purely personal. Mr. Coolidge is a character; he has a pungency and flavor that most public men lack. Even if one does not admire one cannot help having a certain liking for him.

He is a sort of old-fashioned russet apple, of the kind that used to grow on all farms, small, dull-colored, harsh-surfaced, but aromatic and savorsome. They still grow on the stony hills of New England. He is the last of the Yankees, at least the last of the Yankee Presidents. It had been three quarters of a century since there had been a Yankee President when Mr. Coolidge took office, and it will probably be so long before there is another President from New England that the next one from that section will probably have a French name.

A New Name on a Long List

With the rising influence of the newer stocks in national politics revealed in this election anything may happen. Mr. Coolidge may even be the last of the rural Presidents. So leaving Mr. Coolidge behind is like leaving the old home on the farm behind for good and for all.

So far as history is concerned Mr. Coolidge guesses rightly when he says that in a decade or two he will be like any other President, just a name on a list that you find in political almanacs or school histories.

Only two kinds of Presidents are more than names after the years have passed them by, the Presidents who have occupied office in stirring times

and those whose fame survives because of their striking personalities.

Lincoln was both kinds of President. He would have been remembered as a remarkable personality even if he had not been head of the American Government in the most critical period of its history. Roosevelt, whose public achievements have little permanent importance, will survive as a personality when no one can remember anything that happened in his administration. People will remember the Great War and the attempt to federate the nations of the world, and thus recall Wilson.

No Historical Significance

But Mr. Coolidge is a negative character and his period was a negative period. He is not a yea-saying man and his had not been a yea-saying administration. And it's the yea-saying personalities and the yea-saying moments of history that men remember longest. Probably he has been happier thus. One cannot imagine him in a critical period when important decisions of a positive nature involving the fate of the nation had to be made. He suited the temper of his time and has been happy. It was one of those lulls in history when a nation stops and takes its breath. His virtues are not of the kind that are long remembered. One cannot for long recall tax reductions, economies and vetoes, however much they are applauded in their day.

Others will come after him who will hold down expenses and save lead-pencil stubs. Their virtues for the moment will overshadow his. His name is writ upon water; but except for one wistful moment, as he contemplates the lengthening list of Presidents whose names one has difficulty in recalling, I do not think that he cares.

I like a story which I heard of his trout fishing a couple of years ago. Invited to a stream which was full of trout he fished with a pole baited with a worm while an aide stood by with another rod baited with another worm. When he hooked a fish the rod with the fish on it was handed to the aide and the baited rod handed to the President. Thus the two rods were kept constantly at work. Once his successor was nominated he began to fish with a fly. What was a kind of arduous pleasure became a sport.

He relaxes, indifferent to that long list on which he is soon to become number — But what is the number? I have forgotten.

I Can Pick Winners, But—

Continued from page 24

an' 'at leg look' bad to me. He jus' look like he catch a lottah dust from dem othah two hosses."

I looked the horse over, and he didn't appear in such a bad way. His trainer said the animal had met with a slight training mishap, but that he had a good chance to win. Still, he admitted that the entry might have been scratched, only the owner wanted to see his colors up.

That changed my mind right there. I was in a receptive mood when the betting commissioner of the owner of one of the other starters told me his boss was going to place a big wager on his color bearer. I started in with the intention of betting on the second horse when I met the trainer of the third starter.

Their Intentions Are Good

He was quitting the paddock, leaving the saddling of his horse to an assistant—a rather unusual procedure in itself—he was and is one of the shrewdest horsemen in the country. While I hadn't figured his entry as having a chance, because he had not been to the post in a long time, I pricked up my ears when the trainer whispered for me to have a good bet down.

"This fellow is right up to a race," he said convincingly. "I've had him under cover in his training, and he's worked fast enough to beat this field in a gallop."

I did know this; and, getting the assurance that the horse was at his best form, I rushed to my bookmaker and wrote out a ticket on the one I had had no intention of playing when I entered the paddock. Then I went to the infield and again met the trainer who had furnished me with the tip I had followed.

"Come on over to the far turn," he said. "I'm going to stand there and drop my hat the second time the horses come around, as a signal for my jock to take the lead and run those other two dizzy. I told him to lay well off the pace until he saw me wave my lid. I suppose I might have told him to wait and make his run the last time around, but I thought I'd play it safe. He hasn't got much weight below the ears, and he's got less above them. But he's got good eyesight."

We took up our position on the far turn, and didn't have long to wait for the start. As the horses came tearing down the backstretch, the trainer's entry trailing by four or five lengths, a strong breeze swept across the infield. It caught the trainer's hat and twisted it from his head. He grabbed it as it was about to strike the ground, and at just the moment the horses reached the bend.

Immediately his jockey, taking the accident for the agreed-upon signal, shook up his mount, and the horse was well in front when they straightened out for the first run down the home lane.

"Maybe he'll make it," the trainer said, "but I got my doubts. They still have a long way to go. I wish that boy's eyes hadn't been so sharp."

The trainer's fears were well-founded. His horse faltered in the last twenty yards because of the terrific pace he had set, and was beaten a nose by my original selection. There is no question that the one I bet on would have won easily had he been reserved to make his run the last time around, as the trainer intended. But the race track is paved with good intentions.

I rely on training trials, past performances, stable information and a general knowledge of horses in making my selections. My opinions are very decided when I prepare my handicap lists, but I get a different slant frequently when I reach the track. Perhaps some of my selections draw unsatisfactory post positions; maybe the riders do not suit me; the odds may strike me as too short—or too long; unfavorable track conditions may come up at the last minute; the stable connections may not be enthusiastic, or even if they are, one of the other factors mentioned may cause me to switch when it comes to betting. Perhaps my original selection wins, and then I pay out of my pocket for a bit of "inside" information.

Owners and trainers who, with the best intentions in the world, tell you their horse is likely to win, or that he has practically no chance to do so, are just as likely to have their figures upset as any handicapper.

The fact that trainers do not fancy their charges does not mean that they are making no effort to win. Possibly the horse has not worked in satisfactory fashion for the race. Mayhap he has not been feeding well or has shown signs of approaching lameness. As often as not they overestimate the quality of other horses in the event.

A case in point is that of Gerard, named by George D. Widener after the war-time ambassador to Germany. The colt was highly tried at Belmont Park by Jack Joyner, who decided to give him an educational race or two, and then await the rich stakes at Saratoga and the Futurity. The youngster was sent to the post in a dash down the Belmont straightaway. Pony McAtee, his rider, was instructed to have the colt give his best but not to abuse him. Gerard won at long odds, with no support from the stable.

"If he can win in this style when still green, what sort of colt must he be?" pondered Joyner. In several later starts Gerard was backed with great confidence, but he didn't win another race.

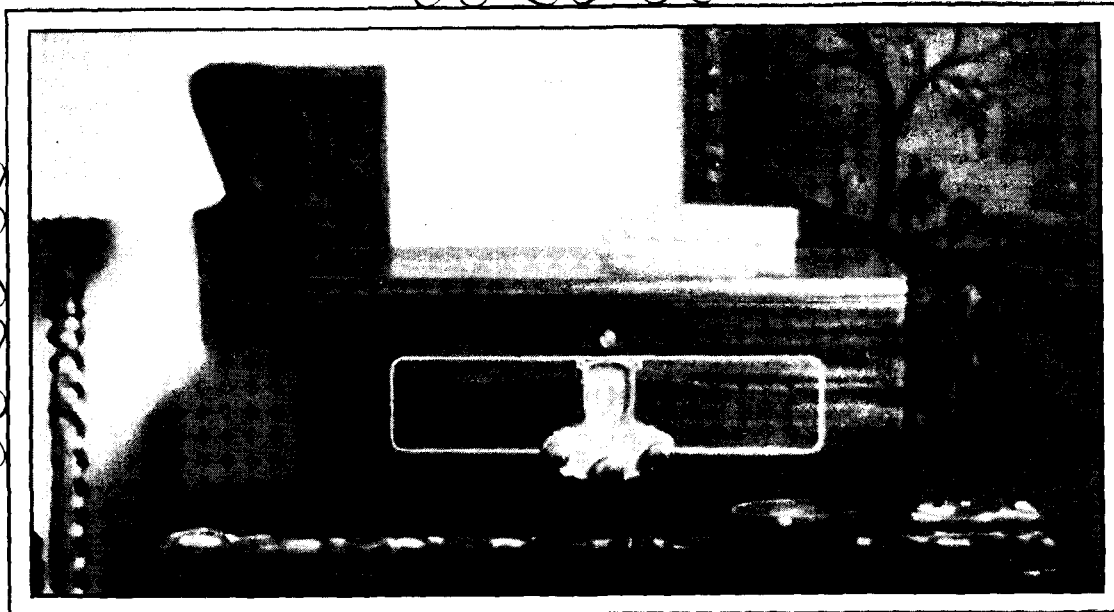
Posing for Snapshot Cost Him Race

Another case was that of Nimba in the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga. This great mare, one of the best we have ever had, was not highly thought of by Trainer Odom. He sent her to the post because the owner, Marshall Field, wanted his colors carried in the famous race. Nimba had a suspicious leg which made Odom think she had no chance to win. But she did and in easy fashion.

Some years ago Clarence Turner, who was just breaking into the limelight, had the mount on Charles Cannell, a heavily backed horse at Charleston. He came into the stretch five lengths in front, and saw a photographer ready to snap him. Turner steered his mount to the middle of the track, so the camera man would be sure to get him, and gave another horse the chance to come up on the inside and win the race by a nose.

Trainers, jockeys, handicappers—all go wrong in their judgment of horses. They can even be right and still fail to profit, as I have tried to show. The late Frank Farrell, first owner of the New York Yankees and a heavy better when he raced a big stable of horses some twenty-five years ago, told me once: "YOU CAN PICK WINNERS, BUT YOU CAN'T BEAT THE RACES!"

To which, let me add, neither can you.

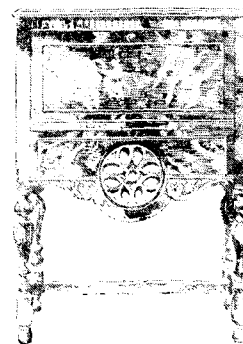
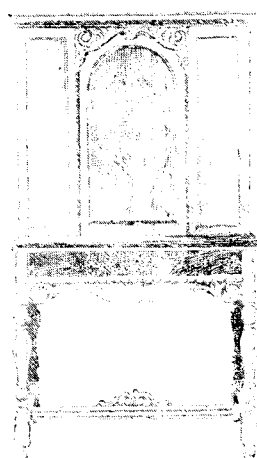


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The "Look and Listens"

By Jack Binns

IN THE height of the ballyhoo over television—the name for radio movies—a New York newspaper ran a section in its radio pages devoted to that fascinating subject. Like most other discussions concerning it, one gathered that television was an accomplished fact.

Perhaps the best description of the present status of radio movies is the absence of that section from that particular radio page now.

Flamboyant stories have hurt television by leading the public to expect too much. Those writing them forget, or choose to ignore, the fact that radio-phone broadcasting was in an experimental stage for 20 years before it was in a condition to introduce to the public. Television is right now in the condition that radio-telephony was 20 years ago.

These optimistic stories have also hurt radio broadcasting because so many fans refuse to buy radio sets, believing that within a few months new sets incorporating television receivers will be available.

It is a cruel joke because no such thing is possible. Don't wait for television if you desire to enjoy radio programs during the next few years.

Not a Chain Station

A little news item from the other side of the world reads: "A group of citizens in Auckland, New Zealand, have united and are contemplating the erection of a one-kilowatt radio broadcasting station to be used by the public in broadcasting matters of general interest."

Oh, boy! what a grand and glorious racket that will be, with no censor to guide them.

What the Public Wants

It's too bad all the program managers of the country were not listening when George Arliss was guest speaker at a sponsored hour. In the midst of a delightfully humorous speech on entertainment he asked the age-old question: "What does the public want?" Without hesitation he answered: "The public wants the best it can get!"

He might have added that the best is always produced by an originator—scarcely ever by a copyist.

A Sweet Blond Voice

Out of WLW, Cincinnati, there comes this yarn. The doorman at the studio found a youth nervously pacing up and down outside. In reply to questions said youth declared:

"I wrote to the blonde who sang Dixie Dawn last night, and asked her for a date, and I'm waiting to see if she'll give it to me."

"Do you know her?" inquired the doorman.

"No," answered the youth.

"Then how do you know she's a blonde?" queried the doorman.

"Because her voice is so nice and refined," whispered the blushing youth.

Unfortunately the chronicler of WLW's doings fails to identify the radio Lorelei. Let us hope he will soon relieve a palpitating world, so that we may all tune in on the charming lady and thus learn how a blond voice really sounds.

For All the World to Hear

Over in England the state-owned broadcasting service recently saved the empire's most noted and oldest symphony orchestra from extinction when bankruptcy faced it. Now comes the National Broadcasting Company, in America, in conjunction with the National Music League, with a plan to undertake the sponsorship and cost involved in the débuts of promising young artists.

The joint statement from the two organizations declares the plan is revolutionary. This is no exaggeration, and it is further evidence of the possibility I have been pointing out for the past three years that in the near future those who control broadcast programs will control the major entertainment features of the country. So far, what control there is has been beneficial and in the public interest.

The inexorable law of the survival of the fittest works just as effectively in the realm of music as in any other human endeavor, and, in conformity with it, long established custom has demanded that the young artist must make his début in a New York concert recital, the entire costs of which the artist must meet. Oftentimes the bitter disappointment at the failure of critics to attend such a recital, added to the large cost, has ruined a promising artist.

Under the joint plan now promised the competitively selected artists will make their débuts in a large radio studio auditorium where the New York critics will be invited. The concert will be broadcast throughout the country and music critics in other cities will have an opportunity of listening in at the initial performance by way of local loud speakers. Under this plan the young artists will get a nation-wide audience instead of a possible localized recognition.

Mrs. Otto Kahn, representing the league, declares:

"I think the plan offers a practical and much-needed solution to one of the problems confronting unknown artists who are often unable to give concerts on an adequate scale owing to their inability to raise the large sum which this requires."

Marriage for Two

Continued from page 7

Whatever is ready. But quickly. Then chops—potatoes, a salad—"

"Immediately," said the maître d'hôtel.

Tracy detained him. "But first—some brandy. The lady is—not feeling well."

The young man underwent a close scrutiny. He passed it well. This was no prohibition enforcement official.

"Instantly, sir," was the reply.

Tracy sat down opposite the girl.

"Just one minute," he said.

She looked at him listlessly. She made no reply, and Tracy felt increasing embarrassment. It was as though, somehow, he were guilty of the social order that caused young girls to go hungry. . . .

The waiter relieved the strain by his appearance with a tiny glass of brandy. He set it on the table and disappeared.

"Drink it," said Tracy.

THE girl picked it up. Its fumes rose to her nostrils and they quivered ever so faintly. Then she set the glass down. She made as though to rise. Tracy touched her on the shoulder and her weakness made her fall back into her chair. But her pale mouth was stubborn.

"I won't—I can't," she moaned.

"Good God, drink it," said Tracy. Then he thought he understood. "Scruples about liquor?"

"About men," she replied. "I—I haven't any money. I—don't know that I'll ever have money. I—won't pay—the way you expect."

Tracy stared at her. Anger, then contempt, then amusement were in his eyes.

"Are you so vain," he asked, "that you think I'd care a hoot for that sort of pay—from you?"

His psychology was sounder than he had dared hope. Her thinned blood was thickened enough with resentment at the insult to show in her cheeks.

"Now," she said, "you owe me something."

She raised the glass to her lips and sipped it slowly. As she put it down the waiter placed a bowl of soup on the table. He served her deftly. Again her nostrils dilated faintly. She glanced at Tracy. Her lips parted in the slightest of smiles.

"You even," she said, "owe me the soup."

"Let us hope," he said sardonically, "that you'll be sufficiently my creditor to eat a chop. I can then think of some further rudeness which will justify your acceptance of a salad."

Then he busied himself lighting a cigarette. It was not pleasant, watching a famished girl eat her first mouthful since—when?

He put down his cigarette and lighted another. He crushed the burning end of that one upon a saucer and picked up the first. He put the wrong end in his mouth and smothered a profanity. The girl looked up from her soup.

"Lucky for you," she said, "that you inherited money."

He stared at her, surprised by her words into forgetfulness of embarrassment.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She frowned at him. A spoonful of soup was on its way to her mouth. She swallowed it, and the thinness of her throat made painfully visible the articulation of the muscles. The spoon went to the plate again. The trembling fingers caused the silver to clatter upon the china, and he looked away again. For a minute or two there was silence,

except for the tiny sounds of liquid being scooped up from the plate.

He remembered having read something of the technique of feeding starving people. One gave them a little at a time, lest their famished organs suffer more from repletion than from emptiness. He stole another glance at her.

She was holding herself in, he saw. Her impulse was to lift the plate to her mouth, drain it at one draft, but she was slowly, methodically, spooning it to her mouth. He looked away again.

"Thank you," she said.

He knew exactly what she meant. She was grateful that he did not witness more of her humiliation. What manner of girl was this, who in the most dreadful poverty could appreciate nuances of manners that he had only unconsciously observed?

Up to now he had only been sorry for her in a general way. She was typical of all the misery and poverty in the world. But suddenly she became capable of calling upon that specific pity and sorrow which we reserve for individuals who have compelled our admiration.

Poor, humiliated thing! And why should she feel humiliated? People aren't humiliated because ignorance of the rules of right living results in ill-health. People feel no shame because an accident has crippled them. Then why feel humiliation because of economic ignorance or misfortune?

Now the waiter appeared. If he felt slight surprise that Tracy ate nothing, or that Tracy's companion should order at five in the afternoon a meal that was more of luncheon or dinner than a tea, he didn't show it. Perhaps the maître d'hôtel had intimated something about the transfer of largesse to him, or, more probably, the waiter was something of a psychologist himself, and anticipated a suitably gratifying reward for deft and incurious service.

"You may look at me now," said the girl.

HER voice had lost the quality of desperation. There was almost a touch of amusement in its tones. It was an assured voice, the voice of a girl accustomed to other things than the charity of a casual stranger. Tracy, looking up for the third time, met her eyes.

The agony, the horror, the desperation had left them. Oddly, he felt himself color. She had, in some intangible way, taken command of the situation, and the embarrassment that might have been hers had become almost wholly his.

The terrific repression which she had manifested as she attacked the soup was not so plainly visible now, although her fingers still trembled slightly as she manipulated the knife and fork.

She guessed at his embarrassment.

"You may talk to me," she said.

Tracy withheld his amusement at her grand manner. She was, he knew, fighting for self-control, and if her fractional victory showed itself by a something that absurdly hinted at condescension, he would admire rather than condemn.

"What did you mean by saying that I was lucky to have inherited money? How do you know that I inherited money? And why should that have been luck?"

"Men so sensitive that they can't look at suffering are not the founders of great fortunes," she remarked dryly.

Tracy's eyes widened. The philosophy may not have been original with her, but that she could think it and apply it just now proved her remarkable.

(Continued on page 40)

N O R T H

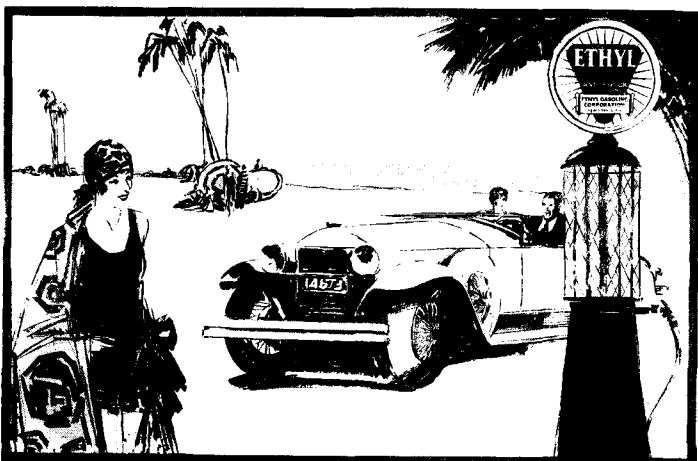
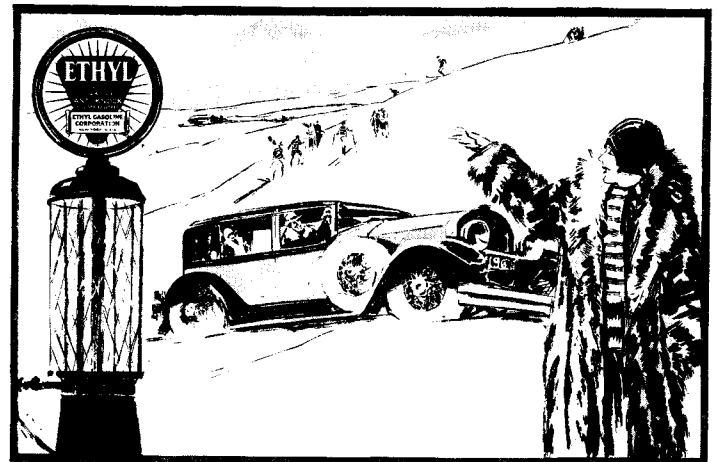
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Marriage for Two

Continued from page 38

"And it's cant," she went on, "to deny that the possession of money is good luck. Try its lack," she added.

For the first time she smiled. It was a pathetic, brave little smile that sat oddly on lips, Tracy unaccountably felt, which should only be curled in merriment.

"I have finished the chops," she said, "and I am waiting for a justification for eating your salad."

THIS was courage of the highest order. To make a jest of one's misery may be only a gesture, but decent pride is the mother of that gesture, and serene honesty is its usual sire.

"I like," he said, "very short women."

And now pathos momentarily left her lips, and they hinted of that gayety which was, he thought, their natural birthright.

"Is that the best you can do by way of insult? It seems to me hardly fitting, but—I think it must serve."

"I shall try to think up something to justify a dessert," he said.

She shook her head, and the movement rippled her short black hair. It was well-kept hair, Tracy decided. For that matter, despite her shabbiness, there was an almost tragic neatness about her. Her nails, her hands. . .

"I am not in a cage," she suddenly blazed.

"I didn't mean to stare," he quickly apologized.

"And I didn't mean to lose my temper," she met him more than halfway. "And I don't want dessert, but—coffee?"

"Won't my liking for short women do for the coffee?" he asked.

For the first time since boyhood he felt tears close to his eyes. Heaven knew that he liked light badinage, but the circumstances. . . Her starvation, her poverty, her incredible bravery.

"If," she said, "your imagination is so poor—well, we'll let my ungainly height serve."

"It isn't ungainly," he said swiftly. "Why—you're just exactly right." He leaned eagerly across the table. "Why—I think you—you're beautiful. You're the bravest—" He paused a moment. "You're beautiful," he blurted out.

She was. At least, in that slim body, in those lovely eyes and sweet lips and straight proud nose, were all the elements of beauty. All she needed was care, rest, decent food, lack of worry. He hadn't noticed it before. Somehow, it would have been a mockery to have been aware of her charm when she was starving. But now he was aware of it, and a too-patent admiration showed in his eyes.

She pushed back her chair.

"You haven't had your coffee," he said.

"I could always have coffee if I cared to be told that I'm pretty," she said. "Well," and she sighed faintly, "you did very well."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that you didn't pay the kind of compliments that your kind of man pays to my kind of woman right at the start. But now—"

"Pride," he interrupted her, "is admirable, until it becomes conceit. Are you so vain that you mistake honest admiration for admirable traits for a way of—of approach?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "Please—may I have coffee—and a cigarette?"

She was one of those rare people whose apologies carry with them more than a formal acknowledgment of the demands of a situation and are so convincing that the burden shifts to their

recipients. A certain tender and eager unwillingness to hurt was in her voice.

Tracy offered her his cigarette case. She took one, accepted the light he offered and inhaled the smoke. She smoked as he liked to see a woman smoke. It was not a pretty accomplishment that aped masculinity. It was an appreciation of the good things of life. She drank her coffee, too, as though she understood that coffee at the conclusion of a repast was not a beverage but something designed to balance perfectly a culinary architectural design.

The waiter, removing the dishes, still hovered near. Doubtless the man wanted to be gone, to snatch those few hours of leisure granted to waiters.

"I can swim now," she said.

"How far?" he inquired. "Why," he went on brutally, "you'll be hungry again in the morning—tonight, probably. You can't be famished for days—"

"Weeks," she interposed dryly.

"And recover with one meal," he continued. "Why—I don't believe you have any place to sleep tonight."

"So," she said quietly, "you are going to offer to remedy that lack—"

"I haven't insulted you," he cried. "Why should you insult me? You—you owe me something."

"I knew," she said wearily, "that you would shortly present your bill."

"You make me," he said angrily,

you can't have any clothes beyond what you're wearing—"

"So you'll see that I have a bed, food, clothes—thank you, but I'm not having any."

"What a rotten, dirty mind you have," he said.

Her eyes lighted with anger. Tracy had never known that black eyes could hold fiery glints.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I mean that you must have perfectly filthy thoughts, or you wouldn't be so quick—"

She laughed aloud, and in her laugh was an anguish, a self-mockery so poignant that for a moment he feared she would become hysterical.

"I have filthy thoughts?" she said. "I have a rotten mind? Well, my dear man, where do you suppose I acquired those thoughts and that mind? Who gave them to me, do you think? The men that—"

"Why blame me for what other men may have said or done?" he interrupted.

SHE appraised him. Never in his life had Tracy been subjected to a scrutiny as searching as this girl gave him now. It was not merely his features that she examined; he felt, eerily, that she was looking into his mind, into his very heart.

Then she nodded, as though she had come to a decision.

"You want to help me?" Her words were more of a statement than a question.

"Of course," he said.

"Then you may. What do you want to do for me?"

"I want to give—lend—"

"Call it give," she interrupted. "I shall never, save under the most fortunate circumstances, be able to repay you."

"All right, then, I want to give you money enough to—tide you over—"

"A hundred? A thousand? Ten thousand?" she inquired. The subtle mockery in her voice made him redder.

"Whatever," he said stiffly, "you choose to ask."

"Even to the half of my fortune," she quoted. Her cynicism was revelatory not of herself but of those whom she had met. "Very well, I'll let you give me five hundred dollars. On the absolute condition," she added, "that you agree never to make any attempt to meet me, to know me, to see me. What about it?"

He stared at her. Somehow, this continuance of distrust hurt more than it angered him.

"Very well," he said.

From his pocket he drew a roll of bills.

"You carry that much money with you?" she asked.

He smiled wryly. It happened that he had intended buying Helen an antique bracelet today, a bracelet that she had admired.

"I do—sometimes," he said.

He handed her a packet of bills.

"You'll keep your word?" she asked.

Despite his pity, he could not keep a sneer from his voice.

"You rate yourself too highly," he said.

"I deserve that," she answered.

Into a tiny handbag, as shabby as the clothing she wore, she stuffed the bills. Then she held out her hand.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Good-bye," he said stiffly.

She turned from him, reeled slightly, and he was just in time to catch her as she fainted.

(To be continued next week)

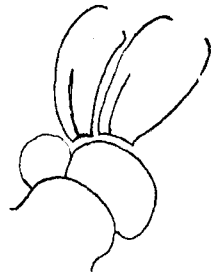
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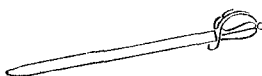
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"Sword," by Amert A. Clifton, 3205 E. New York St., Indianapolis, Ind.



"Shark," by Ellsworth Nichols, Flagstaff, Ariz.



"Sic-shooter," by Miss Bonnie Lee, 610 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.



"Hawaii," by W. Stromquist, 607 Oregon Ave., Palo Alto, Calif.

"Saxophone," by Dan Grisinger, Wellington, Ohio.



"Tub," by Will W. Warren, 10 Granville Ave., Stonegate Rise, Leicester, Eng.

Tracy paid the check and tipped him generously.

Once again the girl started to rise. She held a slim hand out to Tracy. He ignored it.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

THAT sudden anger shone again in her eyes.

"If I were—of your class," she said, "you would not make inquiries. You would not think that the purchase of a meal did more than render you under an obligation."

"And if you," he said, "were not so suspicious—"

"Do you think I have reason to be anything else?" she demanded.

"I know nothing of your reasons. I'm not going to ask about them," he told her. "I simply want to know what you are going to do."

"Is it your affair?" she asked.

"It certainly is," he replied. "If a ship picks up a shipwrecked sailor, he isn't fed and cast into the sea again."

"want to strike you. I—mean that—I can't let you leave me in the condition—why, you're barely able to stand."

It was true, and even as she started to deny the fact she caught at the table edge and sank down into the chair from which she had risen.

"I said you owed me something, and you do," he went on. "You can't assist a drowning person halfway out of the water and then let him fall back."

"I'm a her, not a him," she said.

"What difference does that make?" he cried. "You permit me to aid you momentarily, but refuse to accept an aid that means something. If I—did nothing for you—I'd not be able to sleep."

"And that," she mocked, "would bring lines to your forehead, would gray your hair—"

"Have you any place to go when you leave here?" he asked.

"Well?" she evaded.

"You have no money. You have—my God, if you haven't a place to sleep, then



"I smoke a Lucky instead
of eating sweets."

Grace M. Hay Drummond Hay

Lady Grace Drummond Hay,
only female passenger
on the Graf Zeppelin.



Lady Grace
Drummond Hay,
first woman to fly the
Atlantic from Europe
to the United States.

"The fact that we were not permitted to smoke from the time the Graf Zeppelin left Friedrichshafen until we landed at Lakehurst only increased my appetite for a Lucky Strike. Oh, how good that first one tasted! I'm really keen for Lucky Strike—the toasted flavor is delightful. I smoke a Lucky instead of eating sweets—that's what many men have been doing for years. I think it high time we women smoked Luckies and kept our figures trim."

The modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Thousands are doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure.

Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos, skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for fattening sweets.

Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. Athletes, who must keep fit, testify that Luckies do not harm their wind nor physical condition. That's why Luckies have always been the favorite of those men who want to keep in tip-top shape and realize the danger of overweight. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

Fattening sweets? No! Say "No" and reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

Reach for a Lucky
instead of a sweet.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

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SHOOTING STARS

By Edwin E.
Slosson

Director
Science Service

WHEN I was young the sight of a shooting star used to confer a highly appreciated privilege upon a young fellow who was sitting out in the evening with a young lady. I do not know if the custom still prevails with the younger generation.

But even in my time the most ardent swain must have missed many chances. For astronomers figure out that the earth receives from 20 to 30 million of these heavenly visitants every 24 hours, counting only those of sufficient size to be seen with the naked eye as they flare. For most of them are mere grains of dust. The earth does not gain greatly by these importations from outer space for if the average weight of the meteorite is as small as it is supposed to be, about one milligram, this accretion would amount to only about 40 pounds a day, assuming that they all reach the ground.

The sun gains considerably from this cause. It is calculated that at least a million millions of meteors reach the sun every second, and this would amount to more than a thousand tons of iron and stony stuff. Yet this is not anywhere near enough to keep up the weight of the sun, for the sun is losing matter in the form of light at the rate of four million tons a second.

But stars that are heavier than the sun and are situated in regions where clouds of drifting dust are more frequent must gain a considerable income from such foreign sources. Professor Shapley of Harvard, who has been studying this question, said recently at Oxford: "It seems likely that a part of the mass lost by a star through radiation is replaced by meteoric infall," perhaps in favorable circumstances enough to replace its outgo as light. When I was young Professor Shapley would have been in danger of being roasted for heresy, metaphorically speaking, by his colleagues, for in those days it was considered absurd to say that matter could be transformed into the immaterial energy of light rays and *vice versa*. But in the present post-Einstein era such statements pass unchallenged.

Birth Control Among the Bees

One by one the romances of nature give way to the efficiency of science. The latest of these lost poetic episodes is the substitution of an operation under the microscope for the nuptial flight of the virgin queen bee and her pursuit by the swarm of drones into the invisible heights of the air. This insect instance of the historic

custom of marriage by capture has always excited popular interest as it combines the elements of the drama, of passion, love and death, for the bride murders her mate before she returns from the honeymoon journey to be immured in the hive. It forms the theme of the most thrilling chapter in Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee*.

But while this custom of secret wedding tours has been a stimulus to imaginative authors it has been a botheration to beekeepers. It was a successful method of natural selection since it insured that the ace of aviators should be the father of the future swarm but it did not suit the purpose of the eugenic entomologist, for the successful suitor was of unknown ancestry.

The stoutest flyer might indeed be of plebeian stock, quite unworthy to mate with a high-priced pedigreed Italian queen.

So long as half the hereditary factors were beyond the control of the apiarist he could not determine the course of evolution. So he tried all sorts of schemes to enable him to play the part of matchmaker.

But clipping the wings of the queen, lariatting her with a thread, confining her in a mosquito-net cage with the desired drone, and similar devices, were mostly failures, for the queen refused to mate except in complete freedom.

But now it is announced that "the science of the eugenics of the bee can begin," thanks to an American scientist, Lloyd R. Watson, who has found it possible by means of a microscopic glass pipette to make certain the paternity of the queen's hundreds of thousands of future progeny, and so determine the destiny of the hive in any desired direction by appropriate crossings.

Personally I hope that the first use made of this new method of research will be to develop a breed of stingless bees.

I favor the disarmament of the hive without waiting for the consent of other nations.

it would be good for either of you. You would quarrel."

"On my part there would be no quarrel, I can assure you," Joseph declared. "There are a few words long overdue between us. They should be spoken. I have come to the conclusion that the only person who has any influence over your uncle is Major Owston. Why should he not persuade him to see me?"

Beatrice shook her head.

"My uncle will never consent to see you," she declared with conviction.

"Then, since you will not back me up here, Beatrice," Joseph said, "I will ask you to spare us another ten minutes while I finish my business with Major Owston. Where shall we find you?"

"I shall be in the billiard-room," she said.

I NEVER could understand why everyone obeyed Joseph without hesitation. Beatrice rose to her feet, and, rather avoiding than seeking my eyes, she left the room. The disturbing question remained unasked. That terrible uncertainty still existed. Joseph came back to his place. He stood looking at me grimly and doubtfully.

"The world is no place," he said, his eyes watching my face all the time—"the world is no place nowadays for poor men."

"Isn't it? I seem to have rubbed along in it somehow."

"Uncomfortably, my dear enemy. You were in the direst straits when Martin Hews took you into his employ."

"Quite true," I admitted, "but I had kept something worth having."

"Melodrama again," Joseph sighed. "A soldier of honor! You're warning me off, Owston."

"I'm hoping you're not going to offer me a bribe," I admitted. "It's hard enough as it is to remember my parole."

"I was thinking about it," he acknowledged. "If money does not tempt you, something else might. What about Beatrice?"

Something in his manner of speech, his icy insolence, maddened me. Once more the passion blazed up in my heart, and at that moment, although my word of honor was involved, Joseph was in danger of his life.

"What is she to you that you should dare to dispose of her?" I demanded. "Answer me. I insist upon it. She has been with you alone for ten days."

Again he smiled, but this time there was a measure of contempt in his gesture.

"You poor simpleton!" he scoffed. "I could see what you were thinking; so could she. Beatrice is my sister. Haven't you yet discovered that?"

I am not ashamed to confess that for a few moments the relief almost overwhelmed me. Joseph patted me on the shoulder in unexpectedly human fashion. He himself went to the sideboard and mixed me a drink.

"You don't know much about Beatrice," he observed, "or you would realize that you would never have found her alive under the conditions you were thinking of. You had better go and make your peace with her. I can see you're no use to me."

I rose to my feet, too dazed for words. For once Joseph was certainly top dog.

"During the last few weeks, when you were making yourself rather more than troublesome to me, have you never asked yourself why I did not get rid of you as I have of the others? I'll tell you, Owston. Beatrice has had the hell of a life with that satanic old beast, and it is time someone took her away from

it. Go and make your peace, if you can. Leopold will show you the way."

Leopold piloted me across the hall.

"You needn't hurry," he whispered in my ear as he indicated the door. "He won't turn in until three or four o'clock in the morning, and he and I have a great deal to talk about. I'll take you back to town in my car—let you know as soon as I'm ready."

I was too confused to answer him. It seemed to me that with all my soul I was trying to cleanse my brain of the faintest vestige of those thoughts which had been torturing me. I turned the handle of the door, entered and closed it behind me. Beatrice was seated in an easy-chair by the fire. She looked up startled at my coming. I fancied that she had been crying.

"Beatrice, I am the clumsiest beast!" I exclaimed, bending over her.

The loose black sleeves of her gown fell back as her arms were stretched out toward me, soft and white. Her eyes told me that I was forgiven.

"You are," she admitted, "but you are rather a dear!"

We talked until the fire was nearly burned out, and then we sat talking very little for a time. Finally Beatrice, with a half-scared little laugh, sat up in her chair.

"Henry," she exclaimed, "whatever time do you suppose it is? You don't think Mr. Leopold's forgotten all about us, do you?"

I glanced at my watch, and was horrified. It was past two o'clock. I opened the door and looked out. The whole place was in darkness.

"It seems to me as though everyone had gone to bed," I told Beatrice.

"Come along," she said. "We'll find them."

She took my arm. We visited the library, a smaller room called the office, the dining-room. Not a soul anywhere! Then I opened the front door and looked out. There was no car there.

"Mr. Leopold must have gone away and forgotten you!" Beatrice exclaimed. "I'll have to get one of the servants up. You must sleep here."

BUT even in the midst of my happiness a sinister thought crept into my mind. It was not like Joseph to abandon anything he had set his mind upon.

"Beatrice," I ventured fearfully, "you don't suppose he's gone to Breezeley?"

She looked at me, herself terrified for a moment. Then she rang the front-door bell. Its echo resounded through the house. Very soon lights flashed out, and the butler made his appearance.

"Mr. Leopold was to have taken Major Owston back to London with him," Beatrice explained. "I am afraid he must have forgotten all about it."

"I am quite sure he did, miss," the man replied. "Mr. Leopold left with Sir Bruce soon after eleven o'clock."

We looked at one another, and the same fear was reflected in both our faces.

"Harding, is there another car in the garage?" Beatrice asked.

The man shook his head.

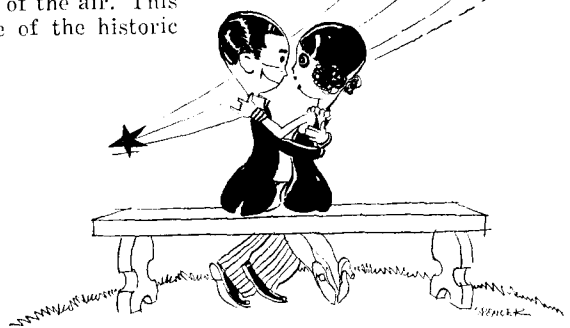
"There's nothing at all, as it happens, miss. The extra car went to London for repairs last night. Sir Bruce took the Rolls himself."

"How does one get away from here?" I inquired. "How far is the railway station, or any place where one can hire a car?"

The man looked disturbed.

"You're not thinking of going away tonight, sir?"

"I must," I insisted.



He was genuinely perplexed. "The railway station's two and a half miles away, sir," he confided, "and I never heard of any night trains. The only thing I can think of is for you to walk on to the main road and try to get a lift to Finchley. One of the garages might be open there."

"Can't we telephone?" Beatrice suggested, with a sudden inspiration.

"Most unfortunate, miss," the man regretted. "Sir Bruce was trying to telephone himself. It is because he failed to get through that he thought it best to go up to town. We can get no reply from the exchange at all. The instrument is evidently out of order."

Beatrice's mind was swiftly made up. "Wait for me five minutes," she begged. "I shan't be longer. We'll do as Harding suggests—get on to the main road."

"But you're not thinking of leaving, miss, at this hour?" the man protested. "Sir Bruce will be terribly upset. I'll call one of the men. There are some bicycles in the shed, and I dare say I can do something."

BEATRICE was already halfway up the stairs. It was obvious that Harding was perfectly honest.

"I think we'd better go ourselves," I explained. "Miss Essiter and I have cause for some uneasiness, and the sooner we're in town the better."

"I'm very sorry, sir. I wish there was something I could do. I'll get a man started off in a quarter of an hour."

I shook my head.

"I don't think it would help," I said.

We started walking, were picked up by an empty van and at Finchley hired a car. As we neared our destination at dawn my companion's clasp upon my arm tightened.

"Henry," she whispered, "I am afraid."

"We are doing all that we can, dear." I reminded her. "And I don't think that even Joseph would be able to get inside the house."

"He could," she confided uneasily. "There is a way. Only we three know of it, though."

"Who is the third?" I asked quickly.

"Minchin."

My heart sank.

"I don't trust Minchin," I muttered.

"I shouldn't," she agreed, "but what could tempt him to play the traitor? He gets five hundred a year and five hundred pounds bonus every year that my uncle is alive and well. Not a penny in his will. Besides, remember he has been with him eleven years, and he has never done anything in the least suspicious, although he has had plenty of opportunities."

But as we drew nearer to the house our apprehension increased. The whole front of the house seemed to be in darkness except for Martin Hews' library. From every window there the lights were ablaze—a curious, ghastly illumination against the sickly daylight and the blackness of the rest of the house. I stared at it with fascinated eyes. It was Beatrice who first saw the more sinister portent. She gripped my arm suddenly.

"The car!" she exclaimed. "There, in the shadow of the house. Joseph is here!"

The same foreboding was torturing us both, but we avoided putting it into words.

"You can get into the house?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Through the servants' quarters," she confided. "Minchin and I have keys; no one else."

She led me round to the back of the building, and paused for several moments before a heavy oak door. Eventually she opened it, and we passed into a stone passage. Turning and twisting,

we reached the staircase, and climbed to the third story. Here a door of sheet iron led into the front part of the house. Beatrice opened it with her key, after several efforts, and we were in one of the carpeted corridors. She turned the handle of a door at the end, and passed swiftly across a very beautiful bedroom toward another door, through the hinges of which came a faint chink of light. We were within a few feet of it when we both stopped short. She gripped my arm and looked at me in horror. It sounded as though some animal in pain was sobbing—little fitful cries, yet each one of them linked with a sob.

"I can't stand this," I cried. "Come!"

We heard a cracking sound, and a gibing voice—Joseph's hoarse laugh, and again the cry. I pushed open the door, and just as though my feet had been rooted to the ground by one of Martin Hews' electric appliances, so I stood there, absolutely without power of movement. It was a sight so extraordinary that the utter loathsomeness of it only really gripped me afterward. All the furniture had been pushed away between the desk and the door.

Joseph, with a long whip in his hand, stood in the middle of an open space, and hobbling round in a circle was an object which for the first second or two I scarcely recognized. Then it all came to me. I saw, and I understood. Martin Hews, his wig torn off, as bald as man could be, his clothes disarranged, was lumbering round in grotesque little jumps, while Joseph cracked his whip. It was his body, just as we had always seen it, but beneath the most terrible, the most distorted, strange little legs, about a foot and a half in length, with tiny feet, upon which were blue silk socks about the size of a child's gloves, supporters and blue silk underclothes scarcely more than six inches long.

Realization came with a sickening wave of horror—it was Martin Hews' secret, entombed by his vanity. He was a monstrosity. His legs were there, dwarfed, more hideous than anything ever displayed by the most abnormal of freaks in a traveling show. While he hesitated upon the threshold he staggered as though giddy, and fell over. He lay upon the floor, and Joseph mocked him.

"Up, my brave little man!" he shouted. "Up, and round the course. Show us how you work your little ninepins. Up you get!"

Crack went the whip again. Martin Hews, his body writhing in pain, made a pitiful effort to struggle to his feet.

"Minchin!" he sobbed out.

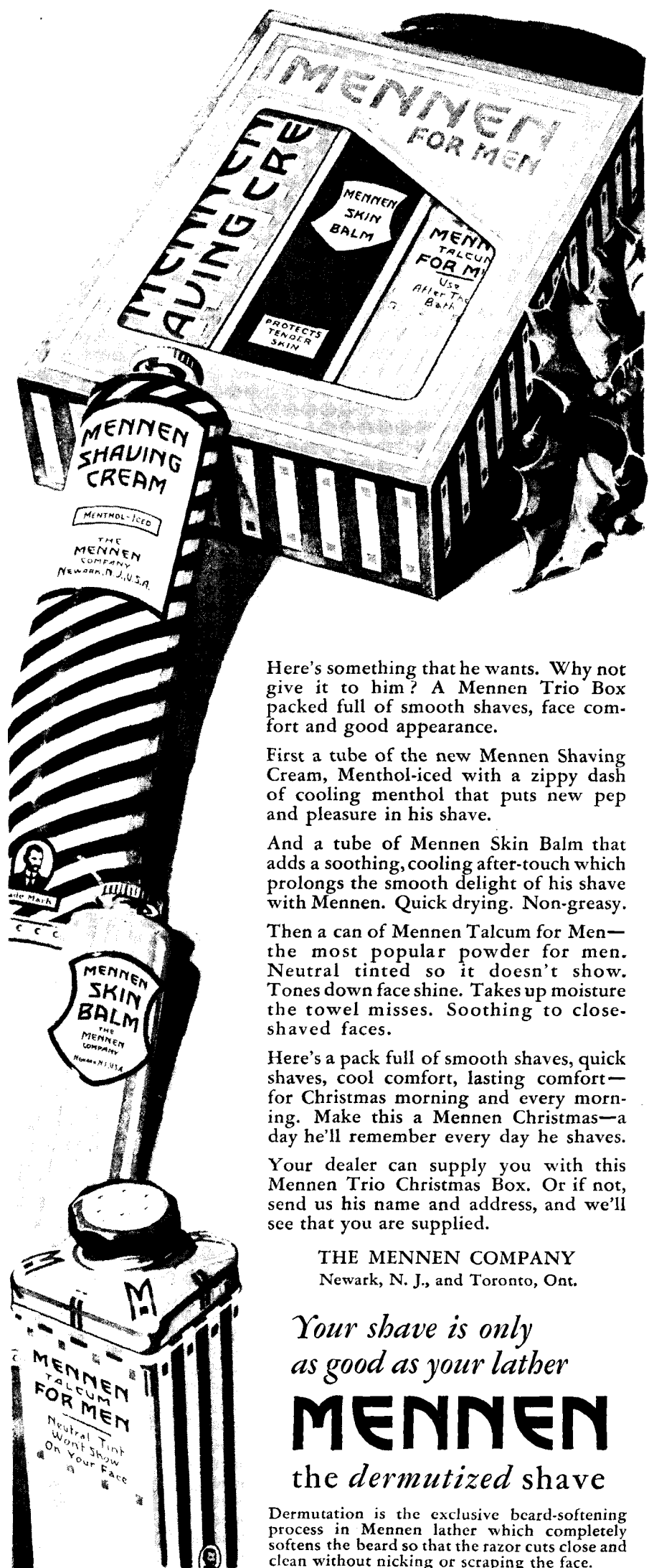
THEN I saw for the first time that Minchin was also there, lounging in an easy-chair, smoking a pipe—an interested and applauding spectator. He put his head back and laughed.

"Don't cut it too short, guv'nor," he begged. "Twice more around, eh? Twice—"

He broke off. Turning slowly round, he saw us. Suddenly the numbness left my limbs. I felt like a wild animal, and I dare say I behaved like one. I reached Minchin first. I picked him up bodily, flung him into a corner of the room, and then I went for Joseph. He saw me coming, flicked at me with his whip, a cruel gash which I never felt. I saw his eyes harden, his mouth set. I knew that this moment had been in our lives from the first. If he was armed, he made no effort to draw. He came toward me, and we crashed into one another, well away from the poor sobbing little object upon the floor. It was a fight of a sort, I suppose. I remember nothing of it—nothing until I felt Beatrice's arms around my neck pulling at me until my hands upon his throat slackened.

(Continued on page 44)

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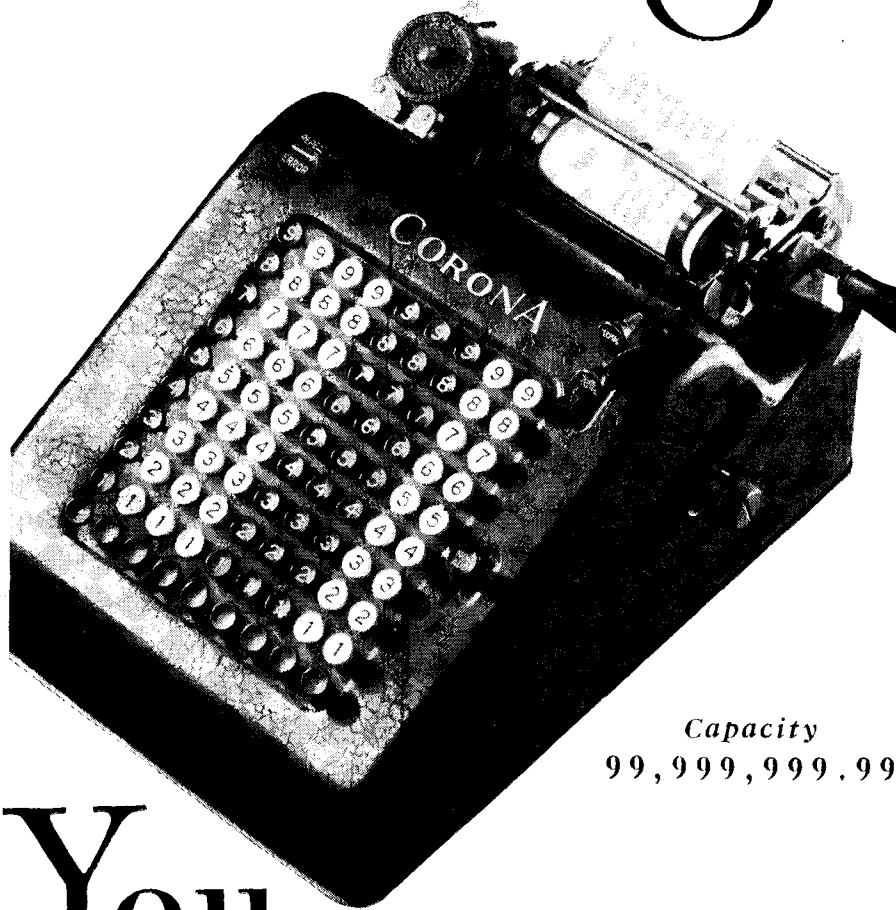
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(Continued from page 43)

"Henry!" she cried. "You've killed him!"

Joseph opened his eyes. He raised himself with the help of one hand.

"Not me," he muttered, with the ugly ghost of his old smile. "I give in, though, Beatrice. Your man is the better—muscularly."

He staggered to his feet, and sat on a chair. He must have been in terrible pain, but not even the vestige of a groan escaped him. I looked around. Martin Hews was in his little carriage—I learned afterward that Beatrice had placed him there—a ghastly, horrible sight still, but with a rug wrapped over him tightly. Minchin had crept stealthily away. Joseph leaned forward.

"THAT man," he said, pointing to Martin Hews, "has escaped death at my hands because death means no suffering. He will never forget this afternoon. Your mistake, Owston, is in thinking of him as a human being. He is the devil incarnate. He starved my mother to death. He would have starved us had he not thought we might be useful to him. I came from America to kill him. I stayed to fight him in every way. I prayed that he might not die before I had hurt him the only way he could be hurt—through his vanity, the miserable little toad!"

Martin Hews in his chair was gibbering. I could not understand a word he said, but apparently Beatrice did, for she searched the room and brought back his wig. He placed it upon his head, covering himself up a little more closely. Even then he was a creature one would not willingly look at.

"Give me some wine or brandy," Joseph demanded, looking up abruptly from his place. "I have the brains, Owston, and I fancy that I have some skill in fighting, but here I must give you best. You have hurt me badly."

I went to the secret cupboard, poured him out some brandy, and gave it to him. Martin Hews made strange noises. I took him some too. He drank it, and as he drank he seemed to become a little more his natural self.

"Some more," he insisted, holding out his glass.

He drained his second portion to the last drop, drew a deep sigh, and settled himself more comfortably in his chair. Waving us out of the way, he swung round and paused at his desk. He looked across at us all, and I saw that the brandy had brought him but a passing relief. His head hung down. I expected at every moment to see him fall over from his chair. Nevertheless he busied himself for some moments apparently with some trifling task at his desk, searched for and found a cigarette, lit it, and slipped back among his cushions.

"Joseph," he said, "I will return good for evil. I will give you the chance of your lifetime. I will show you something, the envy for which will be a blight upon your life, if you manage to escape the hangman for another year or two. I will show you your failures, and my successes. Come!"

We all followed the chair. He turned and waved us back.

"Never in my life have I taken more than one person at a time into my tabernacle," he said. "We go alone, and remember that what I show you I show you for your misery."

Joseph rose a little languidly to his feet. It seemed to me that he was still dazed.

"You shall see the one-eyed Buddha," Martin Hews went on, "which lay in the vaults of the Milan Hotel when it was supposed to have gone up in smoke. You shall see the Correggio Donkin took from your people. You shall see the bronze which cost two of your men

their lives, but it came to me. You shall see the tapestries which Isaacs found while your men were sharpening their tools. No, not you," he added, waving us away. "You have another task. Go back the way you came, and ring the bell outside the third door on the left in the courtyard, for tonight is over. I want to know where those others were lurking when Minchin opened the doors. Go!"

His appearance was still terrible, and I hesitated. Beatrice, however, drew me away.

"You must obey," she whispered. "It is the only chance with him when he is like this." . . .

From the threshold I watched them. Martin Hews was some minutes producing his keys, but eventually the great door swung open. Just before the two disappeared into the shadows, Martin Hews turned around in his chair and looked at us. Sometimes I have fancied to my last day that look will haunt me. I am convinced he was trying to send me a message. His lips were parted in something which, if it was not a smile, was at least a travesty of it. It was the wide-open grin of a satanic gargoyle, a leering promise of evil, a foul gesture which the pencil could never reproduce nor the mind of man recall.

Then he disappeared, and we could see no more—only the carriage, gliding on in ghostlike fashion, and Joseph staggering by its side, supporting himself more than once by clutching at the wall. I heard the click of the other door, and I heard it close. Then we descended, and moved across the courtyard in the gray morning light. We passed the first door and the second—and there was no third. We looked at one another.

"What did your uncle mean?" I demanded.

"I cannot imagine," she answered.

But even at that moment we knew. . . .

The ground beneath our feet shook and rocked. There was first of all a hissing sound and then the most tremendous explosion I have ever heard. The walls of the north wing, which inclosed the gallery, seemed suddenly to split and crumble and fall outward. Red flames—great hungry tongues of them—curled and leaped toward the skies. Clouds of smoke shot up and drifted away, darkening the whole of the countryside.

THE crash of further explosions followed the sound of falling masonry in every direction. It was my fancy, of course, but in the first moment's silence that ensued after that awful pandemonium I fancied that I heard a shrill, mocking laugh, I fancied that I could see that strange travesty of a human being, as the time came, turning round in his chair, leering at his companion, oblivious of death for himself, joyful only if he could revel in one spasm of the other's agony. It was fancy, of course, but I could have sworn I heard the laugh ringing out from the center of that burning chaos.

We drew farther away, for the flames were spreading and the heat was intolerable. The men who came running out from the house and tower could do nothing but gape upward in amazement. Firemen and policemen were swarming over the place in helpless inactivity. I led Beatrice toward the car. . . .

At the bend in the road before the station I looked back for the last time. A fresh column of smoke was curling up to the sky. There was the thunder of masonry as another of the jagged walls crashed to the ground. The sky above was lurid; the roar of the flames seemed to scorch our cheeks, even at this distance. I pointed behind. There was something ruthless in this terrible

CORONA

devastation. Beatrice was clinging to me wildly, and my own voice shook.

"It is finished," I told her. "The child has played with his toys for the last time."

THERE was a great deal of rough justice about Rachel's commentaries when we went to see her at the hospital a few days later. She shuddered with excitement when we told her of Joseph's limping along by the side of the carriage, disappearing down the corridor into the chamber of death.

"I don't know that I'm sorry for either of them, though," she decided. "Martin Hews—well, he never ought to have been allowed to grow up: a poor creature like that, eaten up with vanity, all brain and no heart, and getting worse every year. Joseph—well, he was my man once. He was wicked," she went on. "He had a heart of flint. I curse him night and day for what he did to me. He was as cruel as they make 'em, and yet there was always something inside him pulling the other way. He'd have had you done in all right, Major, but he'd got his eye upon you for the young lady here, and they'd have treated me worse only he wouldn't let them. Look here, mister," she went on, suddenly sitting up and gripping my arm. "They're finished. That's the end of them. Do you want to do something for me?"

"Of course I do," I assured her. "So does my wife. That is why we are here."

"You tell Bloor to keep his hands off my boy, Charlie Andrews. I ain't denying he was in the gang, but he's finished with it, clear and honest, and he never did no one any real harm. He's got a good chandlery business now, come to him through his father, and we're settling down, both of us. There's no good raking up old scores. What do you say, Major?"

"Unless Charlie Andrews is in it deep," I promised, "Bloor shan't touch him."

She drew a sigh of relief.

"That let's him out," she said, "for he wasn't in it deep—never was." . . .

Bloor was at the station the next morning to see us off, and he gave me his promise readily enough.

"I wasn't going to touch Andrews, anyway," he confided. "What's the good?

There's nothing definite against him, and I heard he'd taken to steady work. We're not all the time aching to lay our hands on the lad who's made one slip. It's the Josephs of the world we're after."

Yardsley was at the station too, looking more like a mute than ever, in his mourning. He brought with him my family lawyer whom I had not had occasion to trouble for many years.

"Your affairs, Mrs. Owston," he told Beatrice, "involve responsibility greater than I can undertake alone. Your uncle left nearly three quarters of a million above the sum which may be recovered from the treasures at Breczeley. Then, as you may know, there is another development. The man who perished with your uncle, who I understand was a connection of the family—"

"My brother," Beatrice intervened.

"He has also left a fortune of three or four hundred thousand pounds, the whole of it unreservedly to you."

THE whistle of the train sounded shrilly. There was the usual little commotion.

"Is there anything further we can do?" Mr. Yardsley asked. "You have all the money you want for abroad. There will be large sums to your credit at any time you care to draw a check. Anything else—"

"One thing," Beatrice interrupted, leaning out of the window. "A thousand pounds to Rachel Suess, who is at St. George's Hospital—a wedding present from Major Owston and myself." . . .

We all waved hands. The train glided out. I changed my place, and sat by Beatrice's side.

"Peace at last!" she sighed, with infinite content. "No more fighting, mind."

I drew a little away from her.

"I like that!" I declared. "I went all through the war, on three fronts. I fought afterward in Russia. I was in the Spanish Foreign Legion for a year, and never have I been in such danger or risked my life so often as during the few weeks I was a soldier of fortune, or whatever you call it, to your uncle."

Her hand stole into mine. She laughed at me.

"Well," she whispered, "the war is over. And soldiers after warfare—?"

THE END

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ON SECOND THOUGHT

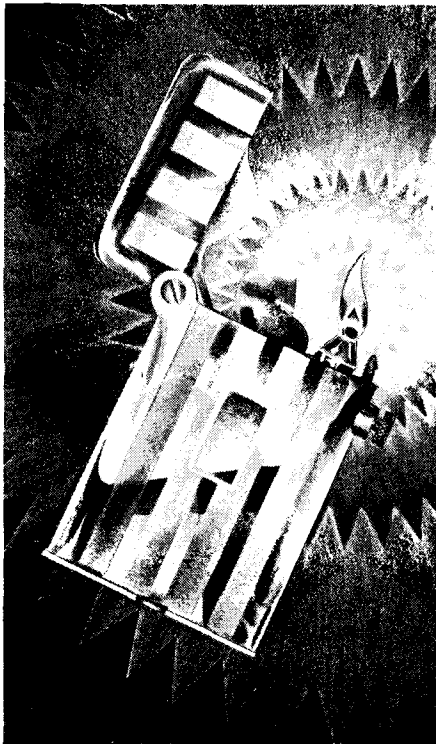


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didn't get my telegram saying I was driving up?"

"Did you send a telegram?"

"I certainly did," Joe Garner said. He watched her closely but she only raised her eyebrows as if to say, "Doubtless you meant to send a telegram." And Joe himself thought to himself, "You know I sent a telegram because you got it. The telegraph company called up to deliver the message and you took it. You knew I was coming. You knew I was coming up here and you stayed." But he knew better than to charge her with knowing he was coming.

"Listen, Sylvia," he said, "am I to understand that last fall and winter when you let me think you liked me a lot and we went everywhere together—am I to understand that you were just stringing me along?"

She did not answer. She stood there looking at him. Joe Garner fished in his pockets for a cigarette. He found a water-soaked package and surveyed it ruefully. There was no use trying to light one of those cigarettes.

"So," he said, "you don't dare come clean. You don't dare tell the truth."

"There isn't anything to tell, Joe," she said. "I just woke up, that's all. You were four years out of college and you were still playing tennis and not growing up. After all you can't marry a man who's nothing but a tennis player. You have some pride."

"Sylvia," Joe Garner said, "can't you see that this is serious? We had all that out. You know this was my last year in tennis. We'd talked and talked about it long before you threw me down. You were mad that day at the Plaza. You weren't telling me something you had come to see. You were furious. I remember afterward, walking down the street, I knew you hadn't really meant it."

"You thought I didn't mean it and you accepted it? You thought I didn't mean it and you didn't come back? You thought I didn't mean it and you sailed for Havana the next day?"

"Sylvia," Joe cried. But she was going. She turned toward the hall, pausing only long enough to say over her shoulder, "Perhaps in the morning you will have the nerve to tell me what you came here for and what the big idea is."

"I'll tell you that right now," Joe Garner called out. But she was gone. She went down the hall and shut her door behind her and left him in total darkness with no matches.

HE HAD to feel his way down the hall, down the stairs, and out into the kitchen; he had to run his hands over nearly everything in the place from the laundry tubs to the range before he could find matches and light a lamp and get his things out of the car and go to bed.

When he awoke the next morning the sun was shining. Somehow or other he felt better than he had felt in months. He knew now why his game had gone to pot.

He had a bath and dressed and went downstairs in search of breakfast. He found Sylvia breakfasting on the terrace. She smiled at him.

"I'm sorry if I was cross last night," she said. "I haven't any quarrel with you really. It was only that you startled me so. There's no reason in the world why you and I shouldn't be perfectly good friends."

He sat down and ate melon and bacon and eggs and toast and lit a cigarette

"Too Collegiate"

Continued from page 15

and told her how he had gone stale and Colonel Hostetter and Harry Tutbill had ordered him to go away and forget tennis.

"You poor dear," Sylvia said. "You came up here expecting a quiet day in the country and you found me. I'm sorry, Joe. If I'd known you were coming I wouldn't have been here."

Joe shook his head. "No," he said, "you've got it wrong. You've got it absolutely wrong. I knew you were here. That's why I came. I knew I wasn't over-tennised. I knew I wasn't stale. I knew I had to do something I'd been too sore to do before." He paused and looked at her and she turned away her head.

"When you turned me down I went away. I thought it was no use staying. I went away and played tennis five hours a day and I thought I had for-

gotten you. I honestly did. Every day some little thing reminded me of you and I thought I had forgotten you. And then the other day I saw you. I saw you coming out of the Marguery with Winkler and he kissed you in the cab.

"I WAS furious. I didn't admit it to myself but I was furious. I pretended to myself it was funny—your playing with Bill Winkler. But I could have crowned you both. I could have hit you both the way I hit a lob when I am going right. I couldn't stand the thought of your kissing anybody."

"It had just the opposite effect on me," Sylvia said. "In fact—" She paused, her round chin in her hand, as if she hadn't meant to say as much.

"In fact what?" Joe roared.

"In fact," Sylvia said, "it was see-

Jingles in the Rough

Some more golf rhymes from eager entrants in the Collier's National Tournament. The writer of each is now proudly displaying a gold luck-piece—the reward of his scribbling.

There is a man in this town
And he is wondrous wise.
If he can't find his own ball,
He plays the other guy's.

L. L. Blazier,
Toledo, Ohio.

Fire and sword
For Oscar Dunne—
He question-marked
My hole in one!

Thomas B. Jackson,
Edgewater, N. J.

Hash-a-bye, baby; pretty one, sleep,
Daddy's gone golfing to win the club
sweep.
If he plays well and I hope that he
will—
Mother will show him her dress-
maker's bill.

R. B. Grubb,
Muskogee, Okla.

"My man will sit," I made my boast,
"Content beside me, mile on mile."
But all the way from coast to coast
He putted down the Pullman
aisle!

Jessica Pryse Arthur,
Oakland, Cal.

When I get old and take up golf
And par becomes my menace,
I'll win by skill and not by luck
But—would a luck-piece help my
tennis?

Edwin Moore,
Danville, Pa.

Let's order tar and feathers for
The tee-green fan inclined to bore,
Who shows he's culturally all-off
By smug announcements of his
golf-off.

Marion Sims,
Culver City, Cal.

"I'll have to give it up I know."
The preacher said with hanging
head.
"What, give up golfing?" cried the
pro.
"I mean the ministry," he said.

J. Archer Gray, D. D.,
Lexington, Ky.

I'm rather stout; Doc said, "Play
golf
And you'll get svelte and lean."
I've played six months—gained
twenty pounds;
My caddy's lost nineteen!

I. M. Schloss,
New York City, N. Y.

If the ball were twice as large, sir,
And the cup was like a tub,
I'd play a better game, sir—
But I'd still be classed a dub.

L. D. Seidl,
Wichita, Kan.

"Ha, ha," he laughed, "this game
of golf's
For old and sickly men."
And then with superhuman strength,
Scanned cards and played the ten.

A. J. Richardson,
Marquette, Mich.

I drove my ball from the tee and
holed it
And went straight home and never
told it.
You can't improve this lie I know—
Send luck-piece to address below!

G. T. Fogle, Jr.,
Charlestown, W. Va.

Stenography's no cinch at best,
And how she stands it, oft I've
wondered.
Her boss keeps telling o'er and o'er
About that time he broke a hun-
dred.

F. K. Edison,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Landlord was crazy 'bout the game,
And played from sun till sun;
But mortgage, who thought it tame,
Soon had a whole inn won.

C. L. Armstrong,
Hazelton, Iowa.

You dirty little dimpled ball,
You know your traps, you know
them all.
Why don't you stay upon the green,
Where you and I could both keep
clean?

Mrs. A. G. Strong,
Gainesville, Fla.

Other golfers who rhymed their woes and for their troubles are now sporting Collier's luck-pieces are:

F. M. Chandler, Berkeley, Cal.
John L. McCullough, Sewickley, Pa.
Dr. John G. Butler, Williamsburg, Pa.
C. C. Sheppard, Richmond, Va.
J. Slier Haight, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Lawrence Souter, Ogden, Pa.
Cortlandt W. Sayres, Detroit, Mich.
M. Bryant Gulley, Birmingham, Ala.
E. T. Morgan, Miami, Fla.
W. E. Wright, Hanover, N. H.
George E. Clough, Virden, Manitoba, Canada.
E. G. Walsh, Cleveland, Ohio.
Merle T. Barker, Taunton, Mass.

ing you kiss Daisy Arkwright that made me realize I didn't love you. I wasn't jealous. The terrible thing was I didn't care."

"Daisy Arkwright!" Joe exploded. He couldn't remember ever taking the slightest interest in Daisy.

"You needn't bother to pretend you didn't because I saw you. It was that last night at the Richardsons' house party when Daisy was so broken-hearted about Hal's engagement and you stayed up talking to her when everybody else went to bed. I stole downstairs and I saw you kissing her."

Joe jumped up. He jumped up and leaned over the table to look into Sylvia's face.

"That was the night before you turned me down," he said furiously. "That was the night before we had lunch at the Plaza and you told me you couldn't take me seriously because I was collegiate."

"So it was," Sylvia said.

"Why didn't you tell me the truth? Why didn't you tell me you saw me kissing Daisy?"

Sylvia lifted her chin proudly. "Because your kissing her hadn't anything to do with my decision."

"It hadn't anything to do with it," Joe said. "Oh, no, nothing whatever!"

"I suppose it confirmed my feeling that I couldn't take you seriously—that you were a boy who never would grow up," Sylvia said. "It made you seem so weak and amiable. It made you seem as if any woman could twist you around her little finger."

"It did!" Joe roared. "And why didn't you tell me?"

"Because," Sylvia said, "because I was ashamed of snooping. I was ashamed of watching you. I can't bear women who are always watching. I couldn't bear myself for being like that."

"I see," Joe said gently. "I understand. And you weren't jealous?"

"No," Sylvia said sadly. "I wasn't jealous. I was a little disgusted but I wasn't jealous. So I knew I didn't love you. I knew that all I had for you was one of those superficial attractions."

Joe Garner looked at her. She returned his gaze coldly.

"And that's what you call telling the truth!" he said.

"Yes, Joe," she said.

"Well, I don't," Joe Garner said. "I say it's kidding yourself."

Sylvia raised her eyebrows in that beastly way she had. "I knew it was no use trying to tell you the truth. That's why I didn't tell you about Daisy at the time. You'd have been sure that I was jealous and that I'd get over it."

JOE GARNER sat there making up his mind. He lit a fresh cigarette. He had to find some way to punish her. He had to find some way to bring her to her knees. Only there wasn't any way. Because furious as he was he loved her, too. He loved her more than ever. He couldn't bear to give her up.

"Listen, Sylvia," he said. "I've got to go back to New York. Tomorrow I play Perochet and I have to beat him. It's my last chance and I have to win."

"At least that's one thing you take seriously," Sylvia said.

"And the other thing is you," Joe Garner said. "I love you. I would like to wring your neck. But I love you. And the only thing I can't forgive myself for is that I didn't go back the day after you turned me down and tell you so. I was too sore. I was a fool. I was hurt. But I should have known that no matter how mean you were I loved you."

"I think perhaps," Sylvia said, "if you had come back—I don't know—but your going away like that without an-

other word convinced me that you didn't love me either."

"I've come back now, Sylvia. I've come back because I couldn't stay away."

He waited while she looked off in the distance. Gradually she turned her face toward him. "It's a little bit late now—don't you think?"

Joe did not answer. One moment he thought she cared and the next he knew she didn't. You couldn't argue a girl into loving you.

"Sylvia," he said, "would it interest you to see the matches?"

"Why, yes, of course, Joe," she said. "But it's an awfully long way to go, don't you think?"

"That's up to you, Sylvia," Joe Garner said. "I'll leave tickets for you at the gate. They'll admit you to the marquee. I hope you'll decide it's worth your while to come."

"I love to see you play, Joe," she said. "But—"

"I mean more than that," Joe Garner said. "You know what I mean."

"I shall think it over," said Sylvia.

SHE evidently did think it over. For when Joe Garner and Perochet had knocked the ball back and forth a bit and the umpire asked them if they were ready to play, Joe took a look at the marquee. Sylvia was sitting there beside Andy Graham. Joe looked up at the umpire in his high chair and nodded. "All set," he said under his breath.

He had won the toss and he chose to serve. He served one double fault and then he settled down. He settled down and served again and followed the service into the net and cut off Perochet's neat return. For an hour and forty minutes he rushed the net. And somehow or other the ball no longer defied him. Somehow or other the ball went off his racket the way it had all spring. When he hit a lob it went like a bullet to the mark.

He took Perochet in three straight sets that day and afterward he walked off the court straight into the arms of Colonel Hostetter and Harry Tutbill. They were smiling the broad smile of triumph.

"Rest," Colonel Hostetter growled. "Rest did it. You relaxed. You thought about nothing that mattered. And then you were yourself again."

Joe Garner was only remotely aware of what the Colonel was saying. He was looking beyond the Colonel. He was looking over the Colonel's shoulder at a girl with black tousled hair and straight black eyebrows and a face flushed with happiness.

There were so many people about they couldn't say much to each other at the moment. But he could feel the difference in her. She was no longer hard. She was so sweet. She looked at him and her eyes laughed and he said, "So you came, after all."

"Oh, yes," she said. She looked up at him. "Besides," she said, "I did get that telegram you sent the Wordens."

"You did!" Joe Garner cried.

"Of course I did," she said. "Didn't you notice that the revolver wasn't loaded?"

"What's that? What's that?" Colonel Hostetter asked. "What's that about a revolver?"

Sylvia Thomas turned and smiled at the Colonel—a perfectly dazzling smile.

"It was just a little private joke," she said. "Between Joe and me."

"But, Sylvia," Joe asked, "why did you lock up the house so tight? Why didn't you let me in?"

"Oh," she said, "I had to know how badly you wanted to get in." She looked up at him tenderly. "I listened and listened and you were so beautifully persistent about it."

A pound of cheer to start the year!



WITH the Yule log burning brightly and a pound canister beside him of the mildest, most fragrant pipe mixture that ever came out of the South—what more could a man ask? Give him the pound can of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco for Christmas. It's protected inside by heavy gold foil and the canister comes in a handsome Christmas carton.

Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Dept. C, Winston-Salem and Louisville



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's  milder

Other Men's Poison

Continued from page 11



Why I can't imitate 4 Hawaiians JOE COOK

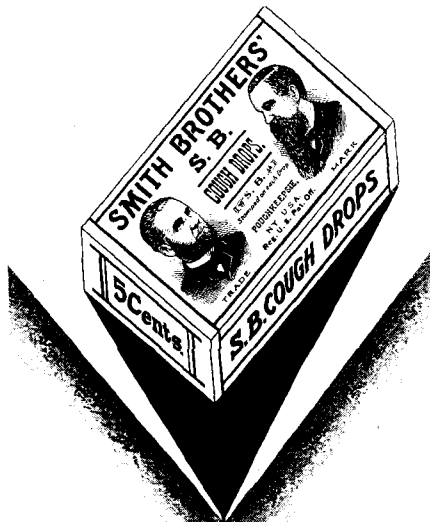
THE STORY of the 4 Hawaiians has made Joe Cook—the famous comedian of vaudeville and Broadway musical comedy—even more famous. Here he gives a new—and a very good—reason why he cannot imitate the 4 Hawaiians.

"The 4 Hawaiians are so terribly sensitive that they need an audience as silent as silent can be.

"Coughers in the audience can kill the funniest lines. So, until everybody in the theatre has a box of Smith Brothers' Cough Drops ready for emergency use, I can't imitate 4 Hawaiians."

Unpleasant and dangerous coughs and colds—most of winter sicknesses—start right in the throat. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops protect you! They soothe irritation, clear away hoarseness, relieve cigarette-dryness and—as everyone knows—they stop coughs!

Keep them handy. 5c Two kinds: S. B. (black) or the new Menthol.



arrived at a fence on the far side of the field. Just beyond the fence was a long, broad slough of water, and beyond that was a railroad track. It seemed, from what the man said, there was a little ridge of high ground along the fence, and when it rained this ridge kept the water from running off the field properly.

"I want a few ditches cut through the ridge to that slough," the man explained, handing Bugaboo the pick and shovel. He glanced at the sun speculatively. "Get busy now, and by night you probably will have earned enough to pay for your supper and a place to sleep." And he rode away.

Bugaboo knew that a pick-and-shovel job was hard work. In New Orleans when he was on the street gang he had learned that. But always there had been people around to form an audience for him and it was not so terribly bad. Pretty bad, though. Bad enough to start him to steamboating.

And here he did not even have an audience.

"Farmin', huh?" he grunted. What was a farmer without a mule and plow? Or, for that matter, a steamboating man without a steamboat? Or a cowminding man without a cow? It all was disgusting! Still, he had missed his dinner and the man on the horse had said he would have to work before he got any supper. He raised the pick to his shoulder:

*Look down dat lonesome road—hah!
Wonder what I kin see—hah!
Cap'n's ole red hookin' cow—hah!
And a bunch er yaller jackets—hah!
Put a pick and shovel in my hand—hah!
Now, take a look at po' me—hah!*

He worked away, slowly, steadily, lining himself out a few words of vagrant singing and bringing each line to an end with a lazy grunt and a blow of the pick. It was tiresome work but a boy had to eat.

BY THE middle of the afternoon he was working away without thought. Just working. Nothing on his mind at all. The heavy exercise had worked off most of the poison of the yellow jacket stings, and he felt better. When he got tired of swinging the pick he put it down and picked up the shovel. The shovel was lighter, and the rhythm of throwing dirt out of the ditch was slower and easier. Each movement terminated when he put his tough, bare heel on the shovel and pressed it into the ground:

*Now, ef you don't think I'm sinkin'—
hah!
Lawdy, jest look what a hole I'm in—
hah!*

Presently the peaceful rhythm was broken by a roar of escaping steam, the clatter of spinning wheels against steel rails, and the jangling of a big bell. Bugaboo looked up just in time to see the big Y. & M. V. Cannonball come tearing out of the woods and along the track, right past him! He plainly could see the engineer in the cab window, cap pulled low and eye glued to the rail. One hand rested on the throttle, and the other used as a brace to support him in the swaying engine cab.

Overwhelmed by the sight Bugaboo stopped work and sat down. As the train raced past, the engineer reached for the whistle cord and a roaring, wailing warning poured from the big copper whistle. Nobody but old Bad Eye Bill Shelly himself could have done that!

"Go on, Bill!" Bugaboo yelled. "Go on old Bad Eye Bill Shelly! Drag dat thing right on down to N' Awlins, and den turn her 'round and drag her right on back again!"

When the train disappeared Bugaboo stood up and resumed work with his shovel. But a new song was on his lips:

*Bill looked at his watch—hah!
Shuck his haid—hah!
Say we may wake N'Awlins—hah!
But we'll all be daid—hah!*

The tempo of the song was too fast for ditch digging, but the song hung in Bugaboo's mind:

*She kep' on goin'—hah!
When she left de rail—hah!
Cause Bad Eye Shelly—hah!
Was a-pullin' her tail—hah!*

AFTER another hour he gave up, found a shady spot, and slept until sundown. He got supper all right, and a place to sleep, but there wasn't much fun in it. Old Bad Eye Bill Shelly's train was running across his mind. He tried to be sociable with the other men in the bunkhouse, but they were too tired to talk. And finally he resorted to nothing less than cross-examination before he learned that it was but six or seven miles down the railroad track to Baton Rouge and that the Cannonball stopped there.

That information, linked with a strong desire that was fermenting in Bugaboo's mind, evolved an idea. "I'm gonter ride dat ve'y train," he promised himself. "I'm gonter wawk up to Baton Rouge and wait to Mister Bill stop his train, and den I'm gonter ax him for a job firin' for him."

He worked the next morning, ate a good dinner, and returned to the field. But instead of going to work he made his way to the railroad track and struck out for Baton Rouge. His swifty, businesslike gait and his working clothes deceived the yard officials into thinking he was one of the employees, and he got through to the passenger depot without difficulty.

There he had to wait but a few minutes, for soon the fast train drew in. It was long, and the engine rolled far past the point where Bugaboo waited, and he hurried toward it.

The stop was brief and by the time Bugaboo got to the engine it already had started rolling again. He had to run to catch it, and by the time he climbed confidently up the steps to the cab the train was gaining speed rapidly.

He stood for a minute or so, respectfully, waiting for the busy engineer to notice him. And when the engineer noticed him Bugaboo felt the shock from head to foot. He was not a big man, like Bad Eye Bill Shelly was reputed to be. Nor was he one-eyed. Instead, he had small, squinchy eyes that sat like

gimlet points in a hard, determined little face.

"You damned niggers can't dead-head on my engine!" he shouted above the roar of the train. "I don't see why some of you always pile on my train! I'll fix you! I'll pull her up to ninety and then pitch you off!"

"Aw, now, Mister Bill—"

"Bill, hell!" yelled the engineer. "My name ain't Bill. You don't know me, nigger."

"Ain't you Mister Bad Eye Bill Shelly?"

The engineer was speechless for a minute: "Bill Shelly?" he repeated. "Bill Shelly died before you was born." He watched the expression of disappointment on Bugaboo's face. "Now, what have you got to ride on?"

Bugaboo did not know. He forgot his plan to get a job of firing; he even forgot that he was riding on the big, roaring Cannonball.

"I'm huntin' a cow, suh," he explained lamely. "A red cow, name' Stella." It was the only thing he could think of to say.

"I don't know whether you're trying to kid me, or whether you're just plain crazy." The engineer's words snapped and popped like live charcoal. "But I'm going to give you a ride that you won't forget. You crawl up on top of that coal and shovel it down for the fireman. On top, too! Hear me? I'm going to burn you up!"

"Yas, suh," Bugaboo said and he scrambled between the retaining chains and up the coal pile.

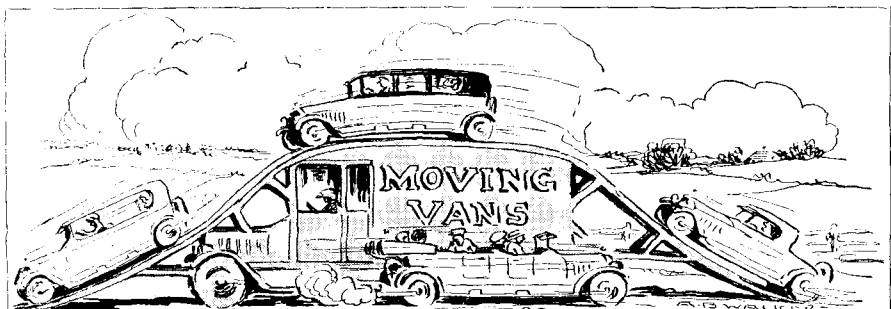
The instant his head was poked above the level of the engine cab the rush of air by the speeding train almost swept him from his feet. He turned to face it and was engulfed in heavy, suffocating clouds of black coal smoke. He ducked forward and received a hot cinder down his back, and he dived, excitedly, down against the chains just as the fireman started to drag out a shovel of coal.

"Hit's yaller jackets up yonder," Bugaboo shouted at the fireman.

"Hit'll be a daid nigger up yonder, too," the fireman returned, "ef'n you don't push me down some coal."

HE CLIMBED back and kicked down coal while the fireman shoveled it into the firebox. Through the dense smoke Bugaboo could see the fire box door fly open, and the next instant the same shovelful of coal that the fireman pitched in would fly right out of the smokestack and back into Bugaboo's face. He marveled that it could get so hot in so short a time.

Whether it took two hours or two million years for the train to reach New Orleans, Bugaboo did not know. All he knew was that he got mighty tired of riding trains. And finally, when the train rolled under the shed and stopped, Bugaboo rolled off the tender and landed



Roller Coaster Tops for Slow-Moving Trucks
Another solution of the traffic congestion problem

—on the ground—right at the feet of the brass-buttoned law!

"You ain't seed no cow, has you, Mister Law?" he inquired. "She was a red cow, name Stella."

The Law took Bugaboo by the arm and led him to the First Precinct Station.

"Fourteen thirty-six—section four," he told the desk sergeant.

"Relative to what?" asked the sergeant.

The roundsman looked at Bugaboo speculatively. "Relative to being poor and insane," he said. "I grabbed him as he rolled off the train and he started babbling about cows and steamboats and yellow jackets—Lord, Lord, I don't know what all. He's the craziest nigger I's seen in months!"

BUT Bugaboo finally made a serious explanation, detailing his story incident by incident.

"Very likely a lie," observed the sergeant when Bugaboo finished, "but it's a pretty good lie—worth investigating, I guess." He telephoned and learned that the John D. Grace had landed at Bienville Street that afternoon. "Take him down," he instructed. "If he's the nigger, turn him loose; if not, bring him back."

Bugaboo walked happily away with the policeman. Up to Canal Street, and down to the river. As they neared the landing, however, a strange misgiving came over him. "Maybe I better go on back to jail," he told his escort. "'Cause the Cap'm gonter be powerful mad about dat cow."

"No use trying to change your lie now, boy," said the law. "We're going

to see. And if you made me walk down here for nothing, I'll fix you for it, good."

Just then they entered the freight shed and Old Folks spotted Bugaboo.

"You, Bugaboo!" he roared. "You come hyar and grab dis 'lasses! You know'd us had to load 'lasses hyar, and you know'd dem little niggers can't handle 'em."

The policeman grinned. "Go to it, boy," he said, releasing his hold.

Bugaboo sidled over to a barrel, tipped it and braced his shoulders against it. "Mister Folks," he asked meekly, "is de old Cap'm mad about dat cow?"

"Cap'm ain't got nothin' to git mad at 'bout dat cow," Old Folks declared. "She been givin' a bucketful er milk ev'y day."

"Whar she at now?"

"On de boat. She comed on back, quick as de yaller jackets let her alone."

Bugaboo raised up, lifting the barrel with him, and walked down the gangplank. He deposited his barrel in the proper place, and then, instead of turning back up the gangplank, he circled around the engine and passed Stella's pen. Stella was munching hay in her usual placid, dignified manner, Bugaboo noted, her big eyes were frankly peaceful and her facial expression was one free from worry and discontent.

"Dat's how come," he grinned. "You knowed enough to come on back on de boat, didn't you, Stella?" He chuckled and walked away toward the gangplank. "And I bet my eyes gonter git bigger'n yo'n befo' I leaves off steam-boat'n again to go farm'n' and rail-road'n' and such stuff."

It's Going to be Different

Continued from page 9

Hoover will have his mind made up as to the more important posts but those who know him best doubt it. Certain things are of course fairly obvious. One is that if he does not want Mr. Mellon as Secretary of the Treasury or if Mr. Mellon is not willing to stay—his friends think he is more than willing—Hoover will name for that place Ogden L. Mills, the present undersecretary who, like Colonel Donovan, was one of the early "Hoover for President" boys.

There is very little expectation that Mr. Hoover will retain Roy West as Secretary of Commerce or that he will name Dr. Work as Secretary of the Interior. The only reason for thinking he might do the latter is that among the Hoover habits is one of "going through" for his friends, and whatever his shortcomings, failings, faults and deficiencies there is no denying Dr. Work was his friend.

But perhaps the good doctor does not want his old job again, which would make things pleasanter all around.

Enough, however, of this Cabinet speculation which is simply firing in the air at nothing at all. Let's get back to the preparation of his program—perhaps the most vital thing the President-elect will have to do during this four-month interval. It is for example agreed that an extra session of Congress is inevitable. No one expects anything to be done at the present short session, which runs from the first Monday of December to the fourth day of March.

For one thing it is the lame-duck session; for another Mr. Coolidge is President. Mr. Hoover is committed to the extra-session idea. Probably he will call it immediately after he takes hold.

This means that when the new Con-

gress assembles in March, he will have to have ready his message setting forth his program, laying down the lines upon which he proposes to run the country, suggesting the legislation he desires from Congress, revealing as he sees it "the state of the Union."

This may easily be the most important message Mr. Hoover will have to make. It will sound the keynote of his administration. From it the country will get its first impression of the sort of President he will make—and first impressions usually last.

What About Prohibition?

In addition he will have to have in preparation the bills designed to carry out the Hoover pledges made during the campaign. They have got to be redeemed—and they have got to be dealt with in this first message. Under these circumstances its vital nature can be understood. What it means is, I think, that resting will be the least of the things he will do during the interval. Still he ought to get some—and will. His friends knowing his extraordinary capacity for work are not at all afraid he will not get enough.

They have great confidence in him—these friends. As previously mentioned in this article they are not sure he will be a popular President—but they do believe he will be a great one. For example, they believe that now he has his contract Mr. Hoover will dive down, dig up the "fundamental facts" on this farm relief problem and find the solution. They think, too, that before his term—or terms, as they prefer to say—are over, he will have the answer—if there is an answer—to another great national problem—prohibition.

That would be interesting.

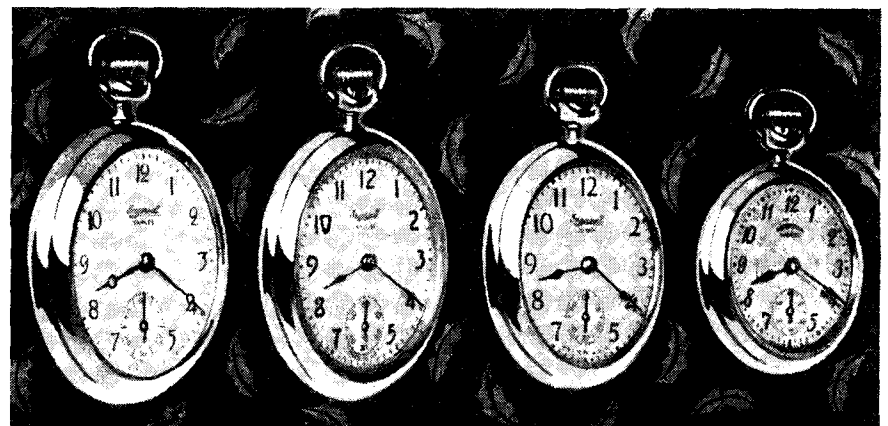
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And there's a gift suitable for every member of the family in the new, complete line.

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New improved model. Always dependable and sturdy. Yankee Radiolite, tells time in the dark, \$2.25.

Eclipse, \$2.50

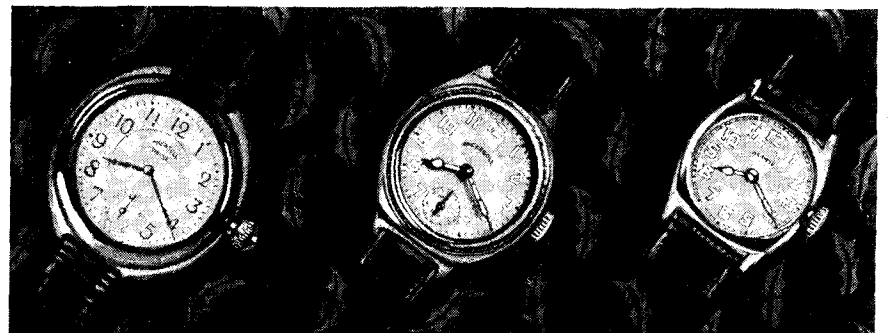
Smaller and thinner than the Yankee. Metal dial gives a quality appearance. Eclipse Radiolite, \$3.25.

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Now with chromium finish back that won't corrode and mark your wrist. Mat finish, metal dial. Wrist Radiolite, \$4.00.

Mite, \$6.50

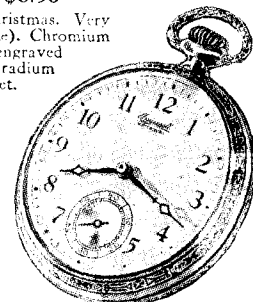
New this Christmas. Very small ("O" size). Chromium finish case—engraved design or plain; radium dial; pull-out set.

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Jeweled movement... engraved design... chromium finish. Small 12-size. The best watch \$5.00 can buy. With radium dial, \$6.



Illustrations
¾ actual size

Ingersoll

The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 26

new

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was gone. Before him stretched the naked shingles of the desert, the brutal destroying ruthlessness of which he welcomed, but which brought back the rend of nerve, the ache of bone, the torture of muscle, the hell of physical suffering without making an end of him. November dawn on the desert came reluctantly, gray and slowly brightening to diffuse a pale rose along the eastern skyline and turn to the yellow flare of sunrise.

Clifton saw it through the open flap of his tent. Another day! He had never moved during the night and his feet were like clods of cold lead. To start to arise was a horrible wrench. Every movement was painful. But at last he was up, though bowed like an old man.

Yet that morning he realized something that had haunted him with mocking insistence. He had not prayed for that realization. He had hardly wanted it. But as he faced the cold gray monotonous waste, stretching and rolling and breaking away, lonely, barren, lifeless, magnificent in its isolation, appalling in its desolation, stupendous in its distances and beautiful with all the strange somber mystery of the desert, he felt the link between his unquenchable instinct to survive and a spiritual consciousness stronger than anything in primal nature. While there was life there was hope, good, truth, joy and God. It came to him. He could not deny it. His bitterness was of no avail. The pagan specter that had hovered like a shadow on his trail faded away.

Clifton began the tasks of the day, lighter here by reason of the fact that there was to be a break in the drive south, a two-day stop at Gray Rocks.

"Buenas dias, señor," said the Mexican lad, in his soft liquid accents, as he came with his arms full of firewood.

Clifton discarded his limited Spanish and spoke to the boy in his own tongue. A subtle change affected him. Nevertheless he went at his camp tasks with slow guarded movements. The lean dogs came down to sit on their haunches and watch him. They were ragged, thin mongrel canines, bred by the Indians and trained by Mexicans, antagonistic to white men. It had been the province of Julio to govern these shepherd dogs, so that Clifton had made no attempt to lessen their animosity. Julio was a son of Don Lopez, and had been brought up with the dogs and the sheep.

CLIFTON saw them all less aloofly this morning. They had accepted him. Why had he not accepted them? He spoke to the dogs. How clear-eyed, watchful, knowing! Were they only hungry beasts?

The camp fire was a comfort. It sent up a thin column of fragrant smoke—the scent of burning sage. It crackled and blazed, and burned red. It warmed Clifton's cold feet and took the sting out of his fingers. The water left in the pan had become solid ice. All around, the sage and brittle bush and creeping vines glistened with silvery frost. What would the desert have been without fire? The earliest man-creatures must have developed in a tropic clime.

After breakfast the bleating, restless sheep were released. With a tiny trampling roar they poured in a woolly stream down out of the rocky fastness, to spread out over the shallow wash. They nipped the grass, the weeds, the brush, and the sage.

In number the flock approached three thousand, a very large one, especially

to belong to a Mexican. But as food and water were abundant two shepherds with trained dogs could easily care for the flock, their main duty being vigilance. Straggling sheep sometimes got lost in the brush, to become prey for coyotes, and wildcats and cougars that occasionally stole down from the cliffs, and a wolf now and then that came from out of the desert.

JULIO carried a light rifle and always ranged out at the fore of the grazing flock, accompanied by the young dog. Clifton, with a heavier rifle, which had been a burden, followed in the rear, keeping to high places, always watchful, true to the trust imposed in him. The other three dogs, older, marvelously trained, did not require to be ordered about. They knew their work. Seldom could a sheep straggle away from the main flock into the sage. When one did it was promptly chased back.

Grazing of sheep was slow, as far as travel was concerned. Clifton had to walk and stand and sit to suit their convenience. Over barren ground they were driven consistently until good grazing was again encountered.

On cold mornings like this one Clifton was hard put to it to keep from freezing. His blood was thin and apparently there was not much of it. The necessity of keeping continually in action was what had made it so desperately hard to stand up under this job. During the middle of sunny days, however, he could rest often. But back beneath the forbidding mountains there had been much cloudy and windy weather, which had been the greatest factor in breaking him down.

Around Gray Rocks there was ample feed. Clifton chose a high point and patrolled it, his eye ever alert for prowling beasts. Sometimes, despite the vigilance of the shepherds, a lamb would be snatched by a coyote and carried off. Usually, however, in daylight the dogs kept the flock compressed and safe from depredations.

He had a bitter few hours before the sun offered him a respite. Still he watched even while he rested, for at this season cottontail rabbits were wholesome eating and furnished welcome change from sheep meat. In fact a shepherd on that range developed into something of a hunter.

An hour's scanning of this apparently barren desert would have surprised an inexperienced traveler. Clifton espied a gray fox stepping through the sage, and several hungry, sneaking coyotes, afar, jackrabbits in plenty, sev-

eral cottontails, one of which he shot, pack-rats and gophers, and some skulking animal which he could not name. Hawks sailed by, and ravens croaked from the rocks. A flock of blackbirds winged irregular flight down the wash; a lonely gray speckled bird flitted through the sage.

These living creatures, and the various aspects of the desert, had begun to interest Clifton. It was an indication of release from himself, fragmentary at first, then more and more frequent.

At high noon he drew from his pocket a hard biscuit and some chops, well cooked and salted. These constituted his midday meal. He gnawed the bones with a relish, suddenly to be struck with the fact that he was nearly always hungry and particularly so this day. In the past he had not cared for mutton. The taste of a man varies according to his needs.

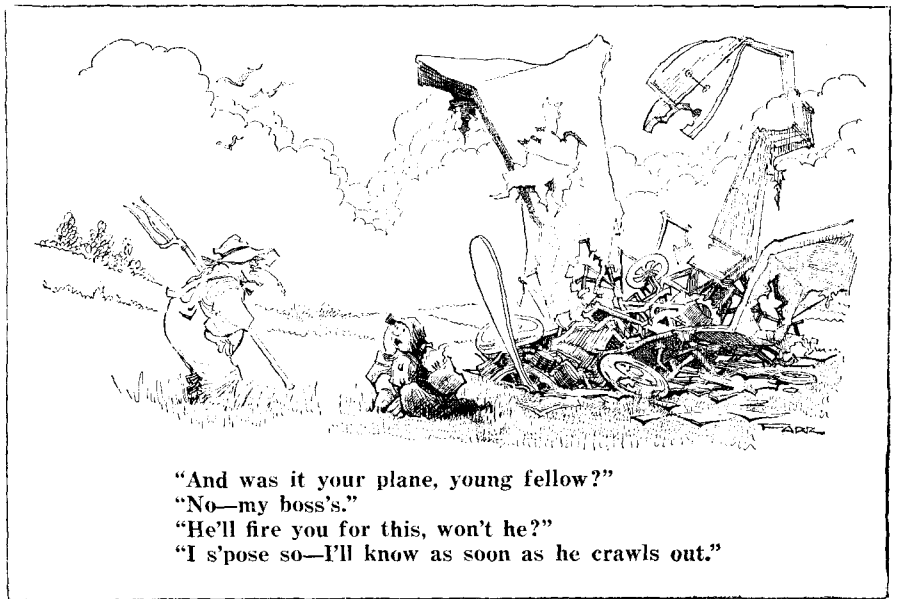
The sheep, however, did not linger in one place. They nibbled and nipped while passing on. Soon Clifton had to follow. He caught up with the flock, found a rock to sit on, and basked in the warm sun for a few moments. Many times he repeated this. As the afternoon began to wane Julio led the sheep back in a circle, and at sundown they were approaching camp. And by dark Clifton was through with work for the day, warming his palms over the coals, weary and dark-faced again, prone to the dejection that accompanied fatigue. Yet this night he did not crawl to bed.

THE next day was bleak, raw, windy, with flurries of snow. The sheep favored sloped sheltered slopes and banks, and the beds of arroyos and the leeward of rocks. Clifton huddled in sheltered nooks to build little fires of dried sage, and warm his numb hands and feet. It was a profitable day for the coyotes. More than once Clifton started up at an uproar from the dogs; and one well-aimed shot laid a coyote low. Julio skinned the dead beast and stretched the skin on a frame.

As the afternoon waned a lowering black cloud swooped across the desert, trailing a gray whirling pall of snow that whitened sage and ground, and quickly vanished. The squall passed away and the sun burst out, flushing the desert gold and red, with the promise of a better morrow.

The flock was laggard and difficult to drive back to camp in the face of the wind. But the faithful dogs did their job well. Then for the shepherds came the blessing of fire and food and rest!

The following morning while Clifton



"And was it your plane, young fellow?"
"No—my boss's."
"He'll fire you for this, won't he?"
"I s'pose so—I'll know as soon as he crawls out."

cooked breakfast Julio brought in the burros. The shepherds ate, packed, and with their flock headed south on the long trail. The morning was glorious. No wind! A bright sun tempered the nipping air. The cool fragrance of dry sage floated over the desert. The ridges were diamond white in frost, that quickly melted on the south slopes. Endless soft gray stretches led down to the purple landmarks above the horizon. Wild mustangs trooped to a rise of ground, there to stand and whistle, and then race away with manes and tails flying.

They had traveled six miles by sunset, and Clifton was not down at the finish. On warm days he lasted longer. They were now well over a hundred miles south of their own range.

ONE forenoon, several days later, the sheep crossed the last road which transversed that section of the desert. Clifton, following slowly, reached the road just as an automobile came by. He would have passed on, but the occupants of the car hailed him and stopped. He guessed the muddy old car belonged to a rancher and that the three were Westerners.

"Hey, Pedro, come over an' say hello," called one.

Then as Clifton approached closer he added: "Excuse me. I took you for a greaser."

"Howdy," replied Clifton, as he looked to see if he knew one or more of them.

"Fine bunch of sheep. Whose are they?" queried the eldest of the three.

"They belong to Don Lopez."

"Ahuh. I thought so. Lopez' last flock workin' south. You must be young Forrest—Clay Forrest's son?"

"Yes, I am."

They appeared kindly, curious and interested. "We heard you got in a muss at Watrous some while back."

"I'm afraid I did," returned Clifton, reluctantly. "But as I left San Luis next day, I've never heard how bad the muss was. . . . I thought you might be a sheriff."

"Not much," laughed one, "we're glad to say. I reckon, though, you're worryin' fer nothin'. Mason wasn't bad hurt in that scrap, an' anyways you didn't shoot him."

"Waal, Forrest, there's not many people who're against you fer that little cow-hidin' stunt," added another of the three.

"I'm glad to hear it," rejoined Clifton.

"Whar you drivin'?"

"Guadalupe Springs."

"Say, that's an all-winter job! Shore, you're goin' back?"

"No. I have only a boy with me. Lopez gave me the job and I'll stick. I'll drive back in the spring."

"Waal, excuse me, Forrest," said the elder man feelingly. "It's shore your own bizness. But I want to give you a hunch: If you're hidin' out, it's all fer nothin'. There ain't any sheriff lookin' fer you."

"Thank you. That's a relief."

"But if I was you I'd chuck this herdin' job. Somebody in Watrous told me the other day that Malpass was tryin' to buy Lopez out. Reckon it's only a rumor, but I wouldn't risk it."

"I've got to. Work is necessary, and jobs I can fill are few. Lopez trusted me. I'll trust him. I don't think he'd sell without sending me word."

"Waal, Don Lopez is white, you can lay to thet. But Malpass has a hold over these greasers. Better throw your pack in the car hyar an' come with us."

"No. You're very good. But I'll go on."

"Are you well, Forrest? You look pretty worked out."

"I'm all right. It was hard at first

—for a man in my shape. But I'll pull through."

"Ahuh. Waal, good luck to you. Any message we can take back? We're goin' on to Kelsey's Ranch, then right back to town."

"If you meet anyone I know—tell them I'm all right," replied Clifton, haltingly. This was too sudden for him. He would have liked to be prepared for such a meeting.

"Shore will, an' go out of my way. . . . How're you off fer smokes?"

"I've quit. But my boy Julio—a pack of cigarettes would be most welcome."

"Hyar you are. . . . Bill, fork out. An' you too, Pedlar."

Three packages came flipping to Clifton's feet.

"Thanks. But I didn't mean to hold you up."

"So long, Forrest. Don't forget. You're solid back thar."

"Wait!" called Clifton, as they were about to start. He stepped closer, suddenly gripped by awakening realization. "What's the talk—about me?"

"Not bad at all, Forrest," heartily returned the one who had been the most loquacious. "'Most died out now. But it was some talk, believe me. An' the sum of it was that you an' Miss Lundeen fell in love—which was quite proper—an' because of your parents hatin' each other you had to marry secret. Waal, Malpass, who was always sweet on Lundeen's gal, found it out an' had Hartwell fire you—insultin' your wife to boot. You jest beat hell out of Malpass, in accordance with Western ways. An' the dirty half-breed threw his gun, near killin' poor old Jim Mason. Everybody is sorry you didn't use a gun yourself, instead of a whip. . . . Waal, then your respective fathers, sore as hell because you'd married, throwed you out. . . . I reckon thet's about all."

"Do you know—did you hear what became of—of Miss Lundeen?" queried Clifton, hoarsely.

"I'm sorry, Forrest, but I never heard."

"Waal, I know," added the man called Bill, and he grinned happily. "I seen her get on the train thet very night. It was Number Four, goin' East, an' I was thar. She was dressed like one of them girls in the pictures, an' she shore looked white an' proud."

"Thar! She beat it, Forrest," declared the eldest man, with satisfaction. "Don't you worry none about your wife! . . . So long now. Good luck."

THEY left Clifton standing beside the road, staring after the speeding car. It was long before he remembered the sheep, and longer before he could see to follow them.

Guadalupe Springs lay four weeks' sheep travel from Gray Rocks. It was three thousand feet lower, and the winter climate was the perfect one of early autumn in high altitude, marred on rare occasions by a storm.

A vast bowl of uneven land held Guadalupe Springs in its center, where many groves of cottonwoods and long wandering lines of willows marked the presence of water that gave life to the desert. The trees lately touched by frost shone in a wondrous variety of greens and golds.

From the heights of the bowl, far over the broken red walls that rimmed it, could be seen the beginning of the arid zone of sand and stone and cactus, of that glimmering delusive region of the *Jornado del Muerte*, which led on and on over the bad lands of the south and the border to Mexico.

From the beautiful valley, like an oasis, where Lopez' flock was to spend the winter months, no ghastly stretch or black butte of the southern desert

(Continued on page 52)

EVERY WOMAN FACES THIS ANNUAL PROBLEM



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Give him a year of smiling mornings in 1929.

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(Continued from page 51)

could be seen. Only the slow-rising, gray slopes, and the mounds of red rock, and the enclosing yellow walls, and the blue phantoms of peaks that resembled inverted cloud mountains in the sky, greeted the keen eyes of the sheep herders.

Clifton was nine weeks out of San Luis. It seemed nine years. It was Julio who kept track of days. For the will that had upheld Clifton, the scorn of weakness and agony of death, the toil which dwarfed the trenches, the effort he owed himself, and the desert with its boundless horizons, its cruelty, its solitude, its lonely nights and solemn days, its piercing wind and cold and storm, its tormenting demand to be conquered, all these had worked upon Clifton's body and mind, to begin a transformation, which if completed would be a miracle.

THEY pitched camp under a cottonwood that stormed Clifton's heart, so like was it to the one in the valley at home—the gnarled, low-branched old monarch which Virginia Lundeen had climbed as a bare-legged girl, and under which as a woman she had tempted him to make her his wife. No hope ever to forget her here!

A little clear stream babbled over rocks and left faint traces of white alkali along the sand. Rabbits and quail darted away into the green brush. Robins and larks and swamp blackbirds, on the way south, still lingered here, and a killdeer sounded his piercing, melancholy note.

At the head of the stream was a natural corral in a triangle of the rocks, where the bare ground, packed hard by countless thousands of tiny hoofs, attested to the shepherds' flocks of the past. Here Clifton and Julio drove their flock, shouting their gladness to be there, answering the barks of the dogs. The down journey was ended. In the spring the sheep would be fat and strong, and the return trip a reward of the months.

Clifton surveyed the fallen cottonwoods and willows, the driftwood that had come down the stream in flood, and smiled at the thought of luxurious camp fires during the winter. What had he ever known of cold? Or the worth of a fire? It took the desert to teach a man.

Then, with trepidation of heart, he swung an ax. It strained him. It made him pant and sweat and labor. But he could swing it! A terrible incomprehensible ecstasy assailed him. No man could ever tell what might happen. Life was sweet. Just to see and feel and smell! To be able to stand up like a man and work! Love was not necessary. The affection and understanding of a father could be dispensed with. The thought of mother must always be sad. No compensation for her! Friends were nothing. It was just enough to feel life flowing back through the veins, hot, throbbing, thrilling. To conquer physical obstacles—to be able to chop a log!

This vast shut-in basin was a desert paradise. There would be Indians and other sheep herders, but they would not spoil the solitude, the long, long nights with the wind in the cottonwoods, the long, long days, solemn and still, empty of the hate and greed of men.

Julio came and stood in amazement to see him swing the ax, to watch with his soft dark eyes, and to cry out: "Ah, señor ez grande again!"

Clifton saw it through, and fell with the ax in his hands. He was weak. But how infinitely stronger than he had ever hoped to be! And as he lay there, panting, there was born in him an unutterable and ineffably passionate love for the raw, ruthless, flinty desert that had saved him.

Sunrise of pale rose with fan rays, ice on the still pools that soon melted, lonesome full hours with the bleating sheep, sunsets of gold and red over the purple walls—so the days sped.

In January, one morning, Julio discovered a loss of sheep. At first Clifton believed they had strayed, but Julio shook his head, and soon he pointed to moccasin tracks in the sand. The sheep had been stolen.

"I will go fetch them back," said Clifton, with heat.

"No, señor. Mucha malo," returned the lad, and with an impressive gesture indicated a flight far over the Guadalupe walls, across the border into Mexico.

"But the sheep can't travel fast. I'll catch up with the thieves," protested Clifton.

"Melbe no. Injuns shoot." Plain it was that Julio did not think the loss of a few sheep worth the risk. But Clifton did. The Mexican lad seemed to be trying to tell him that little thefts like this one were always happening at Guadalupe, but he did not implicate the herders and Indians in the valley. The raiders came from far and were never trailed.

"I'll go," decided Clifton, with zest. "They can't steal my sheep without a run for it."

He must travel light, and he sifted the necessities down to his rifle, with a box of ammunition, and a bag containing hard biscuits, meat and salt, and some parched corn. It would not be necessary to pack a canteen, because the Indians dared not go far from water on account of the sheep. He took matches and a small hand-ax, which he stuck in his belt, and set out.

The trail of the sheep was easy to follow, for their sharp little hoofs cut into even the baked adobe soil, but it took discerning eyes to find imprints of moccasins. He had never had experience enough on the range to become an expert tracker, which fortunately was not required in this instance.

THE trail led east, toward the short-test way out of the basin. No doubt the raiders would turn south when they got through the walls. It took Clifton three hours of steady tramping to reach the walls. They loomed like mountains of smooth red walls, straight up, with rims weathered, broken, splintered into crags, turrets, crumbled ruins of rock, where green growths found lodgment in the nooks.

Clifton had seen these irregular escarpments from a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, and therefore had underestimated their size. He passed through the break where the sheep tracks led, and found himself in an astounding world of walls, monuments, shafts, and rocks, all rising sheer out of level red

ground, with aisles and lanes between, with hollows, caves and caverns under the gigantic cliffs, water-worn perhaps in an age when this region had been inundated. It was the most weird, colorful and fascinating place he had ever visited.

Guadalupe Springs had not been an unknown name to Clifton years before, but nothing had been told him of these marvelous rock formations. They were scarcely 300 miles from Las Vegas, south by west. It thrilled him to realize that many wonders and beauties of the desert were still unknown to all save a few wanderers.

A glamour of color and silence seemed to unfold the regions of these upstanding ledges of rock. The sunlight appeared to be a reflection of the dark red, almost purple hue of the walls, and the gold-green of the desert floor. There was no sound except the silken rustle of swallows, so swift in flight that Clifton could not see them until they had darted by.

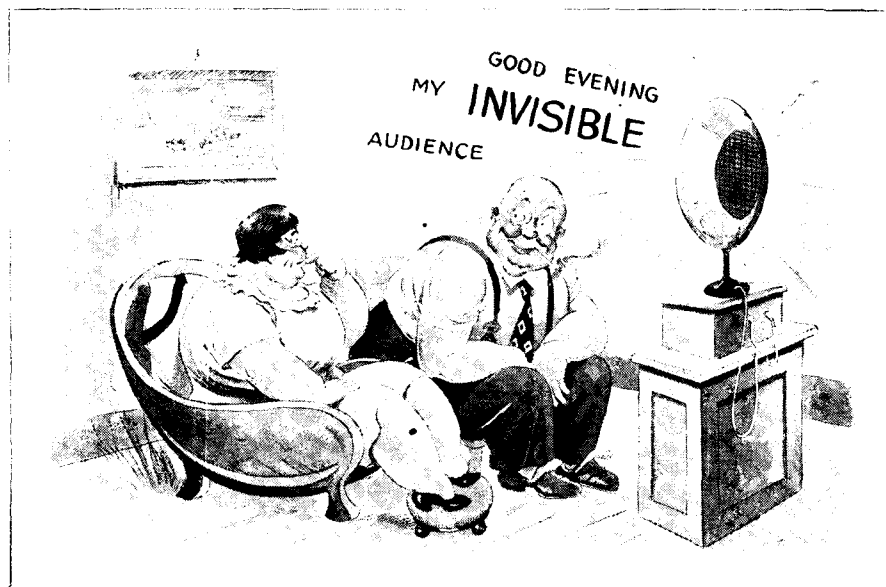
He traveled cautiously, expecting to come in sight of the Indians around any corner. Between the great walls he sometimes had a glimpse of the open desert beyond, and the sight made him catch his breath. From the heights the land sloped away into a measureless and ghastly void of white and gray that seemed to have no end, that was lost in sky.

AT LAST he got through the labyrinthine maze. Then far down the gradual incline he caught sight of moving dots. They were miles away, but he doubted not that they were his quarry. Clifton followed, moving out of a direct line toward a slight eminence, from which he hoped to sight the stolen sheep.

When he surmounted this vantage point he made out a line of white specks that he instantly recognized as sheep, perhaps to the number of fifty. Behind moved the larger dots, dark in color. These were the Indians on foot, and they were heading down and toward the west.

Clifton sat down to eat, and to ponder over the situation. He wanted only to recover the sheep, and that might not be easy unless he surprised the thieves. They were heading surely toward a dark green fringe, which probably marked a waterhole. If he could stalk them into camp, and fire a few shots to frighten them, the recovery of the sheep would present no great difficulties. On the other hand, however, if they sighted him in pursuit they might ambush and kill him, and scatter the sheep.

Therefore he waited until they had passed on out of sight, and then, completing his simple repast, he headed to the west, aiming to get back under the protection of the walls. In this manner





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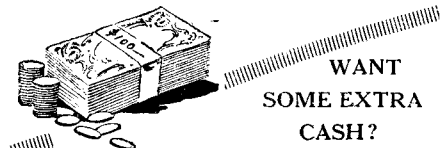
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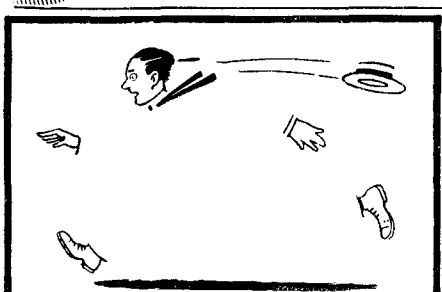
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he lost ground in the pursuit, but still did not sheer far from the general direction of the raiders.

By the middle of the afternoon Clifton had begun to tire. He had traveled far, at a rather brisk walk. Still he kept on, until he arrived at a point opposite the green patch that he believed the Indians were making for. Here he rested again and watched sharply for the reappearance of the drivers and the sheep. They did not come in sight. Therefore, much concerned lest he might have miscalculated, he pressed on straight down the slope.

At sundown he was within five miles of the patch of green, that proved to be trees, amongst which something pale caught the last light of the sun. It was water or sand.

A BULGE of ground to Clifton's left had long concealed any extensive view of the lay of the desert in that direction. He devoted all his searching gaze there, and as the shadows thickened he grew bolder and trusted more to the sparse growths for cover. Suddenly he heard a sharp sound that brought him startled and crouching to his knees behind a bush. He listened. Presently it rang out again—the bark of a dog.

The Indians were probably just below the dip of ground ahead. He crawled noiselessly a few yards, then again listened. He thought he heard faint voices, but could not be certain. Presently he stole on farther, soon to attain a position where he could command the level below. And half a mile out he espied four Indians driving twoscore and more sheep. He watched them. Just as the dusk was about to swallow them they entered the grove.

Clifton pressed on then, under cover of the gathering darkness, and in half an hour the line of trees showed black against the horizon, and low down flickered a camp fire. This afforded him much satisfaction, but the further problem was what to do, now that he had caught up with the thieves.

He had not noticed that they carried guns. But on the other hand this was probably their encampment, and there might be others. He circled, and entered the grove at its upper end, where trees stood far apart, yet the underbrush was thick. He slipped down into a dry wash, with sandy floor, and following it to a point he judged somewhat in proximity to the camp he crawled up on the bank to reconnoiter.

He came abruptly upon a huge jumble of rocks, where he halted to listen. He heard running water, but no other sound. Even the leaves were still.

Whereupon he considered the situation. If he could not light a fire he was in for an uncomfortable night. The four Indians he had seen did not present any great obstacle, and if they had not joined others at this camp, he thought it just as well to rout them at once, instead of waiting for daylight. He wanted to be certain, however, before he alarmed the dogs. He had heard one and there would certainly be more. So with extreme caution he set out to circle the rocks.

A break in the bank of rock afforded him a place to enter and climb up to where he could see a glow of fire. But there was brush or cover on the flat top, so he slipped down on the right side, and worked around that way.

Presently he saw the firelight and moving dark figures, more, he was sure, than those of the Indians he had tracked. Carefully picking the best covert from which to watch them he stole stealthily on, sank to his hands and knees, and halted in shadow.

With the first clear look his griminess turned to amazement. There were a dozen figures, perhaps, before him, but not one of them was an Indian.

They were Mexicans, and indeed a poor, ragged, starved lot. One woman held a baby to her breast, and it did not look many days old. They were cooking a sheep, which task was manifestly of profound importance. They jabbered gayly, and some of them performed antics not unlike dancing. The idea of pursuit was the remotest from their minds. Half a dozen gaunt dogs crouched before the fire. No doubt the only scent they could catch then was that of roast sheep.

They had no horses, Clifton could see, and only the most meager of camp equipment. If there was a gun in the party, Clifton could not spy it out. The dark lean faces, the wild eyes, and straggling black hair, the brown bodies showing through rents in their clothes, the mouths opening and shutting, the tiny baby and the tender mother who looked hungry as a wolf herself—these stirred Clifton to pity.

A few rifle shots would have scattered that group like a fox running among a covey of quail. They were going to have a feast. Clifton felt that he would not lift a hand to prevent it. Silently he crawled back, and rising behind the brush to shoulder his rifle he strode away across the desert.

"Poor peons!" muttered Clifton. "I wonder if God knows how full the world is of misery. . . . Old Don Lopez can afford to lose those sheep. If he can't I'll pay for them."

He headed for the dark walls that appeared to shed luster from the stars. Weary though he was, he did not slacken his pace until he was several miles up the slope, and then he chose a secluded spot rich in sage and hemmed round by outcropping rocks.

It amused Clifton to consider this protected nook, which would insure him comfort for part of the night at least, as a reward for his generous act. There was abundance of dead sage all around, which, broken into bits, would burn like coals. He collected a goodly supply, then built a little fire against a rock. He roasted pieces of meat on a sharpened stick, and did not fare ill. He fancied, though, that he would be thirsty on the morrow, before he found water.

WITH his hand ax he cut enough live sage brush to make a soft bed. That done he sat cross-legged before the little white and gold fire, and divided his gaze between that and the stars. Both were intimate tonight. He was no longer alone. He, who had been so utterly wretched a few months earlier, now experienced sweet sensations in extreme fatigue. He did not desire to be anywhere else. College, the war, government, friends and family had all repudiated him, cast him out. Bitterness had gone from his heart. There were things on the earth no one had ever dreamed of. What man needed was silence, loneliness; to be helpless in agony, to accept death while fighting for life, to be in contact with the earth and the elements. There was something infinite in the stars. Here the stars that once had been pitiless now spoke to him.

The desert wind sprang up. It moaned over the tops of the rocks and the tips of the sage. He was snug there. He toasted his palms and heated the soles of his boots. Fire-worship by night, sun-worshiper by day! They gave birth to such beautiful thoughts. He marveled no more at Julio, who could sit all day and look, and be happy, nor at the range rider who never forsook the range, nor the lonely prospector his hunt for gold. They could never lose. Because it was the seeing, the searching, that brought joy.

He lay down and his heavy eyelids refused to open again. He fell asleep.

(Continued on page 54)

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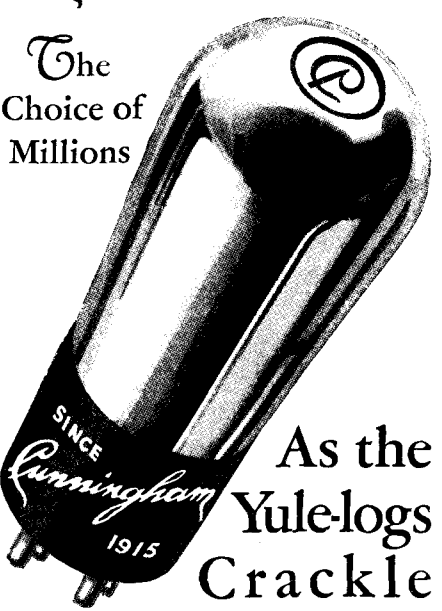
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(Continued from page 53)

When he awoke stars and sky had changed, dimmed, grayed over. His fire was dead ashes. He rebuilt it, and warmed himself again. The night was ghostly now, strange, with a wailing wind, and the coyotes seemed like lost spirits.

Once he nodded and fell asleep over the fire, and, awakening with a start, he stacked on all his store of wood and stretched himself upon the sage.

IN FEBRUARY the cottonwoods shed their leaves, carpeting the ground with gold. Clifton and Julio were returning from a visit to other shepherds in the valley. Some of these got supplies from the border, and readily shared them. Clifton carried two sacks and Julio one. Clifton laughed when he reached camp. What was a heavy burden to him? Daily for two months he had packed logs of firewood to camp. He was stronger than ever before in his life. He gazed at his brown arms and hands as if they belonged to a stranger. He felt his powerful legs, hard as iron. The wounds he had sustained were as if they had never been.

What little winter Guadalupe Springs ever knew in the run of the seasons had passed. The dawns were cold, crisp, but no longer did ice film over the still pools. Day by day the frost lessened, until that morning came when there was no glistening white on the logs.

It was getting time to think of the long return trip back to San Luis. The sheep were full and fat and lazy. Lambing season was near at hand, a little while after which, when the lambs were able to travel, the journey north would begin. Clifton was jubilant over prospects of a large number of lambs. How pleased old Don Lopez would be! He had predicted a poor season for reasons quite beyond Clifton.

More than once Clifton recalled the news given him by the three sheepmen who had told him Malpass was negotiating with Lopez for this flock of sheep. Whenever Clifton thought of this, it rankled. But somehow he had a conviction that he would never again clash with Malpass. Still many of his instincts had faded here in this red-walled solitude. Where was the crippled, embittered, hopeless and atheistic soldier of last year? Clifton was confronted with the surety of a future, but he shirked the thought of it. He loved this nomad life. And upon his return to civilization, if he found the same things that he had contended with before his recovery, he would come back to live in the open.

It was impossible now and then not to wonder about his mother, but he did not waste any feeling upon his other parent. Virginia had become a sad and beautiful memory, seldom recalled now. It had hurt to think of her, and gradually he had overcome the habit. By this time she would have divorced him.

LAMBING season was late, but Clifton had the satisfaction of counting a thousand new sheep. What good business it would have been if he could have purchased this flock from Lopez.

"Grande! grande!" cried Julio. Clifton lingered at Guadalupe because he was loath to leave the beautiful lonely place, and because the longer he stayed the stronger the lambs would be. Fortunately he did not need to worry about grass and water. At first he would travel a day, and then camp a day.

This planning somehow seemed to break his tranquillity, for when he once turned his steps northward, every step would bring him nearer to San Luis, to home, and to Virginia Lundeen.

But soon now he must return. The

long two-month journey would seem short. Clifton pondered whether or not to give up this sheep herding for Lopez. He did not like the thought of driving sheep near San Luis and Cottonwoods. On the other hand, however, he had grown to love both the flock and the free life in the open. At some future day he might accumulate a flock of his own.

The sheep range back at San Luis was open to automobilists and horsemen. He would always run the chance of meeting them, and that was not a pleasant anticipation. Clifton Forrest—returned soldier! One of the principals of the Lundeen-Forrest secret marriage! Cast off by his father! A herder of sheep! Divorced by Virginia Lundeen! He hated the idea of being the butt of such scandal. Especially the last! But for that certainty he might find the return bearable. Yet it was so utterly ridiculous for him to resent a divorce. What wild dreams he had entertained!

It was not conceivable that he could stay away permanently from his mother. Not during her lifetime! That was the strongest magnet to draw him back. So there was no use to deceive himself with false hopes of avoiding the embarrassment which would result. Sooner or later he would meet Malpass again; and he did not trust himself. He was now physically twice the man he had been when he went to war. He felt like flint charged with latent fire.

He had no illusions about Virginia being permanently forbidden her father's house. As soon as Lundeen came to his senses and found out Virginia was her own mistress, then he would implore her to return to Cottonwoods. Nothing else was conceivable.

AS HE and Julio had been the last shepherds to come to Guadalupe, so they were the last to leave. Julio became anxious and alarmed. "Mucha malo!" he would say, pointing to the sheep and the north.

"Mañana," always replied Clifton, and at last realized he must start on the morrow.

That night there happened to be a full moon. The air was almost balmy, like spring at home. The valley was flooded with silver light. Clifton could only force himself to leave by promising himself that he would come back. He walked under the cottonwoods, listening to the soft baa-baa of the lambs and the tinkle of the bells, and the music of water flowing over the stones.

He tried to gauge the change, the growth in himself, the transformation that had been wrought. But it was impossible. He recalled the war with only pity for those who had caused it, and for those who had endured it. His late ordeal of physical agony seemed like a hideous nightmare, gradually fading. He conceived that he might one day think of it without horror. He confessed to himself that it was love of Virginia Lundeen as much as the magic medicine of the desert that had worked a miracle. They were inseparable.

He seemed to feel himself more than human as he walked there in the lonely solitude. The earth, with its rocks, trees, sages, water, its strange leaven and strength, had gone into him. Moreover there were also the beauty, the spirit, the nameless fulfillment of nature that forever forbade him mockery or revolt.

The moon soared white, and fleecy clouds crossed it, to make moving shadows on the valley. The sheep quieted down, and only the stream gave sound to the wilderness. How infinite and incomprehensible the heavens! How sweet, all-satisfying the sense of his presence completing that lonely scene! He asked no more of man or God.

(To be continued next week)



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"In Loving Memory"

Continued from page 13

show us the way back there, Mike. We've been here waiting, phoning, trying to get hold of you! . . ."

"Sure, I'll show you the spot," Mike whined as his booze baron boss shoved him into a limousine that was standing on the drive and leaped himself to the wheel.

Where was the speed cop? Pekarek's boat sure could eat up the ground! Al Donovan leaning over and his big hands gripping the top of the seat! Seemed crazy to Mike—the pair of 'em together. Bughouse to be ridin' along faster'n hell with a bird you figured you'd just filled with lead.

"If you don't mind tellin' me, boss, I'd like to know wot's—"

Pekarek told him.

Mike's lips puckered and emitted what was half whistle, half sigh.

THEY were nearing the stretch of lonely road. The traffic had lulled now. Scurrying clouds, blown by a sudden lake wind, darkened the sky.

"Right along here," Mike suggested.

A few rods farther on Pekarek slowing down, drove to the side of the pavement and stopped.

There lay the death car, tilted to one side—a black splotch against a background of shadowy cabbage field.

Evidently those in the vicinity, when the shots had been fired, had put as much space between themselves and the scene of the tragedy as possible.

There were sounds—the rhythmic chugging and the melancholy whistle of a far-off freight train, the croaking of frogs in a near-by slough. The wrecked car was a thing of silence. Donovan was the first to reach it. He cleared his throat and called out the name of his son.

There was no answer.

Donovan opened one of the bullet-riddled doors. He was feeling about in the dark interior, and his hands touched Mike's in their groping. Mike had opened the door on the other side of the car, and he and Donovan made their discovery simultaneously.

Mike lifted his fingers and lit a match. The breeze snuffed it out. He lit another and cupped it with his hands to preserve the glow. He looked at the fellow crumpled at the wheel, then turned to study Donovan as the stem of the match blackened and bent. Mike felt of the limp form—found there was still a faintly flickering bit of life.

He struck another match. The light flickered on the fellow's features. It was a hard face.

"Any word for anybody?" Mike asked.

Slowly the head moved from side to side.

"Steal the car?"

The head nodded.

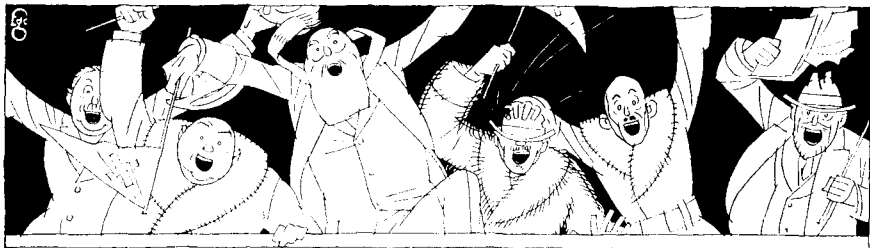
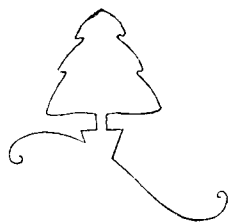
"And it's the last one I'll ever steal," he breathed. "It was sittin' in front of the dance hall. Belonged to a sheik with a dame inside there dancin'. Looked easy. . . . 'Tain't the first car I ever lifted, but I guess it's the last."

"Never mind," Mike solaced. "You done a good turn." He helped the fellow to a position that would seem more restful. "You're going to have a funeral that'll be the talk of the country, an' you look like a guy wot never even had a dandelion handed him while he could still smell it. There'll be flowers at the undertakin' parlors clear out to the curb—lilies with dew on 'em worth a dollar a throw and roses the finest that money can buy. 'Tain't everybody these days, big boy, wot gets flowers from both sides."

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And how pleasant it is to reflect that each of these jeweled treasures is a *present with a future*—destined to become increasingly beloved with each passing year. A visit to the Jewelry Store is a pleasure and an inspiration.

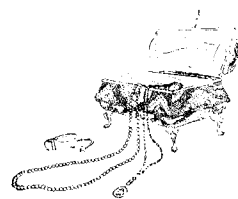
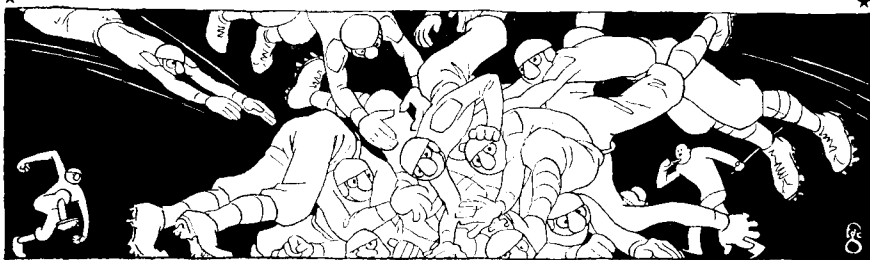


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The Ticker's in a Jam

Continued from page 18

dynamos, magnetos, etc.—than will be found in most large factories. Look at the basement and you might think you were in a huge electric power plant. But that basement has four more layers beneath it—basement under basement of more machines for driving 3,000 tickers in the financial district below Chambers Street.

The Ticker Must Never Stop

Besides this the figures are sent to the Western Union, where a good deal more machinery is needed to drive about 4,500 tickers situated all over the country from Maine to California and from Canada to the Gulf.

The ticker must not make a mistake and it must not stop. To guard against this the most elaborate arrangements are made. Duplicates of all parts are kept at hand. If one machine breaks down, the pressure of a button throws a dozen switches to start another. And besides all this, up to now the Exchange has maintained a duplicate establishment. If an accident should wreck or disable one plant another duplicate plant in a separate building could be thrown into the breach immediately by the throwing of a giant switch.

For Wall Street and the country cannot get along without the ticker. Even before this little instrument made its appearance—way back in 1867—all sorts of devices for getting information about the market were in use.

One of the earliest was for getting stock prices down to Philadelphia. A man wig-wagged the prices from the top of the tallest building in Wall Street. The signal was picked up in Jersey and relayed by another wig-wagger to a still more distant and lofty point and so the "priceless news of prices" went fluttering from peak to peak from Broad and Wall to the City of Brotherly Love.

A Nimble Pair of Legs

Another chap who knew the immense influence of London stock prices on the American market had a novel service of his own. He would go out from Boston in a small boat and board the incoming ships. Once on board he would get copies of the latest London papers with their stock and bond prices. He would make a hasty list of these and commit the list to carrier pigeons which he had brought along. And many brokers subscribed for this service.

In Wall Street the favorite device was to write the prices on thin sheets of paper and give these to the brokers. In those days a broker needed a nimble pair of legs. Now all he requires is \$410,000, the latest price of a Stock Exchange seat. Then a fellow had to know how to get the prices quickly and make a quick get-away to his customer's offices.

There was a broker named Heath—William Heath—who was renowned for the swiftness of his legs. He was called the "American Deer"—he was the Charlie Paddock of Wall Street. One of his most important connections was David, Groesbeck and Co., whose office was a notable spot. It was the headquarters of old Uncle Daniel Drew, the richest, shrewdest and most audacious trader in Wall Street and, to boot, the most picturesque scoundrel that ever rigged a market or scuttled a corporation. He had already wrung out the stockholders of the Erie Railroad several times.

Just about this time Commodore Vanderbilt, looking at all the rich juices

running out of the Erie in Uncle Daniel's powerful hands, felt his own mouth watering for them. He decided to go after the Erie. The first rumblings of that historic struggle were heard in the Street. The office of David, Groesbeck and Co. became the center of Wall Street dramatics.

It was Christmas week. But for all that the market was jumpy. Andy Johnson had just fired Secretary of War Stanton and rumors of impeachment were in the air. Things were seriously unsettled. The American Deer and his swift legs were in high favor as he sprinted about the old streets. One day, however, he arrived at the office of David, Groesbeck and Co. The place was crowded. He was out of breath as he called out some of his prices. To his amazement his call was met with a loud, raucous, horse laugh. The first crude ticker had been installed and the prices were already in!

A man named E. A. Calahan, who had been associated with the American Telegraph Company, had invented the tricky little machine which was to revolutionize stock trading and investment throughout the world.

A Battle for Time

But the ticker is a very different thing today from the simple device which put the American Deer's legs out of business. In addition to the 7,500 tickers that record the prices on the New York Stock Exchange, there are in use about 6,000 more operated by the Western Union to carry the transactions of the Curb Market and other Exchanges in different parts of the country.

And as the tide of stock trading has risen and the number of tickers has been growing at the rate of about one hundred a month, the struggle to gain speed has been incessant. It is a battle to gain not seconds but fractions of a second—the thousandth part of a second.

A brilliant engineer who loves to work quietly and behind the scenes out of the spotlight has been for years laboring with infinite pains to clip infinitesimal instants off the time of the ticker. While the storm rages on the trading floor above for five hours a day, down underground in his laboratory that engineer and his assistants work without any time clock to put ginger into the tape.

When the operator on the stock floor strikes a key on his recording instrument, out at the other end of a ticker somewhere in California a little wheel strikes the tape and prints a character. It seems almost instantaneous. But it isn't. Between the striking of that key-board in New York and the printing of that character in California innumerable operations take place—not all at one time but in sequence. Most of them occupy a few thousandths of a second.

Now these Exchange engineers worked for months to speed up the impulses at relay points and thus cut down the time at these points from $3\frac{1}{2}$ thousandths of a second to $2\frac{1}{2}$ thousandths.

That seems little enough. But remember that machine prints 80,000 characters a day and saving a thousandth of a second on each one meant a saving of 80 seconds in the day. And that, in turn, means adding 400 additional characters to the day's output.

The ticker some years ago would print

200 characters a minute. By endless, patient improvement it now prints 300 a minute. And those 300 characters are made to tell a great deal more than they could have done a few years ago. United States Steel used to be known by the symbol US. Now it is simply X—one character instead of two. Innumerable such changes in characters have been made.

They Always Come Through

Now the present ticker is at the end of its rope and the market has gone hurtling ahead. And so the exchange is about to make a radical change—to install a wholly new ticker. Its engineers have developed a new machine capable of twice as much speed.

This will mean the ripping out of all the costly and complicated machinery

now in operation. It means building a new plant. It means also that the Western Union must build a new plant. It means scrapping all the old tickers and putting in the new ones. To the Exchange it means an expenditure of at least \$2,000,000. It means more than that to the Western Union. And it will mean from a year and a half to two years of construction before the new system is ready.

The whole episode is an example of the easy confidence with which America rests in the lap of its engineers. It goes on building and growing and not only requiring but demanding new and swifter modes of travel and communication, feeling all the time quite sure that, off in many quiet corners, out of the limelight, our engineers will produce the necessary machines. And somehow they always do.

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P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. 2 Published at Springfield, Ohio

Thomas H. Beck President George J. Kennedy Vice President William P. Larkin Vice President Albert E. Winger Treasurer

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. However, the publisher can accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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Stand on Your Own Feet

THROUGHOUT the two terms of President Coolidge prosperity has steadily increased. We reached heights of luxury and comfort almost beyond our dreams.

A majority of us, some 20,000,000 roughly, voted for Herbert Hoover because, among other things, we thought he was best fitted to keep the country prosperous.

President-Elect Hoover will do as much as any President can. No man has ever approached the White House better equipped by training and experience to deal with the business affairs of the nation.

So far as any President is able to help us to keep prosperous we can count on Mr. Hoover.

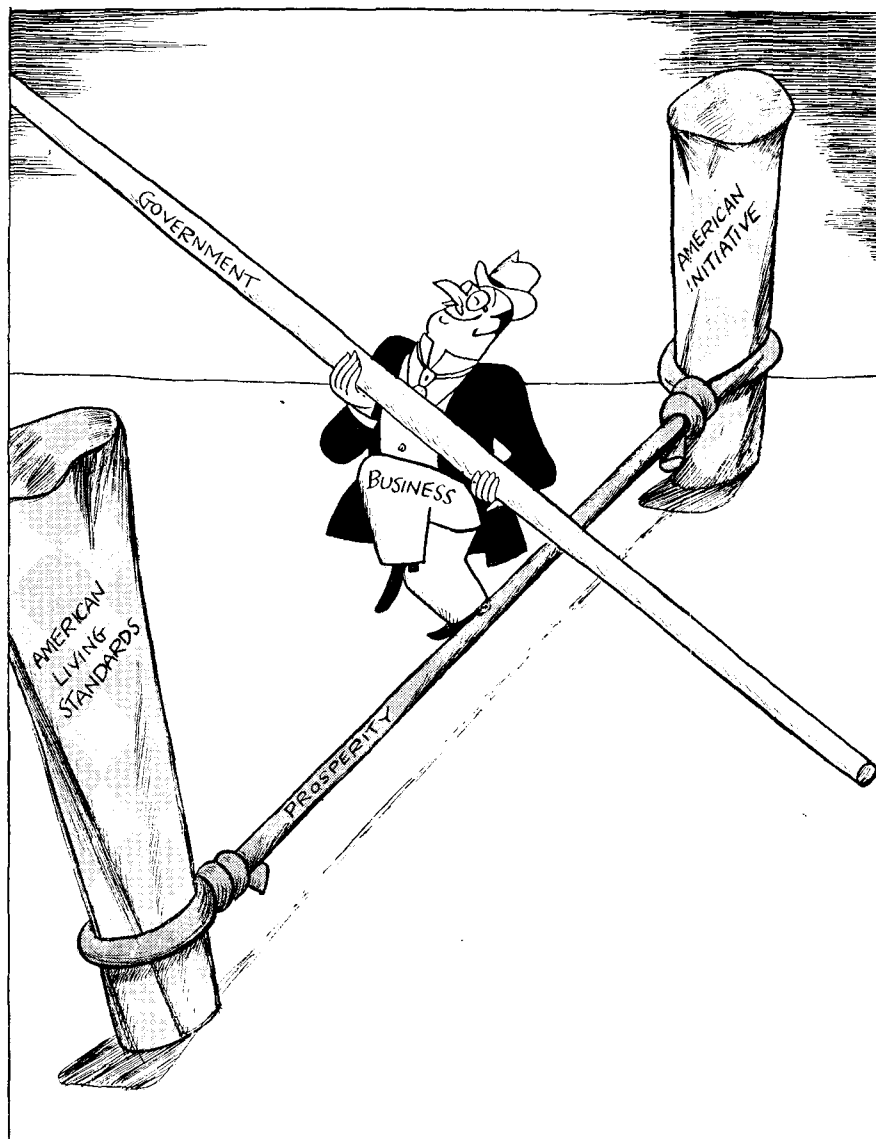
Remember, however, we ourselves and not our government are the architects and engineers of our fortunes.

The President can help us escape the blighting effects of fallacious governmental policies. Mr. Hoover can and would veto any effort to pass a McNary-Haugen bill or to upset established tariff schedules or change unsoundly any of our present ways of doing business.

The knowledge that a steady hand is at the wheel is immensely reassuring. President Hoover will be a stabilizing influence.

But when all this is counted remember that at best the influence of government is negative while prosperity is in and held only by positive and constructive effort.

The government can tell us what not



to do but we must supply the initiative, energy and judgment needed to keep business moving healthily forward.

If we keep our heads, we have nothing to fear. If we throw prudence to the winds, no President, however wise, can save us.

Our prosperity is based on enormous production and widespread consumption. No magic, governmental or other, brought it to pass.

We enjoy good times because hundreds of thousands of well-managed businesses pay high wages to workers and generous returns to investors.

Hard work, ingenuity, inventiveness and discretion explain the profits

earned in a particular business and the prosperity enjoyed by the nation. No miracles have been performed except the miracle of intelligent work. That is done by individual men and women and not by any government.

Keep this fundamental reality in mind as you plan your own affairs.

Be a "bull" on America but temper your expectations with hard work and clear thinking.

Don't expect the stock market to move forever upward until, like a Tower of Babel, it is destroyed amid a confusion of tongues.

When you invest apply standards of common sense to the enterprises in which your money is placed.

Don't risk your savings in a speculative hope that any business will earn more than can reasonably be expected from good management and honest work.

Above all don't act on the advice of tipsters. The woods are full of smooth-tongued men and women who profess to have inside information about the miraculous profits to be made in this stock or that land venture. If their information is sound it can be verified. Go to your bank or investment house and get unprejudiced counsel.

When you look to your own future keep your feet on the ground.

The prosperity we have attained is a great heritage. We can preserve it if we will. Let's carry our own burdens and not look for aid from the government to do what we can best do for ourselves.

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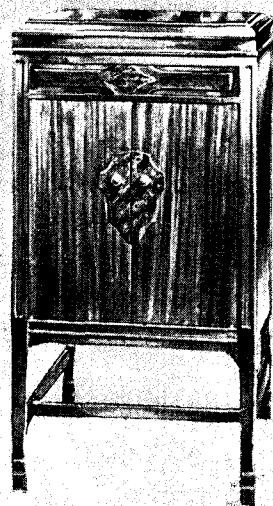
Model Eight-thirty-five. Orthophonic Victrola in its highest development. Distinctive cabinet with highly decorative record-albums. List price, \$300. With electric motor, \$335.

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someone
you would like
to please
especially?**



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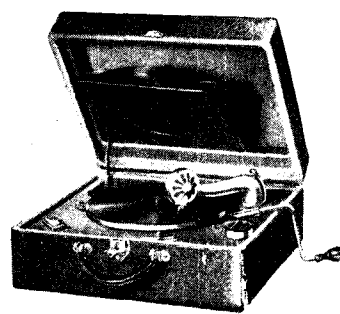


Model Four-three. Orthophonic Victrola in compact form. Ideal for the small house or apartment. List price, \$95. With electric motor, \$35 extra. Canadian price on request.

of the world's music, but a piece of furniture to grace any home. Its beneficent harmonies add to the sheer joy of living, as nothing else can. There is a type of Victor instrument for every taste and purse, listing at \$25 and up. To avoid any possible chance of disappointment at Christmas time, see your nearest Victor dealer *now* and make your selection and reservation. It's an investment you'll never regret.



Model Seven-eleven. Victrola with all-electric Radiola. . . Antenna-plate brings in local stations without aerial. Place instrument anywhere—plug in and play. \$250, list, with tubes.



Model Two-fifty-five. Portable Victrola, in a practically indestructible all-metal case, covered with a leather-like material, softly padded. Amazing volume and tone. List price, \$35.



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